THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOV. 3, 1917 — 5ct COPY

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

CLOSE HARMONY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

The Dawn of a Golden Age

As you know, Golden Age stands for all that is pure and good and wholesome. An age of virile men, fine women and happy, healthy children.

Though the world itself may not be living through such a period, each one of us can make for himself and for his family his own Golden Age of health and strength through right living.

Right living very definitely includes right eating.

The American people are waking up to this fact. More and more they are forming the habit of selecting their food for the health and strength it has for them as well as for its flavor. This is the truest economy.

Perhaps you know that golden grain has always stood for the symbol of the Golden Age. From the wheat field comes the very essence of body-building material.

Then one step in the direction of right living—and a very important step—is the right eating of the best products of good wheat.

Golden Age Macaroni products bring you the purest gold of golden Durum wheat. The dross—the starchy part—eliminated; the bone and sinew-making glutinous part retained and made into rich, nutritious, delicious and clean macaroni and spaghetti.

Eat more of macaroni products—they are the paving blocks on the road to *your* Golden Age of health.

Dealers—your golden opportunity lies in Golden Age Macaroni products. One of the few food products that has *not* advanced with the high cost of living. Made, measured and sold by all the Golden Rules of business. You will find a double satisfaction when you sell these products through cementing your relations with your customers and the pleasant and profitable relations you will have with us.

This is the Golden Age of Service.

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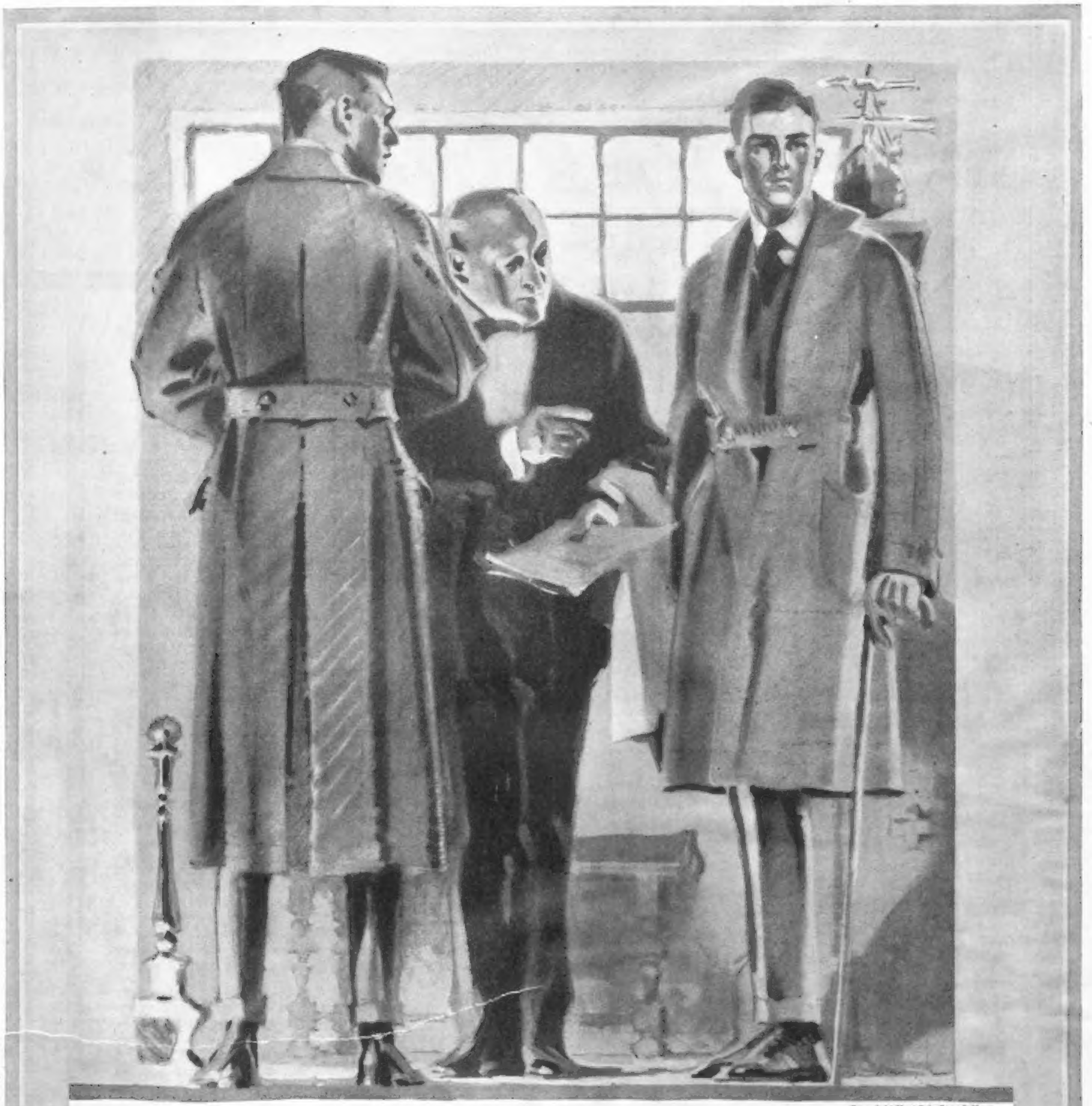
The Cleveland Macaroni Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
Modern Macaroni Makers

The Biggest Food value in America for 10¢



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

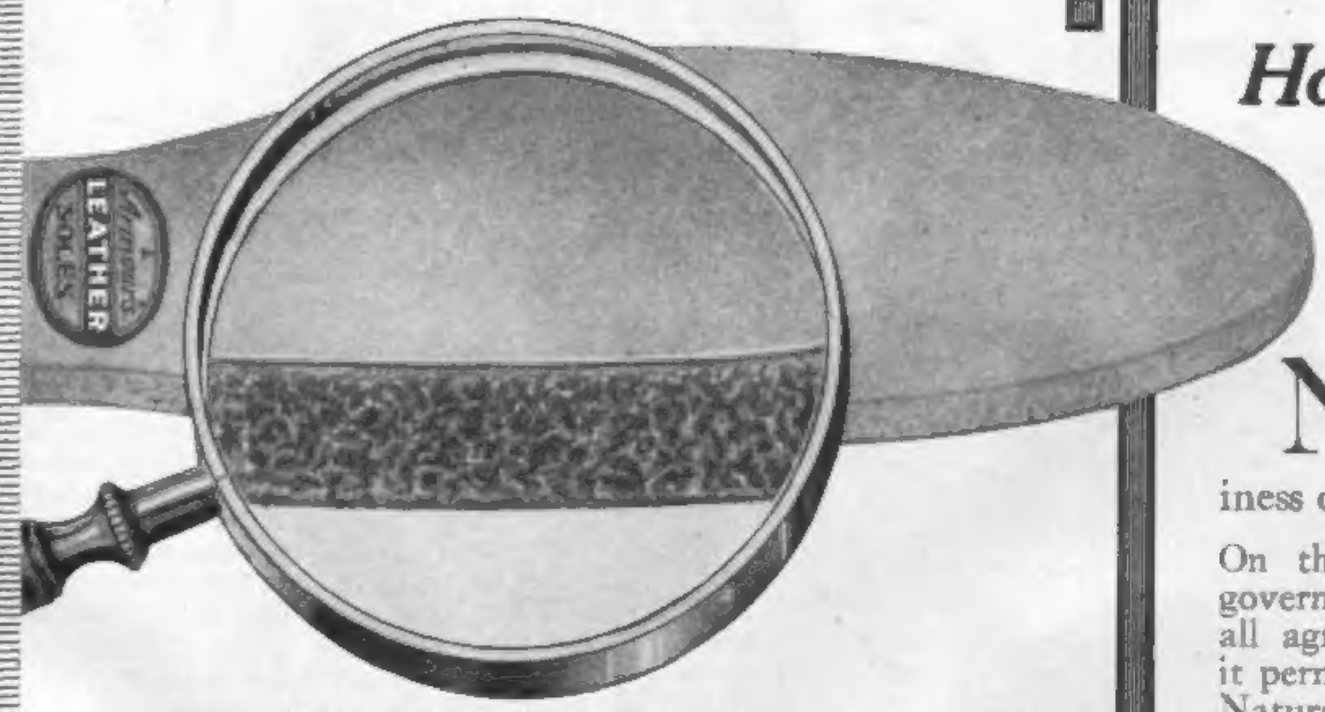
Stylish overcoats

WHEN you start looking for real style in overcoats this fall, the new ideas for young men and stylish business men, look first for our label. That means not only style, but all-wool fabrics and fine tailoring; it's a small thing to look for, but a big thing to find.

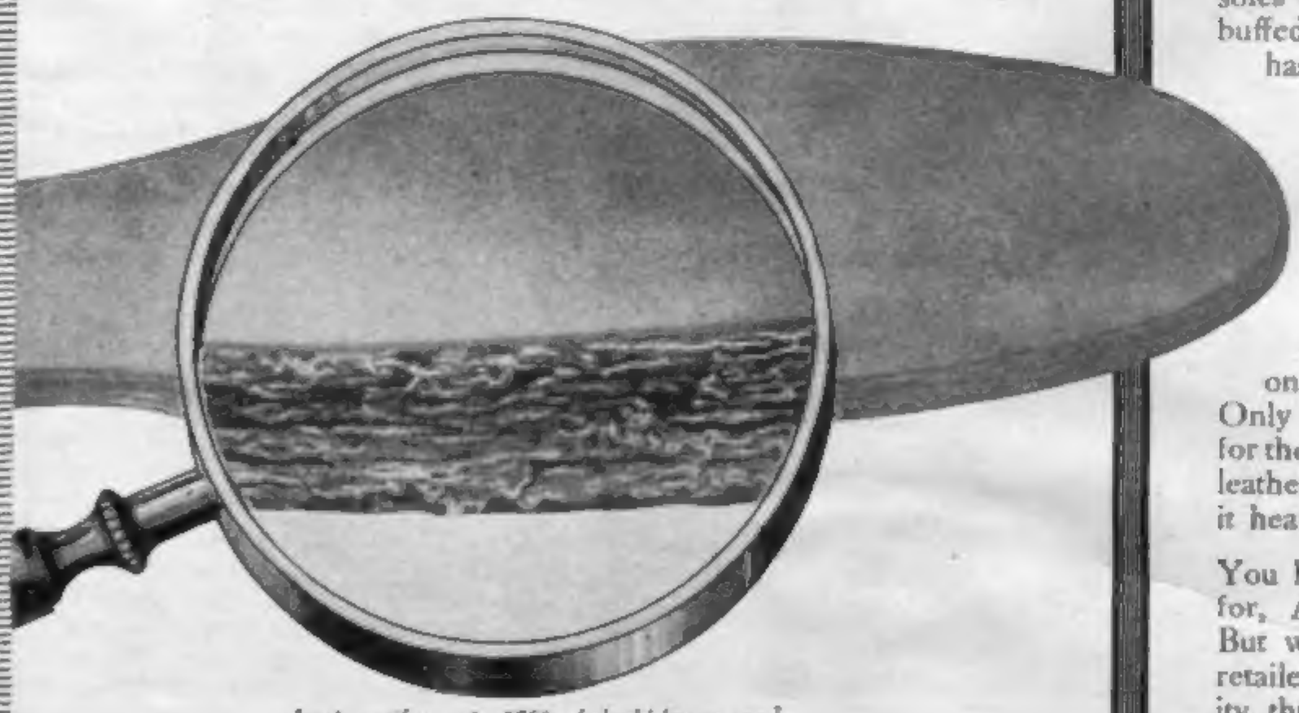
We show above, the belted ulster and the single-breasted belted overcoat with patch pockets

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Armour's LEATHER SOLES



This is an Armour Leather Sole; cut from the select 40% of the hide—the middle of the back. Note the close-grained, dense, tight-knit texture which gives greatest wear resistance.



A sole cut from the 60% of the hide not good enough for Armour Leather Soles. Note looseness of grain, long, spongy fibre, uneven texture. This is why some soles wear out so quickly.

Armour's
LEATHER
SOLES

Armour's Oval Label is your value guide. It is found only on highest grade leather soles and other products of utmost quality, dependability and value.

How You May Detect Hidden Values in Leather Soles

NOTHING yet produced for guarding the feet of men and women equals the *natural* protection and springiness of *good* sole leather.

On this, shoe specialists, foot surgeons, and government experts buying shoes for the army all agree. Because the leather sole is porous it permits the feet to breathe; being flexible, as Nature grew it, it expands and shapes itself to fit the feet; having sufficient resiliency, it supports the instep muscles properly and preserves the arch of the foot.

The difficulty has been, heretofore, to tell *good* leather soles from inferior ones. For, when soles are stained, buffed and edges beveled, they all *look* alike. Wear has been the only test of quality.

But in these times of high shoe costs and uncertain values, it becomes doubly important that you know your shoe money is buying its full measure of worth.

And this is why Armour stamps the famous Oval Label on the bottom of all *first-quality* soles—the honor-mark long known as the quality sign on Armour's best products, whatever they may be. Only 40% of each of the best hides is good enough for these top-grade soles—the tough, dense, close-grained leather from the middle of the back, where Nature grows it heaviest—oak-tanned to give greatest wear-resistance.

You have probably been wearing these soles in the past; for, Armour has been making them for many years. But we now *emphasize our responsibility* to you, to shoe retailers and to shoe manufacturers by guaranteeing quality through this identifying mark. The Oval Label is your guide to value—and furthermore an indication of quality in the entire shoe, be it for men or women.

It pays to be critical today. And while there is no rule which says that you should demand Armour Leather Soles, every reasoning of common-sense urges that you *do* do it. Merchants who aim to sell fullest shoe service will be glad to furnish you shoes with Armour Leather Soles.

Look for the Oval Label.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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BACK TO THE LAND

By IRVIN S. COBB

ABOUT four years ago, I think it was, I wrote an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST telling of our search through the southern part of the State of Connecticut for an abandoned farm, and of our failure to find one in any way corresponding with the attractive descriptions of the typical abandoned farm so graphically and so numerously described by members of the New England school of Nature writers.

As I recall, I wound up this article with the statement that we had definitely given up all hope of owning an abandoned farm. The time has now come to recant and to make explanation, touching on our change of heart and resolution. For at this writing I am an abandoned farmer of the most pronounced type and, with the assistance of my family, am doing my level best to convert or, as it were, evangelize one of the most thoroughly abandoned farms in the entire United States. By the same token we are also members in good standing of the Westchester County—New York—Despair Association.

The Westchester County Despair Association was founded by George Creel, who is one of our neighbors when not down at Washington engaged on governmental business relating to the war. In addition to being its founder he is its perpetual president. This association has a large and steadily growing membership. Any city-bred person who moves up here among the rolling hills of our section with intent to get back to Nature, and who, in pursuance of that most laudable aim, encounters the various vicissitudes and the varied misfortunes which, it would seem, invariably do befall the amateur husbandman, is eligible to join the ranks.

If he builds a fine silo and promptly it burns down on him, as so frequently happens—silos appear to have a habit of deliberately going out of their way in order to catch afire—he joins automatically. If his new swimming pool won't hold water, or his new road won't hold anything else; if his hired help all quit on him in the busy season; if the spring freshets flood his cellar; if his springs go dry in August; if his horses succumb to one of those fatal diseases that are so popular among expensive horses; if his prize Jersey cow chokes on a turnip; if his blooded hens are so busy dying they have no time to give to laying—why, then, under any one or more of these heads he is welcomed into the fold. I may state in passing that, after an experimental test of less than six months of country life, we are eligible on several counts. However, I shall refer to those details upon a subsequent occasion.

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Mr. Cobb Getting Close to Nature

The Long, Tired Career of a Tired Business Man

UP UNTIL last spring we had been living in the city for twelve years, with a slice of about four years out of the middle, during which we lived in one of the most suburban of suburbs. First we tried the city, then the suburb, then the city again; and the final upshot was, we decided that neither city nor suburb would do for us. In the suburb there was the daily commuting to be considered; besides, the suburb was neither city nor country, but a commingling of the drawbacks of the city and the country, with not many of the advantages of either. And the city was the city of New York.

Ours, I am sure, had been the common experience of the majority of those who move to New York from smaller communities—the experience of practically all except the group from which is recruited the confirmed and incurable New Yorker. After you move to New York it takes several months to rid you of homesickness for the place you have left; this period over, it takes several years usually to cure you of the lure of the city and restore to you the longing for the simpler and saner things.

To be sure, there is the exception. When I add this qualification I have in mind the man who wearies not of spending his evenings from eight-thirty until eleven at a tired-business-man's show; of eating tired-business-man's lunch in a lobsteria on the Great White Way from eleven-thirty P. M. until closing time; of having his toes trodden upon by other tired business men at the afternoon-dancing parlor; of twice a day, or oftener, being packed in with countless fellow tired business men in the tired cars of the tired Subway—I have him in mind, also the woman who is his ordained mate.

But, for the run of us, life in the city, within a flat, eventually gets upon our nerves; and life within the city, outside the flat, gets upon our nerves to an even greater extent. The main trouble about New York is not that it contains six million people, but that practically all of them are constantly engaged in going somewhere in such a hurry. Nearly always the place where they are going lies in the opposite direction from the place where you are going. There is where the rub comes, and sooner or later it rubs the nap off your disposition.

Self-Winding Alarm Clocks

THE everlasting shooting of the human rapids, the everlasting portages about the living whirlpools, the everlasting bucking of the human cross currents—these are the things that, in due time, turn the thoughts of the sojourner to mental pictures of peaceful fields and burdened orchards, and kind-faced cows standing knee-deep in purling brooks, and bosky dells and sylvan glades. At any rate, so our thoughts turned.

Then, too, a great many of our friends were moving to the country to live, or had already moved to the country to live. We spent week-ends at their houses; we went on house parties as their guests. We heard them babble of the excitement of raising things on the land. We thought they meant garden truck. How were we to know they also meant mortgages? At the time it did not impress us as a fact worthy of being regarded as significant that we should find a different set of servants on the premises almost every time we went to visit one of these families.

What fascinated us was the presence of fresh vegetables upon the table—not the car-sick, shopworn, wilted vegetables of the city markets, but really fresh vegetables; the newlaid eggs—after eating the other kind so long we knew they were newlaid without being told; the flower beds outside and the great bouquets of flowers inside the house; the milk that had come from a cow and not from a milkman; the homemade butter; the rich cream—and all.

We heard their tales of rising at daybreak and going forth to pick from the vines the platter of breakfast berries, still beaded with the dew. They got up at daybreak, they said, especially on account of the berry picking and the beauties of the sunrise. Having formerly been city dwellers, they had sometimes stayed up for a sunrise; but never until now had they got up for one. The novelty appealed to them tremendously and they never tired of talking of it.

In the country—so they told us—you never needed an alarm clock to rouse you at dawn. Subsequently, by personal experience, I found this to be true. You never need an alarm clock—if you keep chickens. You may not go to bed with the chickens, but you get up with them, unless you are a remarkably sound sleeper. When it comes to rousing the owner from slumber before the sun shows, the big red rooster and the little brown hen are more dependable than any alarm clock ever assembled. You might forget to wind the alarm clock. The big red rooster winds himself. You might forget to set the alarm clock. The little brown hen does her own setting; and even

in cases where she doesn't, she likes to wake up about four-forty-five and converse about her intentions in the matter in a shrill and penetrating tone of voice.

It had been so long since I had lived in the country I had forgotten about the early-rising habits of barnyard fowl. I am an expert on the subject now. Only this morning there was a rooster suffering from hay fever or a touch of catarrh, or something that made him quite hoarse; and he strolled up from the chicken house to a point directly beneath my bedroom window, just as the first pink streaks of the new day were painting the eastern skies, and spent fully half an hour there clearing his throat.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I should be speaking of last spring, not of this fall. More and more we found the lure of the country was enmeshing our fancies. After each trip to the country we went back to town to find that, in our absence, the flat had somehow grown more stuffy and more crowded; that the streets had become more noisy and more congested. And the outcome of it with us was as the outcome has been with so many hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of others. We voted to go to the country to live.

Having reached the decision, the next thing was to decide on the site and the setting for the great adventure. We unanimously set our faces against New Jersey, mainly because, to get from New Jersey over to New York and back again, you must take either the ferry or the tube; and if there was one thing on earth that we cared less for than the ferry it was the tube. To us it seemed that most of the desirable parts of Long Island were already preëmpted by persons of great wealth, living, so we gathered, in a state of discriminating aloofness and, as a general rule, avoiding social association with families in the humbler walks of life. Round New York the rich cannot be too careful—and seldom are.

Land in the lower counties of Connecticut, along the Sound, was too expensive for us to consider moving up there. But there remained what seemed to us then and what seems to us yet the most wonderful spot for country homes of persons in moderate circumstances anywhere within the New York zone, or anywhere else, for that matter—the hill country of the northern part of Westchester County, far enough back from the Hudson River to avoid the justly famous Hudson River glare in the summer, and close enough to it to enable a dweller to enjoy the Hudson River breezes and the incomparable Hudson River scenery.

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At This Writing I am an Abandoned Farmer of the Most Pronounced Type

When the News Leaked Out

BESIDES, a lot of our friends lived there. There was quite a colony of them scattered over a belt of territory that intervened between the magnificent estates of the multimillionaires to the southward and the real farming country beyond the Croton Lakes, up the valley. By a process of elimination we had now settled upon the neighborhood where we meant to live. The task of finding a suitable location in this particular area would be an easy one, we thought.

I do not know how the news of this intention spread. We told only a few persons of our purpose. But spread it did, and with miraculous swiftness. Overnight almost, we began to hear from real-estate agents having other people's property to sell and from real-estate owners having their own property to sell. They reached us by mail, by telephone, by messenger, and in person. It was a perfect revelation to learn that so many perfectly situated, perfectly appointed country places, for one reason or another, were to be had for such remarkable figures. Indeed, when we heard the actual amounts the figures were more than remarkable—they were absolutely startling. I am convinced that nothing is so easy to buy as a country place and nothing is so hard to sell. This observation is based upon our own experiences on the buying side and on the experiences of some of my acquaintances who want to sell—and who are taking it out in wanting.

In addition to agents and owners, there came also road builders, well diggers, interior decorators, landscape gardeners, general contractors, an architect or so, agents for nurseries, tree-mending experts, professional foresters, persons desiring to be superintendent of our country place, persons wishful of taking care of our livestock for us—a whole shoal of them. It booted us nothing to explain that we had not yet bought a place; that we had not even looked at a place with the prospect of buying. Almost without exception these callers were willing to sit down with me and use up hours of my time telling me how well qualified they were to deliver the goods as soon as I had bought land, or even before I had bought it.

From the ruck of them as they came avalanching down upon us two or three faces and individualities stand out. There was, for example, the chimney expert. That was what he called himself—a chimney expert. His specialty was constructing chimneys that were guaranteed against smoking, and curing chimneys, built by others, which had contracted the vice. The circumstance of our not having any chimneys of any variety at the moment did not faze him when I had stated that fact to him. He had already removed his hat and overcoat and taken a seat in my study, and he continued to remain right there. He seemed comfortable; in fact, I believe he said he was comfortable.

From chimneys he branched out into a general conversation with me upon the topics of the day.

In my time I have met persons who knew less about a wider range of subjects than he did, but they had superior advantages over him. Some had traveled about over the world, picking up misinformation; some had been educated into a broad and comprehensive ignorance. But here was a self-taught idiot—one, you might say, who had made himself what he was. He may have known all about the habits and shortcomings of flues; but, once you let him out of his chimney, he was adrift on an uncharted sea of mispronounced names, misstated facts and faulty dates.

We discussed the war—or, rather, he erroneously discussed it; and he told me in confidence about when it would end and how. We discussed politics and first one thing and then another, until finally the talk worked its way round to literature; and then it was he told me I was one of his favorite authors. "Well," I said to myself, at that, "this person may be shy in some of his departments, but he's all right in others." And then, aloud, I told him that he interested me and asked him to go on.

Spoiling a Perfect Day

"YES, sir," he continued; "I don't care what anybody says, you certainly did write one mighty funny book, anyhow. You've wrote some books that I didn't keer so much for; but this here book, ef it's give me one laugh it's give me a thousand! I can come in dead tired out and pick it up and read a page—yes, read only two or three lines sometimes—and just natchelly bust my sides. How you ever come to think up all them comical sayings I don't, for the life of me, see! I wonder how these other fellers that calls themselves humorists have got the nerve to keep on tryin' to write when they read that book of yours."

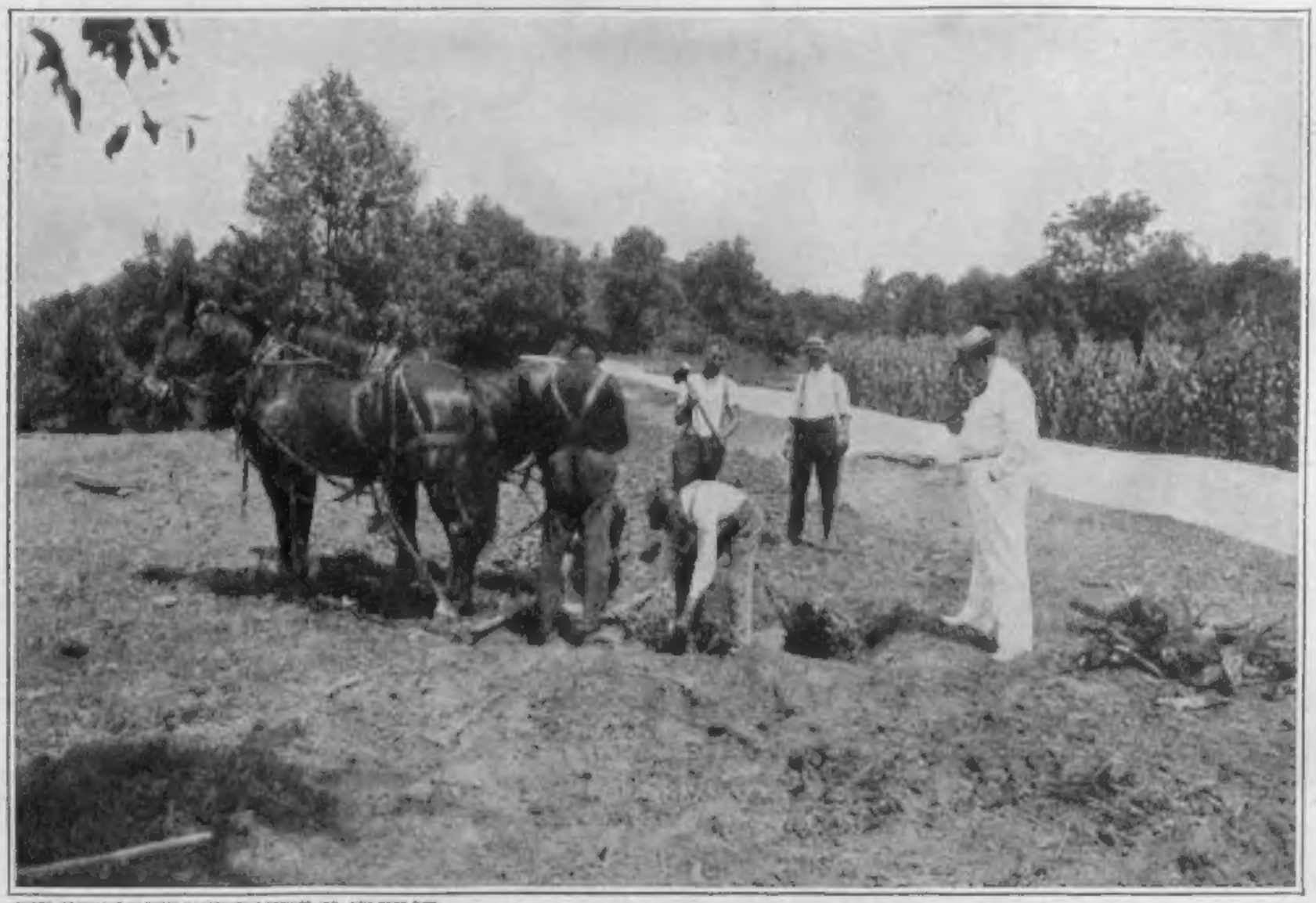
"What did you say the name of this particular book was?" I asked, warming to the man in spite of myself.

"It's called Fables In Slang," he said.

I did not undeceive him. He had spoiled my day for me. Why should I spoil his?

Then, there was the persistent nurseryman's agent, with the teeth. He was the most toothsome being I ever saw. The moment he came in, the thought occurred to me that in his youth somebody had put tooth powders into his coffee. He may not have had any more teeth than some people have, but he had a way of presenting his when he smiled or when he spoke, or even when his face was in repose, which gave him the effect of being practically all teeth. He started in showing his teeth about where Colonel Roosevelt leaves off, and then went the limit. Aside from his teeth, the most noticeable thing about him was his persistence. I began

(Concluded on Page 59)



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Doing My Level Best to Concert or, as it Were, Evangelize One of the Most Thoroughly Abandoned Farms

A TREASURE UPON EARTH

"You Big, Shameless Harridan," Enda Began Calmly

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

PROLOGUE

ABOVE all the pride, covetousness and anger that possess us; above all the envy and sloth—there is one trait of ours that is for all places and for all time. The tattered servant has her palmist in his dingy parlor; the scientist has his medium with her crystal glass; and kings order their mummering magicians to pierce for them the intangible veil that hides the days to come.

The statues of the gods are broken and their temples dust, and veiled their mystic mouthpieces. But dimly to our eyes from of old comes the picture of Apollo's oracle at Delphi; of the flaming tripod and the wreathed Pythoness; of the shadowy vapor winding upward from the ground; of the massive gloom of the temple with its single flame; of the armed captains a-row, waiting white-faced for the slow, solemn words.

The statues of the gods are broken and their temples dust, but their oracles never die. Comes up the figure of Saul by night on his journey to a witch at Endor. Gods ascend out of the earth. An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And from that terrible shade the king asks guidance.

The statues of the gods are broken and their temples dust, but the oracles are never dumb. Still men seek presages and omens—from a comet, from a blood-red moon, from a trifle in the common routine of life. Still women conjure with the book of Esther, seeking by means of a key to find the name of their mates. Even to-day the Black Mass is said, and men seek to question spirits by secret terrible incantations.

I wonder to myself at times if Howard Strong, that shrewd ambitious man of God, ever sought a presage, as men will, in those lonely nights in his study on Fourth Avenue. I wonder if ever, in an evil hour, looking for guidance in unworthy ambitions, he took that Book of his, and opened it haphazard. I can see the pages fall apart, and an axiom of Ecclesiastes spring to his gaze. I can see Strong's eyes narrow and his face set as he reads it:

"A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things."

I

FROM the high office window on Broad Street he could see the swirling mass of curb brokers mill like ants, break like the surf of waves, boil as water might. Their shrill voice rose upward in a high singsong that suggested some heathen litany. It might have been a theatrical device, that motley crowd, were it not for the sense of invisible but tangible power, like live steam, that emanated from it. South and eastward the great exchanges lay—dignified, immobile, like temples on a Sabbath; but in them, he knew, red-faced bawling men were gesticulating at Fortune like strange, mad dervishes. Opposite was the majestic humility of the subtreasury, a drowsy, dingy building; but inside it chemists worked at gold with the mystery of medieval alchemists, and in its vaults shadowy figures dragged to and fro immense bars of bullion, as one might picture the task of the familiars of a magician. The thing thrilled him.

The office itself was bare and clean, and yet somehow suggested luxury—the rich green carpet on the floor, the long mahogany table, the nickel telephone that shone like silver. Merz, bulky, a little rotund, with his ruddy massaged face and close-cropped black mustache, beaming and amiable, gave somehow the impression of a sleeping dreadnought, calm on the surface of a calm sea, yet ready to turn into steel and belch flaming death.

"It may seem strange to you, Mr. Merz," Strong began, in those rich tones of his, "that a minister of the Gospel should be keen over making money, but ——"

"Not at all; not at all!" the financier disclaimed. His big popular smile broke out dazzlingly. His face took on earnestness as he proceeded: "We are not living in the Middle Ages, and making vows of poverty any longer. A man is entitled to what he gets, as long as he gets it honestly."

"Still and all," Strong went on, "there is a certain prejudice against what is popularly called speculation. I have no doubt that certain of my parishioners would look askance at these profits of mine."

Merz threw back his head and laughed uproariously. The pastor smiled.

"And yet," Strong continued, "if a person holds a certain valuable piece of property, and through natural causes that property becomes more valuable, I can't see that he should renounce the profits ——"

"That's it," Merz chimed in. "That's the case in a nutshell. It's the same as a piece of land. You can't help it if a railroad wants to build through your back garden or gold is discovered in your asparagus beds. Why should you give up property?"

"There's a prejudice, however!" Strong said, a little wistfully.

The broker's face became solemn. He nodded his head several times. He leaned back in his swivel chair with his fat, manicured hands crossed on his paunch.

"I understand your case, Mr. Strong," he began. "Sure, I understand it. There you are with an inadequate allowance in a circle that calls for expenditure. All your friends are rich men. All have their cars, clubs, luxuries. You don't want to appear among them like a poor relation. Any man that is a man wouldn't like it. You got your pride too. Sure, anybody would understand. And any of us would be glad to help you out, as I did with those couple of investments. But I understand your scruples and I respect you for them —— Excuse me!"

The telephone on his desk purred. He reached for it while still speaking.

"Mr. Forrest? Tell him I'll speak to him in a few minutes."

His eyes closed in a meditative way as he hung up the receiver. Suddenly he slapped his fat knee with a theatrical gesture and smiled delightedly, showing his teeth as an actor might.

"By Jove! I've got it!" he said.

The pastor looked at him with the anticipatory delight of a child about to hear of a present.

"I'm going to fix up a corking good open investment for you, in which the profits should be enormous, and which you can appear in publicly, and which will redound to your credit. Yes, by Jove! That's it!" He smiled again. This expression changed quickly to a shrewd, businesslike brusqueness.

"I can't tell you offhand the details right now or even anything about it, but just as soon as I possibly can get in touch with the venture I have in mind we will go over it together. You'll like it, I know. It's just the thing."

The pastor looked at the telephone. He rose to go.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you," he said. "It's wonderfully good of you ——"

"Oh, pshaw!" Merz waved it aside. "It's nothing. What's that Golden Rule? 'Do unto others ——'"

He leaned back in his chair when Strong had gone, and his eyelids drooped with a faint expression of contemptuousness.

"Humph!" He laughed shortly. There was a little bit of disgust in his voice—the faint disgust of a man of the world one of whose few remaining ideals has been rudely shocked, and there was much saturnine cynicism in it, the cynicism of a man who has foreseen an apparent impossibility, and who humorously watches it come to pass.

"Forrest?" he queried over the telephone. "Listen, John, old man: I'm awfully sorry, but I absolutely can't stick a cent of money in that dock proposition of yours. I'm tied hand and foot. Sure, I know, John. I remember, and I'm damned sorry; but look here, old man, I got something better than money for you. I got a name, and oh, baby! when you get it on a directors' board the coin is going to roll in like a river. I'll tell you later."

II

NOW that Howard Strong is dead, and his daughter has left that bleak and magnificently solemn house to live in a happy and impoverished humble one, there are many who will abhor me for an examination of this old tragedy. There are some who consider him a saint of God, ill-treated, martyrized. There are others who smile cynically as his name is mentioned. But neither of these judgments fits the case. There was weakness to the man, greed, vanity. Aye, but there was good in him too. That is an assured thing.

The poor old women who still spend their many days praying in the dimness of St. Mary's remember him, as they remember the pastors before him, like old courtiers who enumerate in their minds the passing monarchs of a dynasty. Certain shrewd financiers in Wall Street remember him only too well. You will notice when his name is mentioned that their affability turns to sudden caution, and their full, smiling lips draw to a close line. Vestrymen, champions of righteousness, shake their heads dolefully, as one might at the memory of a friend who had followed the paths that incline unto the dead.

"A great genius," they will grant; yet they are inexorable: "But ——"

Tall and lean, and still and all a muscular and firm man, with those fiery eyes of his, blacker than black; that Roman nose, large, harshly chiseled; that compelling, resonant voice, like the bourdon note of an organ; that

shock of undisciplined black hair; all these were enough to fix his picture in the minds of people. And there was that other peculiarity of his—those features, grim as those of Paul going down among the Gentiles, could change in an instant into an expression of ecstatic beatitude; a holy, exalted thing before which even the most cynical would be abashed. And sincere too; I myself, who am cynical, am sure of that!

Everyone, banker and vestryman and devotee, will speak with admiration of Strong's early days behind a plow on a farm, and of the indomitable ambition that led him to override all obstacles and work his way through college. Then came a hiatus of fifteen years, in which he tended the cure of souls in forgotten districts—in small villages in Maine, in poverty-stricken backwaters of New Jersey. For five of those years the man's intense fire sent him, a poor missionary to the poor, as ascetic as ever an early saint was.

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall wear," he preached. "Is not the life more than meat?"

And then after that came a series of small parishes where he gained a reputation as a church builder, as an administrator and as a clever man. He might have been thirty-seven then, with a wife, and a daughter who was then fourteen. He had married young, believing in the practice of his early preachment, that the fowls of the air sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, but yet are fed. And so were he and his brood—not sumptuously, but healthily.

He was preaching at Glen Cove one summer, when Hinchman, the theatrical manager, happened to hear him. Hinchman, or rather his wife, was high in the councils of St. Mary's, in New York. It was in a moment of idleness that Hinchman went to church. I am not flippant, and I am not maligning Hinchman—I am merely keen on truth. If Hinchman was short on religion he was long on recognizing genius. The history of the American stage is evidence of that. Hinchman went back to New York with a new, electric enthusiasm.

"I tell you the man's a bird!" he exploded to his friends of the congregation. "He's a knock-out from the first bell. I know what I'm talking about, don't I? Well, go get him!"

And so with his wife—a quiet, staid Cape Cod woman, already dying of homesickness for the salt Atlantic winds, a very gentle soul—and with his daughter Enda, black and fiery as he, who had beneath her demure demeanor of a minister's child the passion and enthusiasm of her father—with these to New York he came, and assumed the pastorate of St. Mary's, that hoary, dignified and exceedingly fashionable church which slumbers amid the din and bustle of lower Fourth Avenue as though it lay in green fields. And to and from it, round about it, went the striking figure of Howard Strong, passing by the shabby office buildings of the district, the old book and junk shops, the queer restaurants with Swedish and Armenian names, the dingy mansions that were now aliens' boarding houses—everywhere on his errand as a physician of souls.

It is not so much in this guise that he is remembered as by the dramatic preachments that fell from his lips in the pulpit. There was that famous Sunday evening when the hearts of the congregation were sick with pain. An epidemic of meningitis had swept through the city, taking toll every whither—from those who sat in majesty to the captives in their dungeons.

The great organ had ceased and its last pealings were rippling off like passing thunder. The faint lights gave somehow the sense and atmosphere of eerie, unexpected things. The long, dim aisles suggested unfathomable space. In the pulpit Strong's erect spare figure in his white surplice stood forth like a mystic statue in a gloomy temple. There was a long moment's silence before he spoke. The serried congregation held its breath in inexplicable fear. The pastor leaned forward.

"The Angel of Death is among you!"—his voice carried like a tolling bell—"I can almost hear the beating of his wings."

A short gasp went through the church and faces blenched.

"Where is John Tolliver now? It is hardly a week ago I met him on Fifth Avenue with his little boy. And Madge Wentworth? On Monday I saw her stop to buy violets from the little Greek woman on Madison Square. And Colonel Wentworth, her father—the old golfer, whose eternal subject was the decay of the game? He had gone through two wars, scarred and battle-hacked, and yet a little breath, a little pestilence, has taken him, like a thief in the night ——"

There are none who were there that terrible evening who will ever forget the sobbing multitude; the gray, drawn faces; the prayer that went upward from the depths.

To others, perhaps, there was more drama to his wife's funeral. That staid and loyal lady succumbed at last to the homesickness that had eaten at her heart for years. She had been happy, in a way, with Howard Strong, for she loved him above all earthly things; but there was a disorientation to her spirit in the great cosmopolis that her spirit could never overcome. She had accompanied her husband here, as a faithful wild animal would, and she had died beside him, as conceivably a faithful wild animal might, of panic and loneliness in the great wilderness of the city. Her last act of abnegation had been to request burial in the grounds of his church, where his voice might pierce through to her through the green blanket of her resting place.

A cold and piercing day it was, with a faint drizzle of gray rain. The black mass of the congregation mingled with the white tombstones in a gray and tragic harmony. The men stood with bared heads in spite of the chilling drift, and the women wept openly, for now they knew of her homesickness and her heart's desire, and from a pale and timid little woman she was metamorphosed in their minds to a tragic, romantic figure. They watched her husband himself conduct the service at the grave head.

"'For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner'"—his tones gave all the anguish of her exile. He fumbled with the ritual book and his voice faltered as though he were on the point of breaking down.

The dull rumble of traffic without stilled for an instant as though some giant hand had halted it for reverence. There was only the dropping of the rain and the sibilant rustle of moistened branches. A queer look had come into Strong's face as he bent downward—the poignant memory of past loveliness, and of ancient happy moments, and of brave, ambitious dreams.

"'. . . cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower,'" he faltered; "'. . . and never continueth in one stay.'"

And here ends one period of Howard Strong's life, as sharply defined as an act in a mummers' play. I can understand easily that impatient, high-strung man's finding impossible the bare dank rooms where her placid presence would never again come and go. There was his daughter, it is true, but for some reason she did not engross his time and attention. If he had been of the domestic type—that is, contented with the timid adventures of his own hearth—he would never have been the great outstanding figure that took New York by storm. He wanted something to occupy his attention and banish from his mind the pain that was in it but that he had not the patience to suffer.

"I must go out; I must talk to people," he told himself, "or else—God forgive me—I shall go mad!"

And he found plenty of men to talk to—everyone, in fact. The great bankers and merchants who formed his congregation, the legislators, the men of science—all welcomed him as a man in his own field as big as they in theirs. They were just a trifle on their guard with him, for their preconceived idea of a clergyman was of a meek individual bound by dogma as by brazen fetters; whose opinions must be handled as gently as fragile bric-a-brac; in whose hearing neither word nor expression nor idea must be ventured upon that could not bear the *aqua fortis* of medieval church teaching. But instead of that they found what to them was a refreshingly virile figure, a man of the world in manner and diction, a man conversant with live issues and appreciative of modern movements. And with a mingled sigh of relief and shout of joy they took him to their arms.

"He's all right," they told one another. "When you get to know him you find he's a regular guy."

And so it came to pass that Howard Strong, of the church militant, became a steady figure in their conversations, in their games, in the daily life of men who before had known him only as pastor at a distance. He dined at clubs; he saw problem plays and sometimes used them as texts for his sermons. He was photographed for a Sunday paper, playing golf with a millionaire. He was even seen at the ringside the sorrowful night when the rangy Pride of Roscommon sagged, trembled and fell before the onslaught of the blond giant from Pittsburgh.

"There's one thing I like about Strong," Endicott, the steel man, told his associates: "The man's broad-minded."

These things went not without comment. It is the inalienable right of every citizen to criticize those in high places, and every citizen exercised that right in the case of Howard Strong to his heart's content. He became known as the millionaires' pastor. In that maelstrom of wild oratory which Madison Square is, a new prophet used the person of the pastor, who was passing by, to point his turbulent moral.

"And there goes one," he bellowed, "in purple and fine linen! The man who sells Christianity to the millionaires! The priest who sacrifices unto Mammon! Look at him now, proud and haughty ——"

Strong wheeled round. He saw in a flash the bloodshot eye, the hating mouth, the finger that quivered. He made his way toward the man in the stand.

"My brother," he said calmly, "you are very wrong!"

He turned to the man's circle and addressed them in that resonant voice of his that clothed in conviction the words it carried.

"Brethren," he told them, "I do preach religion to the millionaire more than to the workingman, for the rich man needs it more. Is it not written: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God'?"

He looked at them squarely and his voice barked out vibrant and virile:

"But if any man believe that I am not ready at any minute to minister to anyone, then he is wrong; and if he persist in believing it he is a liar in his heart. For I have an office unto everyone—to the millionaire and to the magdalen, to the legislator and to the lawless, to the banker and to the bum!"

Now all this New York heard of and read of and savored with a hungry tongue. It thought over the matter and listened to the man's reasoning, and that overgrown, infantile city followed the argument with the stolidity of a child. Assuredly there was something to it, New York agreed. An ancient Greek—his name is gone from my head—sneered at Athens, remarking that everything new is admirable. This caustic allusion might have suited equally well the newer cosmopolis. That shrewd and yet infantile person who is New York bred has a horror of what he technically calls old stuff. Times change and we with them. Gone were the feudal days, and now was liberty. Gone the tacking schooner, and now the ocean greyhound. And gone was Simeon Stylites, ascetic saint of Antioch, who abode thirty years on the summit of a stone pillar that he might attain unto holiness, and in his place was the Reverend Howard Strong, well-clothed, well-mannered, broad-minded—a man of the world!

III

NOW were you to have met Enda Strong along Fifth Avenue you might not have noticed her at all. At any rate, from a distance you would have seen only a demure figure, clothed demurely in subdued colors, walking demurely and with a demure expression on her face.

But if you came closer you would notice that the demure costume was relieved here and there by an unexpected touch of chic—a tilt to the hat perhaps, a flower worn unexpectedly, a mannish line to the tailoring—that raised it from the region of dullness to the region of art. The demure carriage did its best to disguise the lissom quality of a Russian dancer. If those carefully drooped lids were lifted you would have seen in the black eyes life and personality strong and bubbling, sweeping onward like a swift river.

I can think of no one whose portrait is more firmly etched in my mind than Enda Strong's. A tall, big woman, and yet extraordinarily supple. There was much of her father in her, and that refined somehow, and yet not enough. That mane of shining black hair was strong and had not the silken flexibility of other women's. There was character even in that. There was character, too, to the slightly large nose, to the firm and splendid chin, to the haughty toss of the head. But above all, there was life to her, life in the dusky, swimming eyes, in the strongly marked eyebrows and long lashes, in the full, well-shaped clean mouth. Even her healthy olive skin seemed to pulsate, to breathe.

"An engine running in neutral," one might have thought; "a blooded dog on a leash."

"I Don't Know How to Thank You," She Said

She must have devised a mask for her personality when very young. She understood—and it was second nature to her to act up to—what was expected of a minister's daughter. But even from behind the mask the expression of power shone forth. One would know, even if his back was turned, when Enda Strong came into a room. And there was another thing whose power she could not utterly conceal—that rich, well-modulated voice of hers, that thrilled like a chord of music.

But there was never an occasion on public record when she was not self-contained and reserved. At that expensive girls' college where she had been sent, though popular with everybody she never formed close companionships. She stood apart from the ruck of the daughters of plutocrats, as though she knew she was among them, not of them.

There were two occasions when she took the leash off that quick spirit of hers. Men tell with chuckles and old ladies with a sense of impropriety of the day when passing along Second Avenue she saw a rawboned Irishwoman beating up her husband with a great thoroughness. A crowd, half gleeful and half uncertain what to do, was standing by. The man was small, and perhaps timidity or perhaps some innate sense of chivalry kept him from striking back. Enda Strong walked to the center of the group.

"Stop that!" she called imperiously.

The crowd moved in a little closer. The woman ceased from her mauling to look at the girl, and then opened her mouth.

"You big, shameless harridan," Enda began calmly, and in a few minutes she had the woman completely cowed. The man had slipped off, God knows whither. The crowd gathered round, chuckling.

"Will you loafers please move on?" she said, and an instant later they were stalking off before the steady gaze of her eyes. A grotesque and rather humorous incident it seems to me, a reversal of the hero who prevents a man from beating his lawful wife, but it shows to some extent the power and dignity of the girl.

And there was also the more serious—and, some are inclined to consider, the blasphemous—incident of the Sunday-school outing to Asbury Park. A sort of ferryboat had been awakened from its honorable desuetude and chartered to carry two hundred children. For some reason, in that willful soul which ships have, the boat elected to pile up on a shoal off Sandy Hook. It looked like danger, but the children did not know. The Reverend James Ransome, a little white, rose and looked toward Enda.

"I am going to begin the hymn, Nearer, my God, to thee!" he told her.

"Oh, no, you're not!" she snapped at him, he who had known her only as the demure Sunday-school mistress! "You are going to stay where you are, and the first move you make to start that hymn I'm going to see if there are irons aboard and have you put in them!"

And she stood a grim guard over him until they were rescued four hours later, when she confessed to someone that all the time she had been frigidly, horribly, nauseatingly afraid!

I don't think she loved her father much, for Howard Strong was a man to admire and a man to revere, but hardly a man to love. He had placed himself upon too high a pinnacle for the warm, close things of life to envelop him. She thought of him always as a presence. He would occupy the head of the table at mealtime sometimes without ever a word for her, so engrossed was he in his own thoughts and ambitions; or if he did speak to her it was in a manner that she secretly resented, as though he were speaking to any of the young girls who were parishioners of his, and whom he would treat in that easy, bantering, aloof way he had.

"Well, Enda," he would tell her, "we must be looking for a husband for you soon."

She would smile in a demure way, which he approved, and say nothing.

"What about that new curate of mine—Danby?" he would twit her.

She would smile again, with her face averted, so that he could not see the contempt in her eyes.

"Yes," Ryan Sighed On. "I've Got to Sacrifice the Best Thing I've Struck in My Life"

"Well, I must be getting off!" He would repeat his eternal phrase and then would leave her.

It had been five years now since her mother died, and those five years had passed, a blank gray period in that dull, drably pretentious house which went with the incumbency. She had a housekeeper to help her, and the usual quota of servants, and beyond the light duties of the home, the Sunday school where she taught, the various women's societies connected with the church, there was nothing for her to do. Outwardly patient she sat alone in the evenings, in that vast drab drawing-room so full of shadows, so magnificently solemn, with every chair in place, with its dull pictures on the wall—anæmic landscapes by some anæmic painter; a gloomy etching of a famous foreign cathedral hung above a chilled fireplace; an uninviting couch rigid against the wall—a decent place, fit for a minister, austere as a deserted church.

Outside, on every side, life sang, lusty and unashamed. It flamed down on Fourteenth Street, evil and gross—but yet life. It moved along Fifth Avenue like some stately gavotte. Up Broadway it hurried like a hare, until north in the Forties it bubbled and effervesced, like strong wine in a crystal glass. Eastward and westward, in the dull far avenues on either side, it droned like a hive of bees, industrious, well-ordered, happy. And inside here, in the dull drawing-room, with the cold grate and the anæmic pictures, she was bound and shackled by a condition of life into which she had been born unasked. For other girls were the dances and the tender love-making, the riotous excursions, the gay conquests, the glitter of dress, the vague electric hintings of life that flashed rapid as summer lightning.

If she had had any other father than that cold, ambitious priest she could have unburdened herself to him. She could have told him she wanted life in the house and opportunities, the occasion of meeting virile tanned men, not the thin-blooded and timid, though undoubtedly righteous, curates who trembled at his coming. There was no need of turning the house into a bear garden to have this, but surely he could bring a little life into it. Men would come there, drawn by his magnetism and his name. Young men might be proud to be among his guests, and surely other women would companion her besides the severe, though undoubtedly righteous, ladies of the inner circle of the congregation. He claimed to be broad-minded. Well, then, let him instill a little life, a little joyousness into his own home, and not waste it all, like a prodigal, in clubs and rich men's houses, at expensive restaurants downtown, at famous women's tea tables. Here in her own house she was imprisoned, as much so as a nun in her meager cell. But a nun was there of her own volition and with her enthusiasm; and under these a stone cell could blossom like a flowery garden.

"But he would never understand!" she told herself bitterly, "He would never understand!"

She stood up from the hollow, irresponsive piano. Her hands still lay on the keys, but her body was rigid and her head was tilted haughtily, as though the blank wall before which she stood were a panel of accusing jury. Very well, then! If life would not come to her she would go after it herself, and seek it and grasp it by the throat and make it yield up everything to her—every secret, every joy, every sorrow. For at that moment she could feel some mighty chord thrill within her, some mystic, invincible vibration, strong as the pealing trumpets of Joshua, before which the walls of Jericho tottered and fell.

IV

MERZ, fat, dapper, hook-nosed, affable, leaned back against the cushions of the club smoking room. Forrest, small, thin, lean, shrewd, bespectacled, close-mouthed, sat upright and gazed at the rector, every nerve tense and alert, watching the play of the clergyman's features. Ryan, the fat lawyer, former ambulance chaser, former divorce expert, former police fixer, now engaged only in finer forms of chicane, looked drowsily on as though the thing did not interest him at all.

"I'll go over the situation again," Merz went ahead in his serious manner. "The great opportunity of the present hour is ships. Now every shipyard in the country is turning them out. In a couple of months they are going to be as dense as mosquitoes. The North Atlantic will be alive with them. But one thing that hasn't been foreseen is about the docking facilities. Where are you going to dock those ships? The harbor is congested as it is."

He looked at Strong with the patience of a preceptor going over a difficult exercise with a small child.

"Now here's where we stand: We've got control of a considerable portion of the shore front of Staten Island. And we're going to build the docks and we're going to build them there. We're going in for one of the most gigantic operations ever known."

"But I don't see why I should come in. It's very good of you; but you know ——"

"Look here, rector," Ryan broke in, "it's simple. As the founders of the thing we keep fifty-one per cent of the stock. We split that up between us ——"

"But why should you let me into this?" Strong persisted. For an instant Forrest's snakelike eyes glittered with a sardonic smile.

"Let's get down to rock bottom," Merz began. "Now, Strong, don't you think this is a charity proposition! It's not, and you wouldn't like it to be. No, you're going to earn your share of stock. This is a monumental work. We've got to get laborers by the shipful. We're stuck for capital. Now the outside forty-nine per cent has got to be floated. And the fact that you're one of the promoters is going to bring it in by the hundred thousands. This isn't going to be a millionaires' affair at all. It's going to be popular. And the people are going to put their money into this as they would into savings banks. And it's you who are going to help them do it."

"I see," Strong murmured dubiously. For an instant he felt a queer sensation, as of a walker in the dark intuitively scenting a precipice.

"After all, doctor," Forrest began, in that smooth voice of his that could wheedle money from the most cautious, "finance is only shrewd common sense. We've grasped a situation and are ready to act on it. It's only the occasion that makes this an absolutely safe fifteen per cent investment, as under other circumstances it would be a safe three. Let me quote you some figures ——" And his voice went off into a soothing, specious abracadabra of capital and interest, of mortgages and notes and deferred payments, into an intricate tracery of finance that Strong followed as though hypnotized, believing he could assay the ore of the man's plans as though he had been trained in the phenomena of money all his life.

"And here's the aspect of it that will appeal to you"—and here again came that well-nigh invisible flicker into Forrest's eyes—"you're helping out the small investor who needs the money. A great public work! And for this you are earning your stock, earning it from them as well as from us ——"

"As to that," Strong put in with a tangible touch of pride, "I can invest a little myself. I've got eighteen thousand. Mr. Merz has helped me in some profitable business ——"

Merz waved his hand deprecatingly, as though it were a trifle.

"So much the better!" Forrest said with enthusiasm. "So much the better!"

As he walked down Fifth Avenue homeward from the club—for he was too elated to take his car—there were many who recognized him as the rector of St. Mary's. His picture was too familiar in the papers for him not to be recognized; his face in the pulpit too well known. And just because it was so familiar, being constantly seen, none noticed the changes in the man's countenance. True, these were minute—but they were there. The face was fuller and the expression on it satisfied; having a certain smugness even, one might say. One would notice the well-groomed appearance of him. The mane of hair, still ruffled, was arranged so with studied artistic effect. His clothes, too, were no longer the first black garments to hand of the old days, but the product of a Madison Avenue tailor. "A good man," one might say with conviction, "and a big man!" Yes, but ten years ago one would have breathed with awe: "A prophet from of old!"

I don't know whether money is good or whether it is bad for a man, but of this one thing I am certain—that it was an evil thing for Howard Strong. It dulled the fine spirit within him. No longer now could he brook the minor inconveniences of life—the unpleasantness of walking, the deferment of a desired purchase, the deprivation of a luxury. He liked, when among those comfortable companions of his, to have his car, just as they had theirs. He liked to belong to an expensive country club, and to sign chits with the best of them. He liked to be able to run down to Atlantic City for a week-end, and to Florida for a winter's vacation, and northward to Bar Harbor or Newport when the dog days came. And he liked the unspoken comment of the wealthy men with whom he associated.

"He's a good scout, Strong is!" he could imagine their saying. "And he pays his own way too!"

He had worked hard for this—with lectures, out-of-town missions, and on Chautauqua circuits. And, too, there was the help of Merz—a man who understood what he was up against. But now, somehow, the mere luxuries of life did not satisfy him. He wanted something more. It was all very well to sway a vast congregation, to have their admiration, their adulation. But that ended, he shrewdly suspected, at the church door. No, he wanted more than that. He wanted the sense of power that the others of his circle had.

There was Conroy, for instance. Ambassadors might wait at the White House anterooms—ambassadors, the private representatives of kings!—but Conroy walked straight through. He gave his wishes—some even said his orders—and these were respected. Morganstein, the hook-nosed, adipose banker, could plunge the world into war to-morrow if he so pleased. Delavan! A whim of Delavan's might upset a countryside. Mitchell, it was breathed, had once, for a personal enmity, ruined a city of twenty thousand souls.

"The Angel of Death is Among You!"—His Voice Carried Like a Tolling Bell—"I Can Almost Hear the Beating of His Wings"

"A great game!" he thought. "Great stakes!"

And what was it that gave these men their power and left him impotent? Had he not as much brains as they? He had. As wide a vision? As analytical a mind? As broad a culture? Undoubtedly. Might he not be as powerful as they? He thought so. It was their gold counters in the vaults and their crisp saffron bills, and the ornate engraved certificates and bonds. These were the weapons by which they gained and maintained power. Power such as he, preaching ideals from a pulpit, might never attain were it not ——

He smiled to himself with a sort of pleased ecstasy, for to-night were laid the foundations of a power as big as theirs, a vast financial groundwork that could be builded up with his ability and keen foresight until it outtopped theirs as the great pyramid King Cheops built outtops the lesser ones about it.

A queer twinge of conscience touched him. The atmosphere of sharply defined ideals in which he had lived for twenty years now closed about him for an instant. "Blessed are the poor"—came the Beatitude to his mind: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

He shook the thought from him with impatience, for no longer were the old tenets holding him. The broad-mindedness that had made him a man of the world had shaken the fabric of his one-time faith. Ages come and go, he thought, and beliefs with them. The things of Galilee were not the things of the New World. The doctrines preached on a mountain in Syria to fisher folks and shepherds of the hills would have accorded little with the glory of Greece and Rome. And Greece and Rome passed away, and came ascetic medieval Europe with its bizarre, romantic doctrines. And even these went. And now, to-day, in New York the old faiths would be unintelligible to the good-living, shrewd, hard-working people. They wanted what they could fathom, what would accord with their own hard-headed experience. They wanted sanity.

He remembered with a sense of shock that this was Friday night and his Sunday's sermon was as yet unwritten. Suddenly, inspiringly, there came to him the text for it:

"Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God."

▼

OCTOBER had broken with a rush of rain. The great flood torrents that come with the equinox had left their courses to sweep over the city with the force of a second deluge. Rain swept downward in sheer weight of water. It rushed past the sidewalks, in the gullies, like miniature mountain streams. Lights glistened pale and faint through it, like marsh vapors.

She stepped into Second Avenue bravely from the dingy flat house. Northward St. Mark's Place glimmered like an oasis. The dingy shops of the avenue showed anemically through the mist haze like pale yellow phantoms. Overhead the Elevated ground by on wet rails. An occasional loaded taxi swept past with a rattle of chains. She looked about her for something to carry her home, but nothing was in sight. There was a little Italian garage at Tenth Street, she remembered; she had best try there.

She had come out after dinner to visit a family on Second Avenue, a harsh Scotch family whom thrift had failed and who had nothing left beyond their prim faith in a world to come. The father of it had died in an accident in the new Subway excavation, and the mother and an ailing daughter still held to life by sewing, and to the future world through faith in the Reverend Howard Strong. They had gone to St. Mary's in their innocence of heart, and the dramatic incident of their appearance in that plutocratic congregation had impressed the rector. He held on to them as grimly as the pastor of a poor congregation might take hold of a rich devotee. But his enthusiasm for the scant poor of his flock had waned recently, and when a call came to the house for him to go and comfort the poor, ill girl, he was not there. Enda heard the appeal—her father was dining with Mr. Merz—and instead of calling the senior curate she decided to go herself.

She walked into the Italian garage, dripping. There was no one present except Cassandro, the proprietor, and a young man to whom he was talking, a thin, lithe man, possibly thirty, dark as she was herself, with a face as regular as a cameo of Antinous; brow high and pale; eyes glowing and yet shrewdly worldly wise; nose long and firm; mouth firm, too, and yet a trifle tight-lipped; chin firm and sweeping. She noticed, with that quick glance of hers, the respect Cassandro showed him, and she noticed also the trim, clean cut of his clothes, a trifle Broadwayish, it is true, but not exaggeratedly so.

Cassandro, smug, fat, apologetic, came toward her.

"Have you got a taxi here that could take me home?" she asked.

"Nothing in the place." Cassandro smiled. "All out!"

"But surely ——" she persisted.

"All out, Miss Strong," Cassandro said inexorably. "Nothing left."

He looked at her with a trace of smiling amusement. His statement might be true—or it might be that cars were too valuable on such a bad night for so slight a commission.

"All gone," he repeated. "Every one!"

She looked out at the rain bravely. In the open door of the garage her silhouette stood out as clean as a photograph. She smiled as she started to go.

"You've got a touring car or something?" the figure who had been speaking to Cassandro said crisply.

"Oh, yes!"

"Haven't you got someone to run it?"

"But no!" Cassandro insisted. "Mike, he out to dinner; and Joe, he gone home. His wife sick. Nobody here but me. And I can't leave the place, can I? Unless you want it ——"

"Get out the car, Giuseppe!"

He walked toward Enda Strong and raised his soft hat.

"It's a very bad night," he said, "and there's little chance of your getting a taxi. I'm not exactly a chauffeur, but I'd be glad to drive you home. My name's Lambi—Rocco Lambi."

She looked at him hesitatingly.

"Hurry up, Giuseppe!" he ordered curtly.

"I'm putting you about dreadfully," she apologized, but he put her words aside with a quick gesture of his hand.

For that single instant in which he looked at her she felt somehow a sort of vague appraisement and challenge in his eyes. There was nothing personal in it. It was as though one human being were looking at another, irrespective of sex or station. In the dimness, somehow, again she felt a sense of force, as though there were near her a power, a personality. When the light showed him up she was surprised at the clean-cut look of his face, at the supple figure beneath his close-fitting suit.

"You work here with Mr. Cassandro?" she asked.

"Hardly that," he told her smilingly. "I own this place and a few other garages hereabout."

The low gray car was brought out. He stepped to the wheel, and because she felt she was more a guest than a patron she sat on the front seat with him. They swept through St. Mark's Place and into Astor. At Fourteenth Street they were halted for an instant by the traffic.

"My name is Enda Strong," she told him. "My father is the Reverend Howard Strong, of St. Mary's. Are you by any chance a member of his congregation?"

She was looking at the lean, brown, well-manicured hands that held the steering wheel. Very slender they were and very efficient, like a fine sword. A sort of rasping chuckle fell on her ears. She looked upward. An extremely sardonic smile hovered about the drawn corners of Lambi's mouth.

"I'm afraid I'm an awfully unregenerate person." Lambi was grinning. "I confess to knowing more about cabarets than churches, and a lot more of prize fighting than preaching."

"I don't know about the prize fighting," she laughed. "But I wish I knew a little more about cabarets and a little less of churches."

They whipped round into Madison Avenue at Twenty-third Street. They slid up to the rectory as though on skates, gently. She got out.

(Continued on Page 44)

What is Germany's Financial Condition?—By Albert W. Atwood

HOW can Germany stand the financial strain? And when will she break down under it?

These questions have been asked a million times since the great war started, not only by experts, bankers and professors, but by all manner of men and women in every land. For reasons not difficult to comprehend, the financial ability of Germany to continue fighting has roused more universal interest in the world than any other financial question that has ever come up. Now that America has entered the war, and has raised a second loan simultaneously with the floating of a seventh by Germany, the great question obtrudes itself, more stark and insolent than ever before.

One quiet Sunday morning last summer, on the beach of a remote little fishing village, I fell into conversation in the most casual way with an artist who was summering in a near-by oyster shack. He knew nothing about me and I knew nothing about him. We talked for a long time as two strangers talk, and at last he asked me my profession. He nearly jumped from his chair at the mention of the word finance, to inquire eagerly:

"But how can Germany keep going financially?"

Ever since the war began Germany has floated two huge loans a year, in March and September, with the regularity and uniformity of a well-oiled machine. With an iron ring about her, opposed by nearly the whole civilized world, Germany has, until very recently at least, met her war bill with clocklike precision. Enemies and neutrals alike have sneered and jeered at German finance. Many books and numberless newspaper and magazine articles have been written to prove its weakness. With much plausibility and no little truth it has been shown, over and over again, that Germany pyramids her loans in an endless-chain arrangement, far more than either England or France. But, whatever its defects or weakness, German finance has thus far served its main purpose, which is to raise enough money to keep the war going.

Goods Needed More Than Money

MILLIONS of people, passionately convinced of the justice of their cause and despairing at times of military victory, have eagerly sought a possible end in the breakdown of German finance. In England especially, where finance always looms larger than it really is, they kept hoping that each German loan would fail; that the financial exhaustion of Germany was near. Certainly the strong-arm methods employed to induce the German people to subscribe to war bonds was enough to buoy up such hopes. But each loan has been a success, whatever the methods employed. Gradually less has been said about the weakness and hollowness of German finance. Honest critics have been puzzled. The subject has almost been dropped. Even in England, they no longer openly proclaim the impending breakdown of the Teuton money system, but merely hint at it.

Apparently the Germans have eliminated finance, or made it nothing but bookkeeping. They may be bankrupt now; but what does that matter if they fail to discover the fact until after the war? So, gradually, people have thrown overboard the whole huge apparatus of statistics designed to show that, with her relative wealth, income, savings, and so on, Germany must collapse financially. Statistics, it has been recognized, are less important in a war than the spirit of a people.

Gradually the conviction has spread that no nation will stop fighting for financial reasons alone. The day of reckoning must be put off until after the war. Even governments whose finances were completely wrecked have kept on fighting; and her bitterest foe would not assert that Germany has as yet reached that plight. More than a year ago Lord Northcliffe, one of England's greatest advocates of a fight with Germany to a down-and-out finish, recognized the futility of expecting an early collapse of German finance. One of his papers argued substantially as follows:

We must not mistake the after-the-war situation, when Germany will have to pay out gold, with the present situation, in which Germany, as a self-contained organization, is able to exist as long as the people have confidence in their government.

Slowly the fact has become recognized that what nations consume in war is not money, but goods. The use of money merely obscures the real process and leads to confusion, false reasoning and equally false hopes. It is not a question of money at all; but of resources, supplies, man power, workers. What matters it how Germany may arrange mere financial details, or what her nominal bookkeeping solvency is, just so long as she has the resources to sustain herself? As for money and finance, they are merely conveniences; merely the ledger in which the accounts are kept.

But there is danger that this line of reasoning will be carried too far. Just as it was a mistake to rely too heavily upon the monetary collapse of Germany, so it would be just as grave a mistake to swallow her finances whole. Finance may be nothing but bookkeeping; but if you want to know how an individual or a business concern is getting along you examine the books. It is exactly the same with a nation. Germany does not fight literally with loans and taxes and foreign exchange; but if you want to know what is the state of the resources with which she does fight it will pay to look at these items in her books.

No individual, or business concern, or nation, can keep on indefinitely juggling its finances. If there is something rotten underneath, even the most clever and astute manipulators cannot prevent its showing after a time. Then, too, it is vastly important to employ sound financial methods. Even a rich concern may go on the rocks if its financial management is unwise and reckless. It is not enough to know how to manufacture and sell goods. A manufacturer must know how to raise funds. More concerns fail because they do not understand financial methods than for any other reason.

Finance in wartime is nothing but the means or form by which a government gets hold of a nation's resources. But the government must go through the form of paying for things. Merely to seize or confiscate everything in sight would be fatal under modern conditions. There must be the form of money and bonds and credits, and all the rest of the machinery of finance, or people will revolt. And once the people lose confidence in the financial machinery, then the whole process of securing resources of war is likely to go to smash. Once doubt begins to creep in, there is trouble.

As war goes on it is more and more difficult to keep the machine working smoothly. It becomes harder and harder for the financial engine to keep grinding out goods in return for money. The war keeps costing more all the time, and so the financial machinery has to be steadily speeded up. It is like saying that as long as you have plenty of water, oil and gasoline you can run your automobile faster and faster; but it isn't true. A time comes at last when something goes wrong.

The Rising Cost of the War

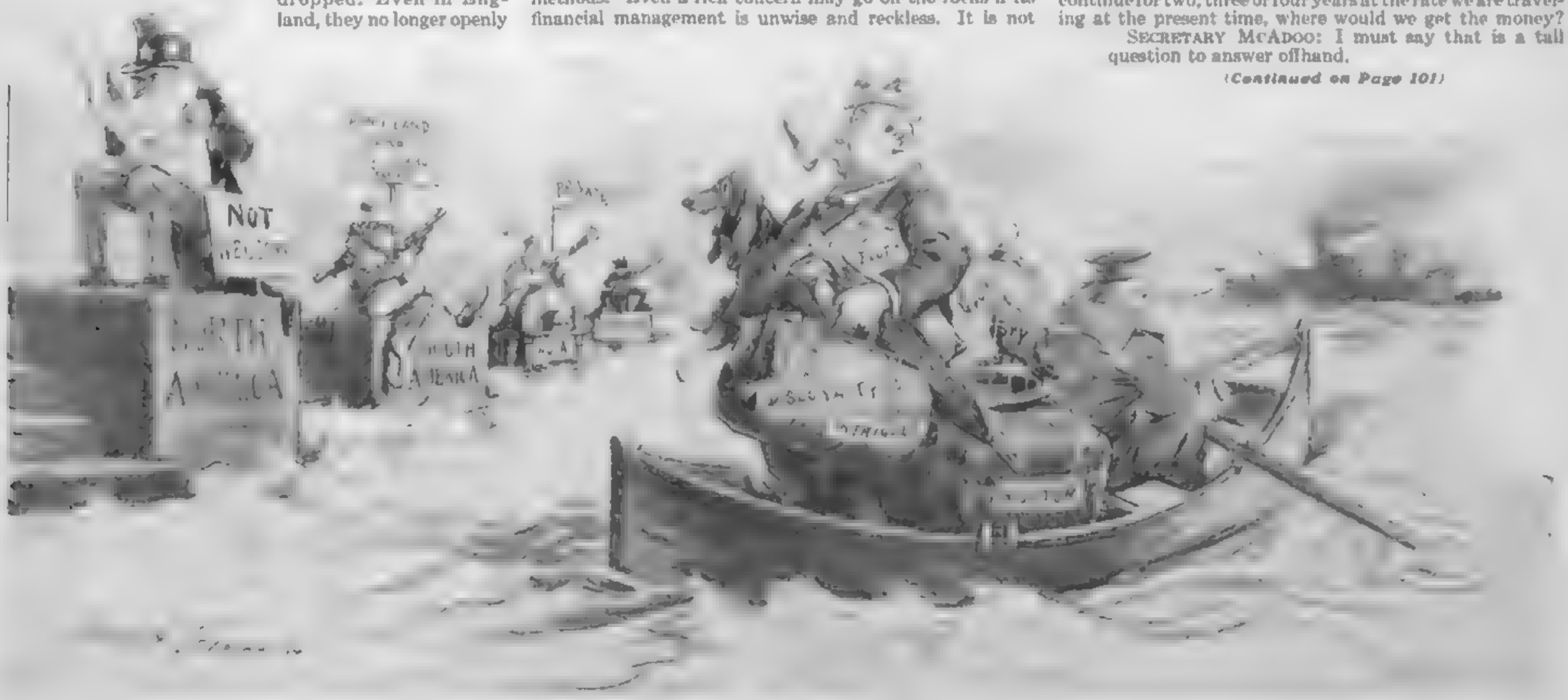
ONLY four or five years ago most people thought a general war would never take place, because of its prohibitive cost. These folk have been wondering ever since how they could have been so shortsighted. As a natural reaction from their mistake they have rushed to the other extreme, and now say that no nation will stop fighting for financial reasons. But, just because all the belligerents—Germany especially—have withstood the strain far longer than anyone supposed possible, it does not follow that they will all withstand it indefinitely.

The cost of war is rising at an alarming rate for all the belligerents, Germany included. The price is mounting day by day because prices of everything have advanced; because more and more of the revenue goes to pay interest on debts already created, and because the scale of fighting increases. No human being can even guess exactly when the machinery of any country will wear out; but it is safe to say that the weaker the national financial arrangements are, the greater the political pressure from the people of that country to end the war. No one doubts that the United States can stand the strain longer than any other country, either enemy or ally. But the impossibility of telling how long even this country can keep going was expressed by Secretary McAdoo recently in testimony before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress:

MR. FAIRCHILD: Mr. Secretary, suppose the war should continue for two, three or four years at the rate we are traveling at the present time, where would we get the money?

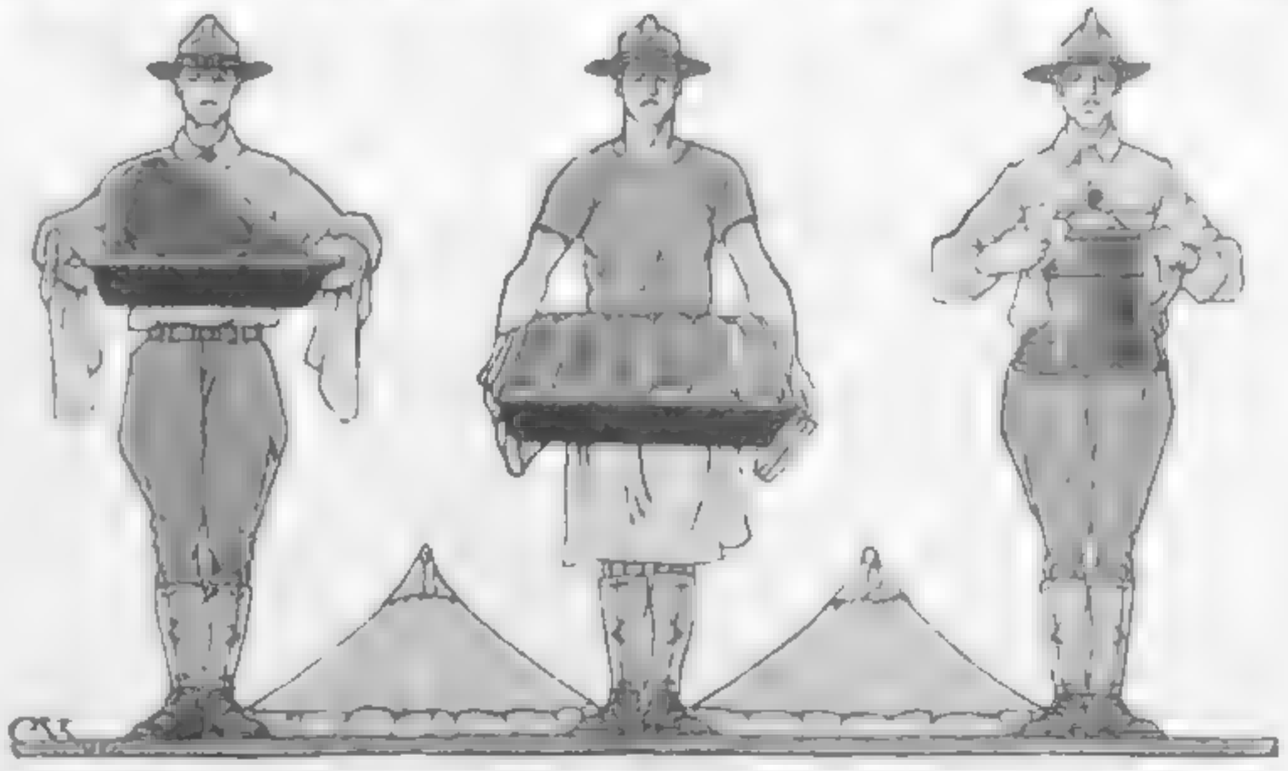
SECRETARY MCADOO: I must say that is a tall question to answer offhand.

(Continued on Page 101)



Where Does He Get Off?

Confessions of a Conscript



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I AM a middle-aged man with a sedentary occupation, and something odd and exciting and unexpected has happened to me. I am called up for the army. I am too old to fall under the selective-draft law; yet in effect I have been conscripted. The Government has discovered that I have a small talent that may prove useful in helping to win the war. When I was a young man I was a rover, and I remember once coming up from Trinidad with another roving man and he said to me: "Something or other happens to a man every day." That is a true word.

I thought my gamesome days were over. I have a wife and a family. I am a householder and listed in the census among the adult males with gainful occupations. The income-tax collector has me on his little list. I am—or was—as they say, a settled man of family. People know where to find me. I live by a routine. I have made myself fairly comfortable—and, I now learn to my dismay, soft too. Things have been coming pretty easy for me for a dozen years, and I now realize I have been putting in shock absorbers against the jars of life—the best trains, the best food, choicer cigars, softer beds and chairs, coolth in summer and warmth in winter. These I had come to take as my natural due and right.

I was tied and bound. Now my fetters are cut. I must live on one-fifth of what I have been earning. But oh, the high, wide and handsome days I see ahead! It is being young again. I am off the side lines and in the game. Anything may happen. Something is bound to happen. The roving man had it right: "Something or other happens to a man every day."

I was lying in bed, ill, in a camp in the woods when the good news came to me. Things like that used to happen to me. Once I was whisked off across a continent and an ocean to live in a prince's palace for more than a year and a day, and there to have many strange and curious adventures. I had thought that page was turned and that volume closed for good and all.

I read my formal notice over and over again. I was wanted for the army. It was, in effect, an order. I made haste to Washington and the seat of government to find out what it all meant. My train had not left the remote village in which I spend my summers many hours before I discovered that I was not the only one who had been called to the colors.

All Flocking Into the Big Show

AT EVERY little station were half a dozen boys in khaki. Tubby gentlemen, incurably civilian in every line and curve, came into my sleeper in new olive-drab uniforms, trying not to look self-conscious and proud. Crossing New York from the Grand Central to the Pennsylvania Station I saw more of them. But at Washington I ran into the main herd. They were as thick as blackberries. They had quit their jobs to go into the Army. I found men I knew—lawyers, diplomats, former members of Congress, newspaper correspondents, a magazine editor, automobile experts, a chap who had been trying fancy farming in North Carolina, a fellow who had been flying for the British and had now come home to get into the Big Show again under his own flag—all become Reserve Officers of the National Army by virtue of the "provisions of an act of Congress approved June 3, 1916." They were all a little excited and on edge. Like me, they had been bombed out of their civilian dugouts and were still gasping a little at the novelty of the experience. And they were keen too—keen as mustard. And proud! Pride is no name for it. We sat about in the clubs and talked in whispers with and about each other and what arrangements we had made for our families to live and our children to remain in school or college on our reduced incomes.

"How the deuce," asked the chemist-captain, "does a man live on a captain's pay and keep five children going? That is what I must learn. It's going to be a fine experience for all of us. My wife is game as a pebble, and five or ten years from now it will be much easier to explain to my children why the schooling was curtailed or why they have had to work their way through college than it would be to explain a new wing on the house or a new motor car bought out of my war profits. I tell you, gentlemen, it's going to be mighty unfashionable in this country, after we have beat the Germans, to have made a fortune out of the war. We are all in this thing. We have all got a stake in it. It is a people's war. The average 'run of the mine' citizen has got more at stake in it than anybody else. It is not being fought by paid professional fighters, but by your sons and mine, and the sons of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, just like us.

"Did you ever hear the story of the hack driver at Niagara Falls who told Bryan that 'the masses of the people form the bulk of the population'? Well, they are fighting this fight for the right to live unhampered and according to their national ideals. It's a grand arrangement that lets us have a share in it."

All these mature men who were sacrificing their careers and abandoning the well-ordered paths in which they had contrived to arrange their lives knew what the war was about; knew why the United States was participating; knew and recognized and accepted the moral obligation that lay upon them to take a part in it. Even if, as some people maintain, there is an imperfect national popular understanding of the war, even if the boys who have been called by the selective draft into the new National Army do not understand clearly and fully the vital import to their own country of such a savage attempt at world conquest as the Germans have made, there are a constantly increasing number of men who do know what it all means and who are throwing their weight into the scale. I have found them giving themselves freely and unselfishly to the Government. They have undergone, so to say, a variety of religious experiences.

There is my doctor, a renowned specialist in his branch, with an international reputation. Patients come to him from abroad, and from all over the United States. To consult him one must make an appointment weeks or even months in advance. He is at the very top of his profession. His work engrosses him. He was bound up in it every waking moment. When I saw him ten months ago he hardly knew there was a war. His daily tasks absorbed him. He hadn't been roused. He had no desire and felt no obligation to share its burdens or play a part in it. I saw him the other day—another man.

"I am to be a surgeon in the army," he said at once, "with the rank of major; I shall have to give up my practice. My house is for rent and my family will move into a small flat or a little house in the country. My son and my son-in-law are both in the army. We are all in. Isn't it fine?"

"But, doctor, whatever brought you into it? When did you get interested?"

"When I began to hear authentic stories of the German treatment of the wounded and the attacks on hospital ships. That touched me and moved me as nothing else in this war has. That brought the war within my field of interests. My business and all my interests in life are in the care of the hurt, the disabled, the suffering. You can't devote your whole life to the relief of suffering and of pain and not be outraged by such things as this. Here, read it yourself," and he thrust a piece of paper into my hand. I saw that it was the account of an eyewitness of the torpedoing by a German submarine of the British hospital ship Lanfranc. I read it, and so may you:

"The Lanfranc was attacked by a submarine about 7:30 on Tuesday evening, just as we had finished dinner. A few of us were strolling to and fro on the deck when there was a crash which shook the liner violently. This was followed by an explosion, and glass and splinters of wood flew in all directions. I had a narrow escape from being pitched overboard, and only regained my feet with difficulty. In a few minutes the engines had stopped, and the Lanfranc appeared to be sinking rapidly, but to our surprise she steadied herself and after a while remained perfectly motionless. We had on board nearly two hundred prisoners belonging to the Prussian Guard and about twice as many British wounded, among the latter being some very bad cases. The moment the torpedo struck the Lanfranc the Prussians made a mad rush for the lifeboats. One of their officers came up to a boat close to which I was standing. I shouted to him to go back, whereupon he stood and scowled. 'You must save us,' he begged. I told him to wait his turn. Other Prussians showed their cowardice by dropping on their knees and imploring pity. Some of them cried '*Kamerad*,' as they do on the battlefield. I allowed none of them to pass me."

The Wounded Heroes of the Lanfranc

"MEANWHILE the crew and the staff had gone to their posts. The stretcher cases were brought on deck as quickly as possible, and the first boats were lowered without delay. Help had been summoned, and many vessels were hurrying to our assistance. In these moments, while wounded Tommies—many of them as helpless as little children—lay in their cots unaided, the Prussian morale dropped to zero. Our cowardly prisoners made another crazy effort to get into a lifeboat. They managed to crowd into one, but no sooner had it been lowered than it toppled over. The Prussians were thrown into the water, and they fought with each other in order to reach another boat containing a number of gravely wounded British soldiers.

"The behavior of our own lads I shall never forget. Crippled as many of them were, they tried to stand at attention while the more serious cases were being looked after. And those who could lend a hand scurried below to help in saving a friend or enemy. I have never seen so many individual illustrations of genuine chivalry and comradeship. One man I saw had had a leg severed, and his head was heavily bandaged. He was lifting himself up a staircase by the hands, and was just as keen on summoning help for Fritz as on saving himself. He whistled to a mate to come and aid a Prussian who was unable to move owing to internal injuries. Another Tommy limped painfully along with a Prussian officer on his arm and helped the latter to a boat. It is impossible to give adequate praise to the crew and staff. They were all heroes. They remained at their posts until the last man had been taken off, and some of them took off articles of their clothing and threw them into the lifeboats for the benefit of those who were in need of warm covering. The same spirit manifested itself as we moved away from the scene of the outrage. I saw a sergeant take his tunic off and make a pillow of it for a wounded German. There was a private who had his arms round an enemy, trying hard to make the best of an uncomfortable resting place.

"In the midst of all this tragedy the element of comedy was not wanting. A cockney lad struck up a ditty, and the boat's company joined in the chorus of All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go. Then we had Take Me Back to Blighty, and as a French vessel came along to our

(Continued on Page 72)

SONNETS OF A GERMAN SPY

Translated From the German of Herr Tannenwald and Done Into English Verse—By Berton Braley

X V 238, FOLIO 84

I WENT to see Herr Puppschen yesterday
And told him how I'd always hoped and planned
To serve the Kaiser and the Fatherland,
And that I wished employment right away.
"These Yankee fools," I said, "are much too gay.
I want to be a spy and take a hand
In teaching them to know and understand
The Kultur that we Germans all display."

"Aha!" he cried, "you have a noble heart,
And you will work for nothing, is it not?"
"Yes, it is not," I said. "I will not start
Until I see the money, that is what!"
He glared at me, then answered with a sigh:
"Well, you are hired—and now, go out and spy!"

Y W 379, FOLIO 16
(CONFIDENTIAL)

To-day Herr Puppschen handed me a bomb.
"And now," he said, "you sign this full receipt,
Which shows who made the weapon, where it's from
And what it's for—we want things quite complete.
We keep full records of the work we do
And everything must be accounted for.
Sign the receipt—and sign the copy, too;
It's German system that will win this war."

We Teutons are efficient. Each detail
Is figured out and kept in black and white;
With such a method, can the Kaiser fail
To teach the world to bow before his might?
When in a trolley car that bomb was lost
Herr Puppschen made me pay him what it cost.

B Z T 742, FOLIO 6
BOOK 18, PAGE 92
(VERY CONFIDENTIAL)

Herr Puppschen sent a letter, all in code,
And seven bombs, insured, by parcel post;
I puzzled for a half a day, almost,
But couldn't make it out. Then, neatly stowed
Among the bombs, so I could not go wrong,
I found a copy of the note, translated;
And with it was another one, which stated:
"To help you out we've sent the code along."

I put the correspondence in my file
Marked "Secret. It's forbidden to peruse!"
Then took the train and started off in style
To drop the bombs around at Newport News.
The porter didn't lift my bag with care;
I had to warn him: "There are bombs in there!"

P D Q, 6 M, 4-11-44
(PRIVATE)

This Yankee humor—that is what they call it—
Is stupid stuff; in Newport News I tried
To enter, dressed as Senator La Follette.
They said, "You'll have to leave your bag outside."
I had to leave it, but I pumped the guide,
Who told me that the Yankee submarines
Were run by horses fed on pork and beans
And used, on land, for cavalry to ride.

I wrote this down and went away in haste,
But I was mad because I couldn't tarry
To place my bombs. So, lest they go to waste,
I threw them at a ladies' seminary.
And then I found those Yankees, if you please,
Had filled my precious bombs with Edam cheese!

*@ $ % * = # 23456789 M*
SHELF 60, VOL. 10
PAGE 53, PARAGRAPH 7
SECRET ARCHIVES
(QUITE SECRET)

Herr Puppschen ordered me to hang around
And watch a certain officer with care.
"You shadow him," he said, "and everywhere
He travels, you be right upon the ground."
I did my best, but while I lurked without
My quarry's club, with quite a cordial air
He called to me: "Don't stick around out there.
Come in and have a drink. You're cold, no doubt!"

I did as he requested. He was right;
The club proved very comforting and warm.
He laughed and cried: "You spies are a delight,
But really, you should have a uniform!"
That would be excellent, without a question.
I'll tell Herr Puppschen it was my suggestion.

C D C FOREIGN OFFICE
NO. 179426
(VERY SECRET)

To-day Herr Puppschen asked me for my bill,
All itemized, for services to date.
"I must," he told me, "keep my ledgers straight
To prove that I have spied with proper skill.
So in your vouchers you will kindly show
The cost of every pacifist parade;
What bombs you placed, what editors you paid—
For we must prove where all our moneys go."

I made the voucher out in triplicate
And signed each copy as he told me to.
He put them in a file marked "Confidential."
The method that he has is simply great;
Only a German mind could put it through.
We know that system is the true essential.

Z 2q 7 P J 54 X
(HIGHLY SECRET)

The Swedish minister in Argentine
Who used to send our letters to Berlin
Is now in trouble, for a spy crept in
And found a note which said some submarine
Should sink a ship and never leave a trace.
The papers here are quite excited, crying
That it's a shame! And they're correct—such spying
On private letters is a foul disgrace.

It's only just the Fatherland should use
Whatever methods it may find at hand.
But that its enemies should dare peruse
Our secret notes I cannot understand.
What right have they to stop us when we plot
For unser Kaiser and for unser Gott?

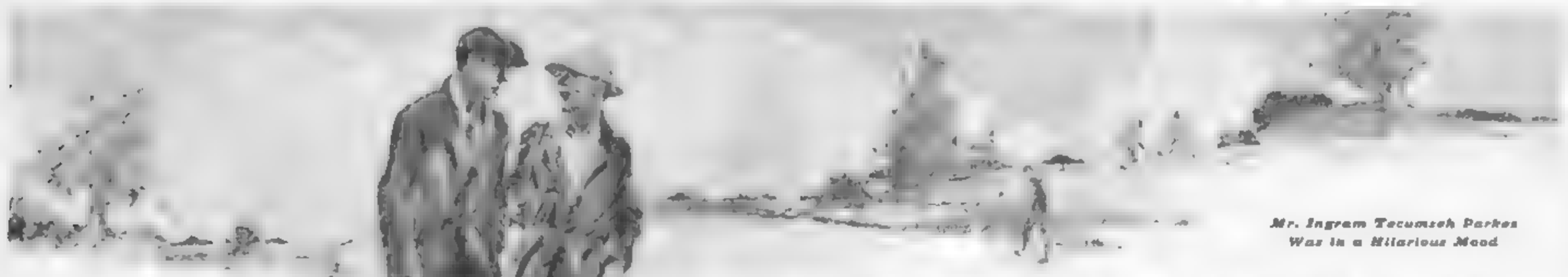
FILE xx23 SERIES 23
(INTENSELY SECRET)

My letter file is missing from the flat;
I do not understand where it has gone.
My name was printed very neatly on
The front of it; and then, besides all that,
I'd written "Very Secret" clear and plain.
And on the back I'd stamped the German crest.
I'm sure I tried to do my very best
To warn whoever saw it to refrain

From reading it. I wonder where it went;
Perhaps the maid will know—— She's brought it back:
The janitor had taken it, she said;
He had become a kleptomaniac,
But really had no criminal intent.
She thought him somewhat batty in the head.

(Concluded on Page 55)

THE MAN WHO QUIT



Mr. Ingram Tecumseh Parkes Was in a Hilarious Mood

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MR. INGRAM TECUMSEH PARKES squinted along the line of his short putt, breathed hard through his prominent and highly decorative nose, concentrated his mighty intellect upon the task before him, and tapped the small white ball ever so lightly. It rolled toward the cup, wavered from the line, returned to it again, seemed about to stop short of its destination, hovered for one breathless instant on the very lip, and at last fell into the hole.

Mr. Parkes, who had been hopping up and down on one leg, urging the ball forward with inarticulate commands and violent contortions of his body, and behaving generally in the manner of a baseball fan or a financially interested spectator at a horse race, suddenly relaxed with a deep grunt of relief. He glanced at his opponent—a tall, solemn-looking gentleman—who was regarding Mr. Parkes with an unblinking stare in which disgust, chagrin and fathomless melancholy were mingled.

"Well, that'll be about all for you, Mister Good Player!" announced Parkes with rather more gusto than is considered tactful at such a time. "Yes; that cooks your goose, I guess! Three down and two to go, and I licked you"—here his voice broke and became shrill with triumph. "I licked you on an even game! An even game—d'you get that, Bob? Didn't have to use my handicap at all! Ho, ho! Licked a six-handicap man on an even game! That's pretty good shooting, I guess! You didn't think I had it in me, did you?"

"You Wouldn't Care if I Had About an Inch Taken Off This Shaft, Would You?"

The other man did not reply, but continued to stare moodily at Mr. Parkes. He did not even seem to be listening. After a time the victor became aware of a certain tenseness in the situation. His stream of self-congratulation checked to a thin trickle and at last ran dry. There was a short, painful silence.

"I don't want to rub it in, or anything," said Parkes apologetically; "but I've got a right to swell up a little. You'll admit that. I didn't think I had a chance when we started, and I never trimmed a six-handicap man before ——"

"Oh, that's all right!" said the other with the nervous gesture of one who brushes away an unpleasant subject. "Holler your fat head off—I don't care. Give yourself a loud cheer while you're at it. I'm not paying any attention to you."

Mr. Parkes was not exactly pleased with the permission thus handsomely granted.

"No need for you to get sore about it," was his sulky comment.

The vanquished golfer cackled long and loud, but there was a bitter undertone in his mirth.

"Sore? Who, me? Just because a lopsided, left-handed freak like you handed me a licking? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Well," said Mr. Parkes, still aggrieved, "if you're not sore you'd better haul in the signs. Your lower lip is sticking out a foot and you look as if you'd lost your last friend."

"I've lost every shot in my bag," was the solemn reply. "I've lost my game. You don't know what that means, because you've never had any game to lose. It's awful—awful!"

"Forget it!" advised Parkes. "Everybody has a bad day once in a while."

"You don't understand," persisted the other earnestly. "A month ago I was breaking eighties as regular as clockwork, and every club I had was working fine. Then, all at once, something went wrong—my shots left me. I couldn't drive any more; couldn't keep my irons on the course—couldn't do anything. I kept plugging away, thinking my game would come back to me, hoping every shot I made that there would be some improvement; but I'm getting worse instead of better! Nobody knows any more about the theory of golf than I do, but I can't seem to make myself do the right thing at the right time. I've changed my stance; I've changed my grip; I've changed my swing; I've never tried harder in my life—and look at me! I can't even give an eighteen-handicap man a battle!"

"Forget it!" repeated Parkes. "The trouble with you is that you worry too much about your golf. It isn't a business, you poor fish! It's a sport—a recreation. I get off my game every once in a while, but I never worry. It always comes back to me. Last Sunday I was rotten; to-day ——"

"To-day you shot three sevens and a whole flock of sixes! Bah! I suppose you call that good—eh?"

"Never you mind!" barked the indignant Mr. Parkes. "Never you mind! Those sevens and sixes were plenty good enough to lick you! Come on, take a reef in your underlip and we'll play the last two holes. The match is over, so you won't have that to worry about."

"You don't get me at all," protested the loser. "Not being a golfer yourself, you can't understand a golfer's feelings. It's not being beaten that troubles me. It's knowing just how to make a shot and then falling down on the execution—that's what breaks my heart! If ever you get so good that you can shoot a seventy-eight on this course, and your game leaves you overnight—steps right out from under you and leaves you flat—then you'll know how I feel."

"There you go!" complained Parkes. "Knocking my game again! I'm a bad player—oh, a rotten player! I admit it; but I can lick you to-day. And just to prove it I'll bet you a ball a hole from here in—no handicap—not even a bisque. What say?"

"Got you!" was the grim response. "Maybe if I hit one of my old-time tee shots again it'll put some heart in me. Shoot!"

Twenty minutes later the two men walked across the broad lawn toward the clubhouse. Mr. Ingram Tecumseh Parkes was in a hilarious mood. He grinned from ear to ear and illustrated an animated discourse with sweeping gestures. His late opponent shuffled slowly along beside him, kicking the inoffending daisies out of his way. His shoulders sagged listlessly, his hands hung open at his sides, and his eyes were fixed on the ground. Utter dejection was written in every line and angle of his drooping form. When he entered the lounging room he threw himself heavily into the nearest chair and remained motionless, staring out of the window but seeing nothing.

"What's the matter, Bob? You sick?" The query was twice repeated before the stricken man lifted his head slightly and turned his lackluster eyes upon a group of friends seated at a table close at hand.

"Eh? What's that? . . . Yes; I'm sick. Sick and disgusted with this double-dash-blanked game."

Now there comes to every experienced golfer a time when from a full heart he curses the Royal and Ancient Pastime. Mr. Robert Coyne's friends were experienced golfers; consequently his statement was received with calmness—not to say a certain amount of levity.

"We've all been there!" chuckled one of the listeners.

"Many's the time!" supplemented another.

"Last week," admitted a third, "I broke a driver over a tee box. I'd been slicing with it for a month; so I smashed the damned shaft. Did me a lot of good. Of course, Bob, you're a quiet, even-tempered individual, and you can't understand what a relief it is to break a club that has been annoying you. Try it some time."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Coyne. "I'd have to break 'em all!"

"Maybe you don't drink enough," hazarded another.

"Cheer up!" said the first speaker. "You'll be all right this afternoon."

The afflicted one lifted his head again and gazed mournfully at his friends.

"No," said he; "I won't be all right this afternoon. I'll be all wrong. I haven't hit a single decent shot in three weeks—not one. I—I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm sick of it, I tell you."

"Yep; he's sick," chirped the cheerful Mr. Parkes, coming in like an April zephyr. "He's sick, and I made him sicker. I'm a rotten-bad golfer—ask Bob if I ain't. I'm left-handed; I stand too close to my ball; I hook every tee shot; I top my irons; I can't hole a ten-foot putt in a washtub; but, even so, I handed this six man a fine trimming this morning. Hung it all over him like a blanket. Beat him three and two without any handicap. Licked him on an even game; but I couldn't make him like it. What do you think of that, eh?"

"How about it, Bob?" asked one of the listeners. "Is this a true bill?" Mr. Coyne groaned and continued to stare out of the window.

"Oh, he won't deny it!" grinned Parkes. "I'm giving it to you straight. Then, at Number Seventeen I offered to bet him a ball a hole, just to put some life into him and stir up his—er—cupidity. I guess that's the word. No handicap, you understand. Not even a bisque. What did he do? Why, he speared a nice

He Urged the Ball Forward With Inarticulate Commands

juicy nine on Seventeen; and he picked up his ball on Eighteen, after slicing one square into the middle of Hell's Half Acre. Yes; he's sick all right enough!"

"He has cause—if you beat him," said one of the older members.

"I wish I could win from a well man once in a while," complained Parkes. "Every time I lick somebody I find I've been picking on an invalid."

"Oh, shut up and let Bob alone!"

"Yes; quit riding him."

"Don't rub it in!"

Mr. Coyne mumbled something to the effect that talk never bothered him, and the general conversation languished until the devil himself prompted one of the veteran golfers to offer advice:

"I'll tell you what's wrong with you, Bob. You're overgolfed. You've been playing too much lately."

"You've gone stale," said another.

"Nonsense!" argued a third. "You don't go stale at golf; you simply get off your game. Now what Bob ought to do is to take one club and a dozen balls and stay with that club until he gets his shots back."

"That's no good," said a fourth. "If his wood has gone bad on him he ought to leave his driver in his bag and use an iron off the tee. Chick Evans does that."

"An iron off the tee," said the veteran, "is a confession of weakness."

"Bob, why don't you get the 'pro' to give you a lesson or two? He might be able to straighten you out."

"Oh, what does a Scotchman know about the theory of golf? All he can do is to tell you to watch him and do the way he does. Now what Bob needs ——"

Every man who plays golf, no matter how badly, feels himself competent to offer advice. For a long ten minutes the air was heavy with well-meant suggestions. Coming at the wrong time, nothing is more galling than sympathetic counsel. Bob Coyne, six-handicap man and expert in the theory of golf, hunched his shoulders and endured it all without comment or protest. Somewhere in his head an idea was taking definite shape. Slowly but surely he was being urged to the point where decision merges into action.

"I tell you," said the veteran with the calm insistence of age, "Bob ought to take a lay-off. He ought to forget golf for a while."

Coyne rose and moved toward the door. As his hand touched the knob the irrepressible Parkes hurled the last straw athwart a heavy burden.

"If ever I get so that I can't enjoy this game any more," said he, "I hope I'll have strength of character enough to quit playing it."

"Oh, you do, do you?" demanded Coyne with the cold rage of a quiet man, goaded beyond the limit of his endurance. "Well, don't flatter yourself. You haven't—and you won't!"

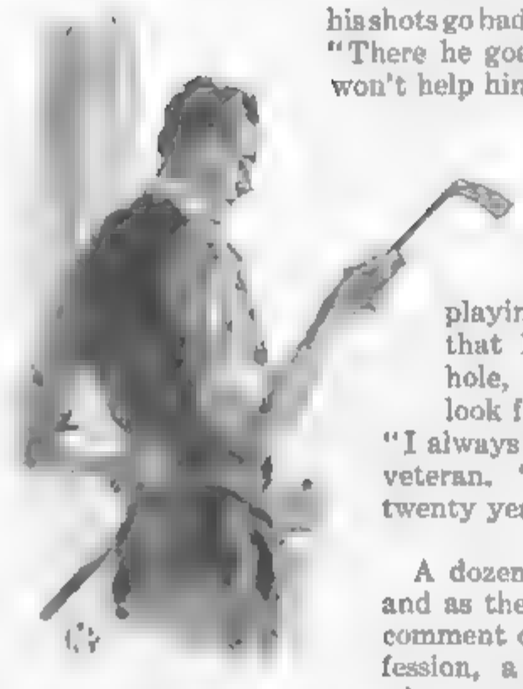
The door closed behind this rather cryptic remark, and the listeners looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Never knew Bob to act like this before," said one.

"Anything can happen when a man's game is in a slump," said the veteran. "Take a steady, brainy player—a first-class golfer; let him lose his shots for a week and there's no telling what he'll do. Nothing to it—this is the most interesting and the most exasperating outdoor sport in the world.

"Just when you think you've learned all there is to learn about it—bang! And there you are, flat!"

"He's been wolfing at me all morning," said Parkes. "Kind of silly to let a game get on your nerves, eh?"



As He Stood There, Holding the Old Mid-Iron in His Hands, Ten Years Slipped Away From Him

"You'll never know how a real golfer feels when his shots go bad on him," was the consoling response. "There he goes with his bag of clubs. Practice won't help him any. What he needs is a lay-off."

"He's headed for the caddie shed," said Parkes. "I'd hate to carry his bag this afternoon. Be afraid he'd bite me, or something. . . . Say, have you fellows heard about the two Scotchmen, playing in the finals for a cup? It seems that MacNabb lost his ball on the last hole, and MacGregor was helping him look for it ——"

"I always did like that yarn," interrupted the veteran. "It's just as good now as it was twenty years ago. Shoot!"

A dozen caddies were resting in the shed, and as they rested they listened to the lively comment of the dean of the bag-carrying profession, a sixteen-year-old golfing Solomon who answered to the name of Butch:

"And you oughta seen him at the finish—all he needed was an undertaker! You know how good he used to be. Straight down the middle all the time. The poor sucker has blowed every shot in his bag—darned if it wasn't pitiful to watch him. He ain't even got his chip shot left. And on the last hole ——"

"S-s-s-t!" whispered a youngster, glancing in the direction of the clubhouse. "Here he comes now!"

Because Mr. Coyne's game had been the subject of full and free discussion, and because they did not wish him to know it, every trace of expression vanished instantly from the twelve youthful faces. The first thing a good caddie learns is repression. Twelve wooden countenances turned to greet the visitor. His presence in the caddie shed was unusual, but even this fact failed to kindle the light of interest in the eye of the youngest boy. Coyne gave them small time to wonder what brought him into their midst.

"Butch," said he, speaking briskly and with an air of forced cheerfulness, "if you had a chance to pick a club out of this bag, which one would you take?"

"If I had a what?" asked Butch, popeyed with amazement.

"Which one of these clubs do you like the best?"

"Why, the light mid-iron, sir," answered the boy without an instant's hesitation. "The light mid-iron, sure!"

Mr. Coyne drew the club from the bag.

"It's yours," said he briefly.

"Mine!" ejaculated Butch. "You—you ain't giving it to me, are you?" Coyne nodded. "But—but what's the idea? You can't get along without that iron, sir. You use it more than any other club in your bag!"

"Take it if you want it, Butch. I'm going to quit playing golf."

"Yes, you are!" exclaimed the caddie, availing himself of one of the privileges of long acquaintance. "Nobody ever quits unless they get so old they can't walk!"

"Very well," said Coyne. "If you don't want this club, maybe some of these other boys ——"

"Not a chance!" cried Butch, seizing the mid-iron. "I didn't think you meant it at first. I ——"

"Now then, Frenchy," said Coyne, "which club will you have?"

"This is on the square, is it?" demanded Frenchy suspiciously. "This ain't Injun givin'? Because—me, I had my eye on that brassy for some time now. Weighted just right. Got a swell shaft in it. . . . Thank you, mister! Gee! What do think of that—hey? Some club!"

At this point the mad philanthropist was mobbed by a group of eager youngsters, each one clamoring to share in his reckless generosity. So far as the boys knew, the situation was without parallel in golfing history; but this was a phase of the matter that could come up later for discussion. The main thing was to get one of those clubs while the getting was good.

"Please, can I have that driver?"

"Aw, mister, you know me!"

"The mashie would be my pick!"

"Who ast you to pick anything, Dago? You ain't got an old brass putter there, have you, sir? All my life I been wantin' a brass putter."

"Gimme the one that's left over?"

"Quitcha shovin', there! That's a mighty fine cleek. Wisht I had it!"

In less time than it takes to tell it the bag was empty. The entire collection of golfing instruments, representing the careful and discriminating accumulation of years, passed into new hands. Everybody knows that no two golf clubs are exactly alike, and that a favorite, once lost or broken, can never be replaced. A perfect club possesses something more than proper weight and balance; it has personality and is, therefore, not to be picked up every day in the week. The driver, the spoon, the cleek, the heavy mid-iron, the jigger, the mashie, the scarred old niblick, the two putters—everything was swept away in one wild spasm of renunciation; and if it hurt Coyne to part with these old friends he bore the pain like a Spartan. "Well, I guess that'll be all," said he at length.

"Mr. Coyne," said Butch, who had been practicing imaginary approach shots with the light mid-iron, "you wouldn't care if I had about an inch taken off this shaft, would you? It's a little too long for me."

"Cut a foot off it if you like."

"I just wanted to know," said Butch apologetically. "Lots of people say they're going to quit; but ——"

"It isn't a case of going to quit with me," said Coyne. "I have quit! You can make kindling wood out of that shaft if you like."

Then, with the empty bag under his arm, and his bridges aflame behind him, he marched back to the clubhouse, his chin a bit higher in the air than was absolutely necessary.

Later his voice was heard in the shower room, loud and clear above the sound of running water. It suited him to sing and the ditty of his choice was a cheerful one; but the rollicking words failed to carry

He Attacked Chapter Two. It Proved Even Worse Than the First

conviction. An expert listener might have detected a tone smacking strongly of defiance and suspected that Mr. Coyne was singing to keep up his courage.

When next seen he was clothed, presumably in his right mind, and rummaging deep in his locker. On the floor was a pile of miscellaneous garments—underwear, sweaters, shirts, jackets, knickerbockers and stockings. To his assistance came Jasper, for twenty years a fixture in the locker room and as much a part of the club as the sun porch or the front door.

"Gettin' yo' laundry out, suh? Lemme give you a hand."

Now Jasper was what is known as a character; and, moreover, he was a privileged one. He was on intimate terms with every member of the Country Club and entitled to speak his mind at all times. He had made a close study of the male golfing animal in all his varying moods; he knew when to sympathize with a loser, when to congratulate a winner, and when to remain silent. Jasper was that rare thing known as the perfect servant.

"This isn't laundry," explained Coyne. "I'm just cleaning house—that's all. . . . Think you can use these rubber-soled golf shoes?"

"Misteh Coyne, suh," said Jasper, "them shoes is as good as new. Whut you want to give 'em away faw?"

"Because I won't be wearing 'em any more."

"H-m-m! Too small, maybe?"

"No; they fit all right. Fact of the matter is, Jasper, I'm sick of this game and I'm going to quit it."

Jasper's eyes oscillated rapidly.

"Aw, no, Misteh Coyne!" said he in the tone one uses when soothing a peevish child. "You jus' think you goin' to quit—tha's all!"

"You never heard me say I was going to quit before, did you?" demanded Coyne.

"No, suh; no."

"Well, when I say I'm going to quit, you can bet I mean it!" Jasper reflected on this statement.

"Yes, suh," said he gently. "Betteh let me put them things back, Misteh Coyne. They in the way here."

"What's the use of putting 'em back in the locker? They're no good to me. Make a bundle of 'em and give 'em to the poor."

"Mph! Po' folks ain't wearin' them shawt pants much—not this season, nohow!"

"I don't care what you do with 'em! Throw 'em away—burn 'em up—pitch 'em out. I don't care!"

"Yes, suh. All right, suh. Jus' as you say." Jasper rolled the heap into a bundle and began tying it with the sleeves of a shirt. "I'll look afteh 'em, suh."

"Never mind looking after 'em. Get rid of the stuff. I'm through, I tell you—done—finished—quit!"

"Yes, suh. I heard you the firs' time you said it."

The negro was on his knees fumbling with the knot. Something in his tone irritated Coyne—caused him to feel that he was not being taken seriously.

"I suppose a lot of members quit—eh?" said he.

"Yes, suh," replied Jasper with a flash of ivory. "Some of 'em quits oncet a month, reg'leh."

"But you never heard of a case where a player gave all his clubs away, did you?" demanded Coyne.

"Some of 'em breaks clubs," said Jasper; "but they always gits new shafts put in. Some of 'em th'ow 'em in the lake; but they fish 'em out ag'in. But—give 'em away? No, suh! They don' neveh do that."

"Well," said Coyne, "when I make up my mind to do a thing I do it right. I've given away every club I owned."

Jasper lifted his head and stared upward, mouth open and eyelids fluttering rapidly.

"You—you given yo' clubs away!" he ejaculated. "Who'd you give 'em to, suh?"

"Oh, to the caddies," was the airy response. "Made a sort of general distribution. One club to each kid."

"Misteh Coyne," said Jasper earnestly, "tha's foolishness—jus' plain foolishness. S'pose you ain' been playin' yo' reg'leh game lately—s'pose you had a lot o' bad luck—that ain' no reason faw you to do a thing like that. Givin' all them expensible clubs to them pin-headed li'l' boys! Lawd! Lawd! They don't know how to treat 'em! They'll be splittin' the shafts, an' crackin the heads, an' nickin' up the irons, an' ——"

"Well," interrupted Coyne, "what of it? I hope they do break 'em!"

Jasper shook his head sorrowfully and returned to the bundle. While studying golfers he had come to know the value placed on golfing tools.

"O' course," said he slowly, "yo' own business is yo' own business, Misteh Coyne. Only, suh, it seem like a awful shame to me. Seem like bustin' up housekeepin' afteh you been married a long time. . . . Why not wait a few days an' see how you feel then?"

"No! I'm through."

Jasper jerked his head in the direction of the lounging room.

"You tol' the otheh gen'lemen whut you goin' to do?" he asked.

"What's the use? They'd only laugh. They wouldn't believe me. Let 'em find it out for themselves. And, by the way—there's my empty bag in the corner. Dispose of it somehow. Give it away—sell it. You can have whatever you get for it."

"Thank you, suh. You comin' back to see us once in a while?"

"Oh, I suppose so. With the wife and the kids. Well, take care of yourself."

Jasper followed him to the door and watched until the little runabout disappeared down the driveway.

"All foolishness—tha's whut it is!" soliloquized the negro.

"This golf game—she's sutny a goat getteh when she ain' goin' right. Me, I ratheh play this Af'ican golf with two dice. That's some goat getteh, too, an' lots of people quits it; but I notice they always comes back. Yes, suh; they always comes back."

■

AS THE runabout coughed and sputtered along the county road the man at the wheel had time to think the whole matter over. Everything considered, he decided that he had acted wisely.

"Been playing too much golf, anyway," he told himself. "Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays—too much! . . . And then worrying about my game in between. It'll be off my mind now. . . . One thing sure—Mary'll be glad to hear the news. That old joke of hers about being a golf widow won't go any more. Yes, she'll have to dig up a new one. . . . Maybe I have been a little selfish and neglectful. I'll make up for it now, though. Sundays we can take the big car and go on picnics. The kids'll like that."

He pursued this train of thought until he felt almost virtuous. He could see himself entering the house; he

(Continued on Page 82)

A YOUNG MAN'S GAME

By RUFUS STEELE

J. BIGLER MYDEN, president of the Western Railroad Utilities Company, clutched a tiny key so firmly between a huge forefinger and thumb that he was able to let himself into his private office through the hall door with none of the customary rasping of a spring lock. The cover of his mahogany roll-top went up noiselessly under the same steely control, and he sighed with satisfaction at having been able to come to business half an hour late without that fact becoming patent to the stenographer and office boy in his reception room. They had not heard him, as their unlowered voices assured him through the open transom. As he ran through the papers in a wire basket labeled Unanswered, he felt himself guilty of eavesdropping.

"Gee, Miss Scudder!" came the uneven treble of Eddie Mix. "Did you read what the Chronicle says about the mysterious guy that put all the motorcycle cops on the blink down the peninsula last night? They gets peeved 'cause he's driving his little gray gas-eater a hundred miles an hour; and every juice cop straddles his road louse and tears after the guy. He leads 'em round half the night; then loses 'em by shootin' off through a flock of rosebushes at two hundred miles per. Must have been one of those awful rich guys from Burlingame, don't you think?"

"Awfully rich and awfully young," Miss Scudder amended.

"Where do you get that 'young' stuff?" asked Eddie.

"Men come out of the giddies when they're coming out of their twenties," sagely explained Imogene Scudder, who was not half through the twenties herself. "Those who don't are bundled off to the bughouse."

J. Bigler Myden curved a calloused finger along the ridge of his Roman nose; then drove it thoughtfully up into auburn hair that showed no grizzling, except at the temples. In moments of reflection his eyes narrowed and it was apparent why he was sometimes referred to as a freckled old eagle. Mr. Myden was personally interested in the episode of the mysterious gray car. Indeed, it was an early excursion down the peninsula for the purpose of paying cyclone damages to the owner of a rose garden that had caused his tardiness in reaching the office. Miss Scudder had said the elusive speeder must be in his giddy twenties; her employer was within six months of fifty, yet he had been the joyous sole occupant of the ghostly auto that had made monkeys of the motor police.

A Flyer's Ability Must be Kept Well in Advance of His Performance

Mr. Myden thrust at a pearl button with his thumb, and Miss Scudder entered the room with a quick exclamation of surprise that he could have been at his desk all the time without her knowing it.

"Please take letters," he said. "Brown & Yardley, Stockton. Sirs: Replying yours fourteenth, will say that in machinery supplied contacts are to carry 2 amperes, 110 volts, direct current, to break 250 milamperes, 110 volts, direct current, to carry or break 2 amperes at 110 volts, alternating current; also, that in signal apparatus upper end of piston rod of the dash pot carries a jam nut to keep it from turning in the yoke, which yoke connects with ——"

He got a start of about thirty words while Miss Scudder was flattening her notebook and extracting a pencil from her hair; but she caught up before they reached the first period. Miss Scudder was a business-office symphony in blue. She had been taking her employer's dictation ever since the day his male stenographer broke down. Having endured her for two days he had refused to give her up. She did not ask him to repeat, as he had always supposed young women stenographers did. More than that, she was the first woman who had come intimately into his life since his childhood, and the experience was as galvanizing as the currents about which he dictated letters.

Eddie Mix slunk in with a batch of mail and the stenographer dispatched him on an errand without losing a single word relating to the absorbing topic of relays. Half an hour later Miss Scudder was called to sign for a package from a haberdasher's. It bore no name, and she opened it as she returned to her notebook, displaying a satin cravat, in which oxblood strove with canary for color predominance.

"The tastes of youth," remarked Miss Scudder, "are a riot that no police force could handle. Eddie should know better than to have his personal merchandise delivered at the office."

She lifted the neckwear gingerly by the middle, as though it were a threatening wasp, and dropped it into the wastebasket.

"If used where no direct current would flow in the track coils," said Mr. Myden hastily, "this transformer would carry ten amperes in each secondary."

It was confusion he was smothering, but not confusion over the probable feelings of Eddie Mix. The brilliant outrage Miss Scudder had consigned to the wastebasket had been ordered by Mr. Myden for his own adornment.

The offices of the Western Railroad Utilities Company were on the top floor of the Orient Building and the windows were open to the bright sky. Suddenly there came the sharp plit-plit, plit-plit of a gasoline engine aloft, and clerks slid from their stools. Imogene Scudder heard and exclaimed:

"Oh, that's Barry Ball—the dare-devil of the air, they call him. Lordy, it must be great spending your days up there with nothing to dodge but the damp corner of a cloud!"

She got up and moved quickly to a window. Mr. Myden had preceded her. He was staring upward at a flying machine that resembled a skeletonized fish as it described a great curve above the city.

"I'd love that—I would!"

Mr. Myden breathed the words with the fervor of a prayer.

"Better see Barry Ball," suggested Miss Scudder. "I guess you could fix it—if he had faith in your nerve. They say he charges twenty dollars to take up a passenger."

"Passenger fiddlesticks!" snorted J. Bigler Myden. "When I turn bird I want to do my own flying."

Miss Scudder laughed frankly and long.

"You forget something," she chuckled. "You forget that this is a young man's game."

The freckled old eagle whirled as if to make a vigorous reply, but something caught in the tail of his eye and

Over San Francisco

Above the Cloud of Fog

Market Street, San Francisco

flagged him to silence. It was his red-and-yellow necktie kindling like a flame among the crumpled papers of the wastebasket. Suddenly he remembered Miss Scudder's comments on the driver of the gray automobile. In the course of the morning this outspoken young woman had three times indicted him for old age. He shuffled heavily to his swivel chair and buried his beak in his work.

Late that afternoon, when the stenographer and office boy and all the big and little cogwheels had left the offices, he hung on at his desk. Thorough engineer that he was, he always made a careful survey of his problem. In the present matter the contributing circumstances appeared to reach back about fifty years. He reviewed his life—the dogged uprise of a Pennsylvania Dutchman born on a clay farm.

It was the loss of his youth of which he stood accused; and as his thoughts ranged back along the period of his young manhood he realized that he had never really known what youth was. His twenties had been wholly consumed in getting a technical education—in learning the things that had enabled him, during the next ten years, to perfect a device that minimized the dangers in operating railroad trains. The world had paid him a million dollars for his device; but now, as he charged the loss of his youth against the invention, he felt that he had been robbed. Barry Ball, late a common chauffeur, ignorant but young, was looking down from the clouds and laughing him to scorn. The freckled old eagle clutched the corners of his desk.

"You've passed the bird age, Jake Myden," he muttered; "and the problem before you is this: Can a worm be made to fly?"

Lute Simmons, blasé, weather-beaten, but youthful withal, lolled in the wide doorway of his hangar on the Cliff-House beach. Behind him was his biplane, a brown beetle that refused to fold its wings, tucked into a cage that fitted exactly.

"Yah; of course," Lute was saying to his new mechanician, "there's always a bunch of breeze along the ocean here; but I never goes up unless the feel is right, do I? And the feller that comes out here to listen to the animals chirpin' on the Seal Rocks is my meat. I only have to go sailing over his noodle a couple of times before he's ready to part with his money for ten minutes of the big thrill. Finish setting that strut; business is due to pick up any minute."

The alert birdman had noted a gray automobile as it parked beside the boulevard; and now an overcoated figure was plodding toward him through the sand.

"An old boy!" he commented. When the plodder puffed to a standstill in front of him Simmons looked him over with a comprehending eye, smiled and said: "A hatful of wind stirring to-day; but it's off the ocean and it cuts no ice. I'll flop over to the Cliff House and back with you for a ten spot. Ever been up before?"

The visitor slipped out of his ulster. He wore riding breeches and puttees and a leather coat, from the pocket of which he produced a ten-dollar bill.

"Young man," he directed, "keep me in the air just as long as—advisable."

The biplane trundled lightly out of its cage; and the aviator explained to his passenger, while putting hood and goggles on him, that his chief business would be to sit tight, hold fast and keep looking far out ahead. The mechanician came, with a soiled ledger and pencil.

"Name and address," he demanded.

"Necessary?" the passenger inquired of Lute.

The birdman nodded.

"Safety-first stuff," he grinned.

"Then make it J. Bigler Myden, Orient Building, City," the visitor complied as Simmons adjusted him to his seat, "and forget it."

The mechanician swung the propeller, and the engine, after a false start or two, broke into a barking so violent that the passenger wondered whether this power plant was built to develop energy or noise. Presently they started off along the smooth, hard sand, at the water's edge, and almost instantly, it seemed to him, they were traveling at a terrific speed. When he could control his breath he resolved to disobey instructions and look down. He found the beach dropping away from them; they had changed their supporting element from earth to air without any perceptible change in motion.

"Ugh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!"

The steady roar of the engine drowned the involuntary gurgle that came from the passenger's lips. Primitive joy was finding outburst in primitive sound. He had never experienced anything to equal it; the nearest had been on one or two occasions when, forgetting his duty to society, he had thrown his full weight upon the accelerator of his big motor car. This sweep through the air was the thing he had always been trying to do in his dreams. He looked down intently. The surf was a waving white ribbon that divided the water from the land, but ocean waves and sand dunes had alike disappeared, lost in the flatness of all earthly things. Pedestrians were worms; the autos on the boulevard no more than wiggling cockroaches.

The tip of the right wing rose sharply and the machine circled grandly above a yellow box overhanging the ocean—the Cliff House, of course. A moment later it passed over what appeared to be three flat stone tables, strewn with sausages—the jagged cones called the Seal Rocks. A long way off could be seen the hangar, at the end of the beach; and then almost immediately it was below them. The pilot circled, shut off the engine, and the plane swung down to the sand like a mallard.

"Say, you're all right!" the aviator complimented his passenger as they shed goggles and hoods. "Come out and do it again some time, eh?"

Mr. Myden drew a wallet from an inside pocket of his leather coat and fished out two pieces of paper.

"I'm coming out to-morrow," he said briskly; "not as a passenger, but as a pupil."

"Zowie!" yelled Lute Simmons. "As a what?"

"As a pupil. I've heard that you charge five hundred dollars for teaching young birds to fly. I'm no young bird; so here's a check for a thousand. The other paper is a legal

The Landing Was Made by Reducing the Propeller Until the Boat Took the Water Tail-Down, Like a Duck

document relieving you of all responsibility for anything that may happen to me. What time in the morning?"

The aviator was dazed. He looked at the two papers in his hand; then looked long at Mr. Myden. His gaze settled on the curving beak and the knob of a chin.

"Barry Ball, now," he at last began—"Barry Ball, he never would fall for a proposition like this in a month of Sundays; but me—well, I'm not the guy that told Old Man Napoleon he wouldn't get across the Alps!"

Late that afternoon Mr. Myden dictated to his stenographer the following letter: "Mr. Andrew P. Jacobs, 911 Ocean Boulevard, City. Sir: Replying your request, will say that have arranged to give personal supervision to installation of your machinery, though same will prevent me from reaching my office before ten o'clock on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week."

Now 911 Ocean Boulevard was a sand lot opposite the flying school, and the finished letter went no farther than Mr. Myden's wastebasket. Andrew P. Jacobs was a myth. The dictation had no other object than to convey misleading information to Miss Imogene Scudder.

J. Bigler Myden discovered that birds must learn to walk and run before they can fly. Lute Simmons introduced him to a flappy old penguin, which, by reason of its limited wings, could no more rise into the air than the creature for which it was named. The penguin would enable the pupil to learn the controls without danger of breaking his neck—the lack of controls, the pupil soon came to call them. "She'll run a little bit crazy at first," Lute warned; "but all you gotta do is not to give her too much juice and be ready to slap your throttle shut if she heads for the ocean."

It looked easy. The engineer pupil needed only the briefest explanation before he understood that by turning the steering wheel to right or left he would swing the rudder, and with the same movement lift one aileron and depress the other in order to bank the machine for its turn. The elevators, which made the machine go up or down, were operated by the forward or backward movement of the steering post itself; though, of course, there would be no opportunity to use these on the penguin.

The mechanician twisted the propeller, the engine spluttered and roared, and Mr. Myden opened the throttle. The biplane scudded off sharply to the left; so he swung the wheel to the right, just as he would have done in his auto, and the machine did a circle and a half so quickly that the ocean seemed to the dazed driver to have flopped over to the other side. When he had his bearings he opened the throttle again. The penguin moved ahead for twenty yards; then tore off madly toward a sand hummock at one side. The pilot resolved to steer round that hummock, and he did; but a moment later he was compelled to shut off the power, for the chill surf of the Pacific was beating against his knees. He was in four feet of water, and his course, if persisted in, would take him to Japan.

Mr. Myden was not the only pupil. Three young men in gay sweaters, awaiting their turn, guffawed so loudly that they could be heard above the engine. They were still whooping when Lute and the mechanician, wading in waist-deep, trundled the plane back to safety on the beach. Mr. Myden's face was like an eggplant.

"I'll drive it straight or die!" he gritted.

Simmons clapped a hand on the throttle. "To-morrow," he announced. "I never let a guy do more than ten minutes at a lesson. Just keep thinking about it and next time it'll be easier."

But it was not easy at the second lesson, or at the sixth. In moving the controls even a little the beginner moved them too much. The flying machine, the engineer reasoned the thing out, has an immense margin of control beyond its needs when on the ground or in favorable air, this being necessary to provide ample control when conditions are unfavorable. Really, all he needed to learn was not to overdo the thing. And this was so desperately difficult, the amazing gyrations of the penguin so persistent that the eagerly pupil presently concluded that he was attempting the impossible. Then he overheard strangely cheering words shouted by the instructor at one of the youngsters who had somersaulted out of his seat:

"Aw, you make me tired! Why don't you watch the old simp there? He's learning—he is. He's the only one of you guys that's getting light a-tall."

The old simp took fresh courage; and the day came when he could steer his grass-cutter in a perfect course, and when he had grown so light that he was ready for transfer to a machine that could fly. It was a momentous ten seconds when Mr. Myden did his first hop. As he scudded along he lifted the elevators and opened the throttle. The plane swept away from the ground. Instantly the throttle was eased down and the hop was completed, with the little wheels rolling along the sand once more. By and by hops were lengthened into straights, and for a minute at a time Mr. Myden exercised in the air the science of control he had learned on the ground. The maddening feature of the business was that Lute Simmons could neither be persuaded nor bribed into allowing a lesson to proceed for more than fifteen minutes.

"You know yourself you bite off enough in that time to keep you chewing for twenty-four hours," Lute would say; and his senior pupil could not deny the truth of the statement. Or sometimes the refusal would be voiced in another manner, thus: "I'd just love to let you have your own way; but I'm not trying to build up a big personal graveyard, like some of the teachers I know."

After straights came little flights above a curved course marked broadly on the ground. The art of the perfect circle in still air was achieved in the same way. Then, one calm morning, just when the impatient learner had despaired of the day ever coming at all, he was allowed to take the air and steer away from the beach for a short flight across the dunes. He actually glimpsed the downtown district over the hilltops known as Twin Peaks before turning back. When he landed the blood was racing through his veins and he was so filled with a terrible kind of elation that he could not trust his voice. Lute Simmons whistled.

"Grandson or grandpa, it makes no difference!" he exclaimed. "The big thrill drives 'em all crazy. But don't forget for an instant that flying is done by the feel, and that any old man's feelings are rusty wires and slow to give him warning. For the love of heaven, Uncle Methusalum, don't you ever take a single chance!"

The instructor chose his words deliberately to sear in a great truth; but to one in the pupil's state of elation they were as mosquito bites to a cigar-store Indian.

At mid-afternoon Miss Scudder entered the private office noiselessly and discovered her employer's left hand resting on the top of the safe, his right on the top of his desk and his body swinging pendulumlike between his arms, his feet twenty inches from the floor.

"Be careful!" she screamed. "You'll break something!"

Mr. Myden vaulted down.

"That old inkwell isn't so brittle," he laughed, through an embarrassment that was boyish.

"Forget the brittle old inkwell," Miss Scudder corrected him; "I was speaking of brittle old bones."

Whereupon the ample athlete dropped into his chair and emitted peals of incredulous laughter, while his stenographer stood before him with a sheaf of letters in her shapely hands and a shock of wonder in her velvet eyes.

The biplane that had been used in teaching the president of the Railroad Utilities Company to fly was of the familiar land type; but it was a water machine that he now ordered built. Conditions prompted him. The country about San Francisco Bay was hilly, with few level landing spaces, while the shore waters of the bay stretched invitingly for many miles. A hydroaëroplane would be best; and it would lend itself admirably to a scheme he had been turning over in his mind.

The engineer, owning a powerful and expensive automobile, had scorned a hired chauffeur. He not only drove the car himself but he kept it in repair; and the sense of independence was a great satisfaction. He wanted this same independence with his flying machine. One-man flying was practically unknown; but its achievement appealed to the engineer as worth while. He built his hangar at the water's edge on a strip of marshland, unoccupied but accessible. A wooden runway led from the broad door down into the water. When Mr. Myden found he could drive his flying boat up and down this runway with the thrust of its own propeller, eliminating all need for assistants, he knew he had made an actual addition to the game.

The machine on which he learned had a frame and three small wheels beneath its lower plane; his own was built upon a light wood-and-canvas boat, inclosed except the snug cockpit, twenty-six feet long, and shaped like a young whale. The start, or take-off, was made by scudding through the water until the machine cleared; the landing was made by reducing the propeller until the boat took the watertail-down, like a duck. The controls being unchanged, the new birdman had only to master take-off and landing before he felt himself ready for the grand adventure. Yet he checked eagerness with a firm hand and kept at his practicing. A flyer's ability, the engineer mind of him was reasoning, must be kept well in advance of his performance.

It was a challenge from the sky that caused Mr. Myden to throw off his bonds. He was opening the hangar's doors when he heard a motor's plit-plit, plit-plit, above his head. A biplane was moving in a great circle. It was more than two thousand feet high; but there was no difficulty in reading the huge letters painted along the bottom plane—BARRY BALL. With a quickening of the pulse, which he would not acknowledge, Mr. Myden himself took the air; and fifteen minutes later he looked at the other aircraft again—from above.

Barry Ball pulled out of his great circle and headed steeply for higher altitudes, just as a disturbed hawk might go away to continue his meditations above the atmosphere of the swallows. The engineer did not pursue; there were joys for him at this modest level. He did a turn or two on Barry Ball's deserted course. He was above one edge of the great city. He knew that, like Rome, it covered seven eminences; but from his point of view Nob, Russian, Telegraph, Rincon, and the other hills, had vanished. San Francisco appeared as a chessboard, set and ready. Ocean and bay were really one; the Golden Gate existed only by some freakish tolerance of the tides. Across the Gate rose Mount Tamalpais. The crookedest railroad in the world covered its side like a contorted worm. The peak, which the flyer knew was twenty-six hundred feet above salt water, was on a level with his eyes. It was held in a wisp of fog, which twisted about it like a veil.

Mr. Myden steered for the mountain. He was obsessed by a desire to circle the fluttering tips of that veil. As he passed over the Gate, Muir Woods lay below, its three-hundred-foot redwoods appearing like tumbled bunches of grass. Mount Tamalpais leaned toward him. He pulled back on the steering post and rose above its menace. Presently the mountain itself flattened suddenly and vanished. He gazed down into a marvelous cluster of white plumes gently waving. He knew they were not plumes really, but the fog veil.

He circled and dipped. A long streamer lay directly in his path. He steered in toward the peak so as to cut it off short. As he entered the vapor he felt a sudden confusion. He had been warned of the difficulties of maintaining equilibrium when in blinding vapor or smoke; but he had entered this fog streamer flying evenly, and in

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San Francisco Appeared as a Chessboard, Set and Ready

LEMPKE

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. JOULEN

THE message from Brundage reached me at Benares. I was asked to report immediately to the town of Hosung, China, near the interior point where the Great Wall ends. Six or seven of the important universities of the world, including Peking and Tokio, had joined together, according to the letter from Brundage, to master and overcome what is really about the last "dark" place on the world maps—the Gobi Desert. Science was about to do all this, my old chief said. I had been with Brundage through a series of Antarctic mishaps.

Just now as I write I turn a queer smile to Selence. He and I know each other better than when we set out on that journey, but we know less about the Gobi. That's true literally, because what we learned showed us that there was much more than we formerly believed.

I was proud that Brundage had remembered me, and was glad for the thought of leaving Benares, where my concerns were getting dangerously close to the monotonous beat of trade. My credentials were from Palo Alto, and I see now that I was a marked man from the moment Brundage's message came. My life had never been quiet or depressed in movement, but I felt a kind of initiation into a higher degree of intensity right there. I'm going to write it all sharp and quick, because I want to get through. I think a man can live so intensely that, writer or not, he can hold another with his story. A living set of adventures isn't all. One must tell it somehow before he is through. Moreover, a man appears in this narrative, and there must be a record of that.

"—— Eons Ages Hence," I Heard Myself Saying. "Don't Let Me Go on—If There Isn't Hope!"

I walked forth alone from my lodgings in Jivan Street, reading over from time to time parts of the letter from Brundage. As I say, we were to meet in Hosung, but that was just Brundage's party. The main point of assembly was ten days' camel journey east of Hosung, at Chionin, according to my chief's word, at the big plantation house of one Nicholas Mansteve, whom Brundage spoke of as an English mystic and millionaire with vast mining interests in China near the Gobi borders.

Jivan Street of Benares! It is narrow and climbs a hill from the sacred river. It curves and is gay with flowers. At the click of a lattice I looked up from the letter. First I saw a vined wall; then I saw a humming bird drinking from an overturned yellow trumpet flower; then I saw the green lattice move. Back of it, in the shadow, was an olive oval face—a sparkle of eyes and teeth, a challenge, a low murmur of laughter like wind glasses.

Jivan is not a play street. I do not understand now, except there are flashes of intelligence above human conventions, and meanings and meetings and quickenings arranged for us in life with a kind of laughing wisdom by gods whom we cannot see. Perhaps the Gobi is even responsible for that last sentence.

I wasn't the same afterward. I was branded—no, not with that little girl's mark. I passed on. I never saw her again, but I wasn't a maverick from that instant. I felt somewhere a woman was waiting. All life was freshly complicated. I wasn't enough for myself. Many men understand this phenomenon. There was another step to it: That which I wanted—the Woman, somewhere to be—began to build within my mind like the first lines of a painting! And the form and base of the picture were taken from the white teeth and laughing eyes and olive oval seen for that instant back of the lattice in Jivan Street.

I found Brundage at Hosung; joined his outfit in the mountains there, and bade good-by to the caravan I had ridden with halfway across Sungaria. It was good to grip the hand of the chief again. I had seen this American show his quality. He wasn't bright, wasn't showy, or particularly eminent as a scientist—but he could wait! Also he could push on a day or two longer against big odds than any other man I ever traveled with. It was dark when I reached the outfit. Brundage ordered me to have a bite and a drink with him, and turned me over to bunk with a man named Lempke.

"Good little guy, this Lempke," was all the chief said.

His name was uninteresting. So far as I knew, the name of Lempke wasn't connected with anything particular in our work. I recalled some interesting research stuff at Jena, but research isn't production.

Such was the unhealthy frame of mind I brought to this meeting. I look now with proper scorn upon that point of view—all meshed in the world idea of achievement, and lost to the real luck and revelation of manhood.

A little man came forth from the fires. His face was actually hard to get used to, so spoiled was it from sun and exposure. He wouldn't wear a helmet half the time. His broad forehead was colored with that gray ghostly brown which results from many coats of tan upon a skin naturally white. The brown was finished off with black specks of deeper burning. The rest was bone and sunken shadows. He wasn't ill—just worn down. He got up from his knees by the fire and came forward with a flip to his muscles and the smile of a boy.

"I thought I heard my name paged," he said.

It appears that I had put on a kind of reserve for the moment; in fact, I heard myself explaining with dignity that I was Lang, of the Palo Alto contribution. Lempke said he knew me before I spoke, having seen my picture in the papers.

At Hosung mail had accumulated in the care of Brundage for Professor Blondin's little party, which we were scheduled to meet ten days thence at Mansteve's, in Chionin. Blondin was now supposed to be tarrying in Faiming, two days' journey north from Hosung. Brundage whistled up Lempke and me to make the lateral passage between the two travel lines. We chose to hurry, taking no servants.

First of all, and unwisely, we ran from a native band to save tribute, and on the second day we met a sand gale. The trail was an ancient and tricksy two-camel pass, and the wind filled in all its marks and inequalities. We must have got onto an old creek bed instead of the pass, for the second night brought no Faiming—instead a stranger and deeper desolation. No man-made laws or compasses hold good in the Gobi.

In the next three days I began to learn Lempke; and on the fifth night out from Hosung I sat down, facing the little man. Death looked at me over his shoulder.

We divided a bird portion of bread. He hurried through his morsel as if impatient to light a cigarette. We had started with three days' provisions, and had made the third do for the last three days. There was a ridiculously ample supply of cigarette tobacco and papers. Lempke hadn't smoked until the famine struck us. Since then he had rolled one cigarette after another. "I was brought up on 'em," he said, holding up a nicely turned paper. "I began to look like one five years ago and stopped. I've been looking ever since for an excuse like this to take on again."

He put back the second half of his bread, muttering that he would get to it later. I felt absurd. I had been lingering over my crumbs, and must have appeared obscene to one who had himself in hand like the little man before me. I couldn't have looked to Lempke as I looked to myself, or he would have hated me. You must judge this narrative, at least part of it, somewhat from other points of view than mine. I can get detached enough right now to know that Brundage would never have called me to the Gobi, or Lempke would never have struck for my companionship, if I looked to them as I sometimes looked to myself.

This was sand. Here was sand. It turned cold and hot in an hour, no life in it—the Sahara, fallow land beside it; the Mojave and the Yuma, like a dream of still waters. Lempke took a little pinch of sand in his fingers and spread it out in his left palm.

"And they say that each grain has an affinity ——"

He laughed. "They say that when old Mother Earth is finished each grain will stand next to its own."

Just then I seemed to hear the click of the lattice again and saw the olive oval once more.

There was but one canteen of water left—three pints. I was sick for it all. The desert was darker when Lempke spoke: "Say we drink what there is and trust in luck—go to sleep, palms up, like a pair of kids, eh?"

"Eh?" I repeated coldly.

"Nothing happens to a pair of kids," he added. "It's our damn fears that get us into trouble. Shall we drink it all now?"

I jumped him then. "That's not only wanton talk," I finished, "but it's rotten bad campaign ethics."

Night was thickening. To the westward the sunset's afterglow was a dark red pyramid—all that remained of an evil day. The rest was cooling sand and dry shadow. Lempke had merely moistened his lips; I took two greedy mouthfuls, thinking of the gold and precious stones the canteen contained.

Perhaps I was looking at it wildly. I jumped when the little man spoke reminiscently:

"It was this way before. When I have cigarettes I don't care much for anything else. They plant a fungus in your chest, and if you keep feeding the fungus you don't bother with other appetites. Right now I wouldn't care for a big steak or a horn of Pilsener ——"

He blew out a deep inhalation, and I "crawled" him in the dark.

"Just keep me in papers and matches. Keep the matches dry," he added, laughing.

I pushed myself back from him on the sand. I remember thinking that he was morbid. I remember appreciating the wisdom and wit of my own remark—that the land was so dry that the wind couldn't slide over it. There was a long pause, which Lempke broke:

"You packed most of the load all day. You're naturally dry ——"

It began to dawn on me what he was aiming at.

"I suppose you're about to suggest that I drink the rest of the water?" I said hoarsely.

"It would be off your mind -and mine," he muttered. "It rides me to see your tongue hanging out. I'm not thirsty ——"

I swung my hand over against his, but turned my back.

That night I dreamed that I passed through certain horrors of perdition and at last came to a pool of water. I knelt beside it and began to drink. There was an instant of heavenly joy—then the pool disappeared with a sudden gurgle into the earth.

When I woke the dawn was an hour old. The little man was sitting up near by, dragging calmly at a cigarette. I shook the canteen. Only a few drops tinkled inside. I was not suffering from thirst as I had been when I fell asleep. Sweat poured out suddenly upon my face.

"Did I—I say, Lempke!—did I sleep with my mouth open last night?"

He turned to me sharply. "How do I know how you look to the angels?" he questioned.

"You're dying of thirst, man," I said in an awed tone, "and you turned over that canteen into me. It's empty. I dreamed ——"

"Never mind what you dreamed, Lang," he said quietly. "Look out yonder ——"

I followed with my eyes the direction his finger pointed and saw afar off—it seemed at the very end of the morning—three moving specks. "Camels and riders," said Lempke. "What did I tell you about a couple of kids?" "Let's run for them!" I yelled. "What's the use?" he answered. "They're coming our way."

That was characteristic. I sat down beside him, exhausted. In the joy of approaching rescue the little man's greatness flooded into me. I looked at him and then turned my eyes away, for he smiled at me. The more you look at the tests of life the more you find that a brave man is right in other ways. Courage is spirit. My father once told me that if I ever found a gritty partner to stick to him. I recalled this as I sat in silence beside Lempke while the rescue outfit crept slowly in. He grabbed me when we heard a voice at last, a sob in his throat: "I thought we were hitting the dream dope," he said. "So slow, so still—I thought it was mirage!"

"Bless Me!" He Said, Looking Down at Last. "Here are White Men"

It was Blondin and his nephew and a Tartar guide. They had started out for Chionin or we wouldn't have found them, for we were miles east of Faiming. Blondin was a dry-as-dust scientist, without humor, past sixty, dressed in black clothes, sitting his camel with a book in his hand.

"Bless me!" he said, looking down at last. "Here are white men, who can tell us where we are."

The whole center of his face danced queerly behind heavy-glazed spectacles.

"My name is Blondin—Professor Blondin," he added. "I represent the New England Archæological Society and am journeying to the Tantalus lava beds for the purpose of investigating the prehistoric civilizations of the Gobi Desert ——"

The young man of the party now quietly and affectionately appeared to push the professor's face. He then asked us matters to the point—why we were sitting discouraged-like out in the morning light, for instance. We delivered the mail and accompanied the party to Chionin, being delayed at times by the professor, who was often lured far from the camel tracks in quest of the big Ahura-Mazda butterflies.

Chionin and Mansteve's at last. It was the heart of the night when we were admitted to the big plantation house on the slopes above the town. Smothered in dust and dazed with fatigue, the smell of cedar and fresh-watered flowers made me feel like a stable hand in a front room. An English-speaking Chinese informed us that the expedition party was slowly assembling; also many other matters we were too tired to hear. Lempke and I were placed in a broad room that opened upon a balcony. We hardly looked round, but chose a pair of pallets and dropped down with our heads and shoulders out of the door.

I woke to the singing of birds. You have to think of what we'd already been through to understand. The singing reached me in the bottom of a deep stupor, but I began to rise to it. It was like ascending to the top of a wonderful house, floor after floor sliding by—and with each floor the songs nearer, deeper and sweeter. At last the sense of the old solid earth began to come in to me, and I lay in a yellow dawn, and the smell of verbenas was in the air, and the birds below under the balcony were giving up their souls in intimate and thrilling inflection.

Fully awake, I lay for a long time as one in paradise—a smell of toast and coffee and bacon in the air. You'd have to come home from the wars to get the full joy of it. The bird songs died down and then I heard a voice:

"Yes, another party—four, I think—very fagged and burned out—two young men, one boy and an old professor—Blondin. Sinhui took care of them."

The voice of a woman! Birds, bacon, sunlight and coffee—merely precursors. I rose, a changed man. It never occurred to me how important a woman is in a man's house until that moment. It was vaguely impelled upon my mind that I had still more to learn on the subject, but when one can't hold any more it seems to the best of us that he has got it all. Presently I heard her laugh. It was like gold coins dropping with water upon hollowed stones. Then I fell to thinking of the woman who had laughed behind the lattice in Benares. Presently I realized that Lempke was in the world and that he was sitting up. There was a tear or two in his eyes. He didn't appear to see me for a minute, though his look was full and rapt upon me. He was merely using my face to focus some deeper attention. Presently he brushed the moisture away and reached for a cigarette.

"Some little birds," he muttered. "Do you suppose they'd sing in the desert if we took out a cage or two? I'd like to get the habit of waking up like that."

The birds had been silent for two or three minutes. He had been held in the same thrall as I. And just that minute I got a different look at Lempke. It was like cold air blowing between us. Something old and hard in that look between two men who had balanced all inequalities afield. One always sees his side-kicker at a trying angle at the first outpost of the civilized world.

"Some little birds," he repeated.

I hadn't known how lonely I was. It is greater than hunger and thirst, when it finally appears in full for a man—this thing a woman stands for. I saw her first standing against a blowing curtain of bamboo split thin as guitar strings, the morning sun sifting through upon her shoulders like a living storm of arrows. That was in the breakfast room. She was more than I pictured—more than anyone could picture—young, dark, full of life and laughter. Little Lempke was sitting across, effaced and insignificant.

Mansteve came in—a tall, attenuated, white-haired man, eyes fierce with power. The "English mystic," I had recently been told, knew what he was doing toward the increase of his own vast fortunes, in interesting himself so deeply in this new Gobi venture of ours, but I never got the relation clearly, so there is only the point of suggestion now. In any case he was a faultless and much-tried host and appeared to be the benefactor of the entire expedition. He had lived in Chionin for many years. I noted that he had a different inflection of voice for me from that which he gave Lempke, another voice for the servants, still another for his daughter, whom he called by her first and middle names—Mary Anstey.

I found myself telling her about Lempke, when we three were together for breakfast, the father having left us alone. She looked closer at the little man as I described the fine-sand finish that was under his burned and pickled exterior. There is a perversity about these things; she hadn't been awake to Lempke before I spoke. Because I appeared to be blasting my own part I never talked better. And all the time Lempke was picking up. It was like suddenly realizing the fact that I had lived for some weeks with a gentleman. During that breakfast he showed me for the first time that there was a remarkable polish to his mind—that peril and humor and a lot of the world had really finished off a man.

But it was the presence of the woman that really fashioned him—his hands moving with grace, eyes bright, voice eager and resonant, his mind fanciful with all its remarkable equipment.

"They Were So Sure of What They Were Doing That They Were Not Even Amused Over Their Coup or Over Our Amazement"

Chionin was one of the lesser walled cities on the northern slopes of the Khingan Range. Mansteve had built a rough-rock villa there, facing the morning sun and overlooking a deep valley whose far pass opened to the desert. Vast terraced gardens, roses and vines, little temples and springs and bowers—it was as if Nature and man, in the shape of the aristocrat, Mansteve, had worked together to make those last foothills glorious, before they debouched into the Gobi—white as moonlight, white as bone dust.

Silence and sunlight, or dusk and misty mountain distances—walking with Mary Anstey sometime each day that was a wonderful three weeks while the specialists gathered for the expedition. Often she would ask about Lempke. Always she said she liked to hear about my friend; that she thought the friendship of men one of the royal things of the world. And sometime, almost every day, Mary Anstey would walk with Lempke.

Together at night, the little man and I were silent. Each tried to be natural, but he was strange to me. I saw him differently. It was through him that I learned that Mansteve had looked me up, in his English fashion.

"He's been collecting all facts in your case," Lempke declared. "I heard him extracting information with difficulty from Brundage. Also I have to report that he took from me all I knew, in four or six minutes, yesterday morning. Grand intake—that old master."

"What does he mean?" I asked curiously.

"Maybe he likes your style enough to suggest that you conduct a certain wing of the expedition ——"

"I'm for Brundage," said I.

I wondered if Lempke caught my thought that it was as the father of Mary Anstey that Mansteve wanted to know about me.

The house and grounds were lively now. The crowd was brilliant, in a way, like a gathering of officers and attachés and correspondents before the call afield.

Some of the big outdoor men of the time had arrived; and this is the strange thing to chronicle: So far as Mary Anstey was concerned we two who had come early retained all the magic of the first welcome—no abatement in the matter of breakfasts and walks together.

The truth is out. The lattice laugh and challenge were but a tremble at the door. Mary Anstey knocked and entered my heart, so far as I was concerned, before I collected senses enough to stammer "Come in!" She didn't appear to know this. I was delicate about it. We were interested in the most absurd and out-of-the-way matters of conversation—and all the time there was nothing real in the world but her presence and the things I couldn't say. Every day she seemed purer and wiser, more feminine and perfect. Anyone might say this, but I mean more. I had fancied a glitter in her eyes that first morning, and a laugh at us behind it. I couldn't forget this, but the mere thought began to look like treason to me now. She had a wonderful knowledge of life, but it was lightly carried, as only an intuitive mind can carry lightly. She was a comrade, first and last; but deep in the heart of her I saw revealed the love-creature designed to become my first quest.

I held hard to the thought that if I loved Mary Anstey well enough and her heart turned to Lempke I must pull for him; but there was resistance against this, heavy as the rib of a continent. Very clearly she was drawn to him. Anyone who started to develop the little man wasn't inclined to lose interest right away. Most people wouldn't look at him twice, but those who did were rewarded.

We were awake much in the nights, but talked little. During the days I was always quick to leave when it occurred to me that the two wanted each other alone. Lempke would look strangely at me when they came in from a walk. They were often together, but seldom for long. One night he remarked that Mary Anstey was a wonderful woman, speaking with a kind of nervous reverence. I had no flourish to add to the subject, so we put out the lights.

The fact is she was between us. I wasn't big enough to do my part. The days quickened now toward the time of setting forth on the expedition. Talk on this point filled the Hall. It was like brine on a welted back to me. Each day I had to go apart alone, to get my nerve at the thought of leaving Mary Anstey. I would walk out alone for an hour on the narrow rocky ways—holding myself by the throat, so to speak.

Lempke looked like a kind of master to me. I often thought if Brundage could have read half my thoughts he would have sneered at the idea of my being fit to stand by in his work. Brundage served the old planet herself before God or woman.

At last came the afternoon—the third before our departure—when Lempke and Mary Anstey walked out together and were gone three hours. Believe me right here, there was no thought in my mind of her dangling between two adorers. Unless she read the silences of my heart she could not have known that I lived and died and was buried for her sake several times each day. I had no reproach in the world, but I was all bewildered with pain.

Mansteve himself made it harder by inquiring all that I knew about Lempke—whether I had known him long, and where, and how, and who he was at home.

I repeat there wasn't anything to fight, except myself. There never is if a man only knew and held to the thought—just plain old losing me, who couldn't keep the smile straight, who couldn't keep the whimper out of my neck.

Even though I didn't come out clean that afternoon I could see the stiffness of the grade I was required to make. Another man, the best man I knew, was taking away the one thing in the world that couldn't be bought or fought for. I had to acknowledge my general lack of weight and quality—the intrinsic lack of something, because of which Mary Anstey's love could not be given to me. When this happens, you see, there is nothing to mitigate the thought that a man isn't there with the stuff.

I stood out on the veranda and watched a far mountain. I remember the big erosions on the face of it—the sun was straight above—the big gray drains standing forth from the green slopes like the tablets which the Master brought down. One of the erosions was marked like a triangle, and another like a swastika.

Queerly hushed, the two came in at dusk. Her father had stepped up beside me. He started to speak, but when he looked at Mary's face he cleared his throat and left the veranda. Then we three lingered a moment without words. The big desert party was gathering for mess in the baronial hall below. The far hills and the red in the dusk and the cool, slow-moving air made the Khingan Range look vast as a universe to my eyes—deserts and tundras stretching beyond—desolate winds to blow across the human heart.

Occasionally at the table my eyes turned to Lempke. He ate his courses dutifully, but left immediately. And then I saw that I was to have Mary Anstey once more alone. I waited for her to tell me.

She was lovelier than I had ever known. Her hair was combed back from the white brow—a touch of moisture there—somewhat tired, yet adorable—a face such as you would look from to find a child in the arms.

I wanted death, and was ashamed before her. My father once gave me counsel. "Stick it out until you see a sail" was the way he put it

But I had been unable to eat. Mary Anstey went away for a moment to bring an ice and some coffee to the west balcony, where we went from the lesser dining room.

I watched her hands. They were cool as rose leaves, and as delicate of texture. She was attuned to the one perfect mystery of magnetism, which my heart answered to. But before we had words her father came and took her away.

"Why Did I See Her, if I Wasn't to Ask? And Why Was She Everything to Make a Madman Out of Me?"

I followed Lempke to our room. He looked up from his writing and started to speak, but nothing came of it. Again, after I had gazed for many minutes at a blurred page, I felt his eyes upon me, but it was not until after the lights were out that we really talked. That was from cot to cot.

"I say, Lang!"

"Yep!"

"We never bored each other much talking about affairs ——"

"No."

"I'm not going to begin now."

"I don't think we're in danger o' [illegible]" I said.

"I'm in wrong with myself, Lang ——"

I had to keep creaking the cot with my shoulder for fear he would hear my heart. Lempke went on:

"I've got an idea that you feel the same way—that Mansteve's daughter is a wonderful woman!"

I intimated that he had said something.

"Perhaps I'm overconscientious," he added, "but it comes to me that I am not playing the game on the square ——"

His voice was quiet now, the words steady and slow:

"You know, I never stay still, Lang. There isn't a girl but what I'd leave. I don't care anything about clearing up the mysteries of the map, but I've got to get on the far fishing and hunting grounds from time to time. I get the call—that's all I know. Everything that I have goes. When I leave I know that I'm not going to get what I set out after. But I'm no girl's man. I belong to the Smoky Isles. It's the Wallerber's way for me—the long, straight roads of the sea and land—but not too straight ——"

After a moment's silence I said:

"Go on, Lempke."

"Now there was a girl—or rather there is a girl back in Jena who would do with all this road-ramming of mine round the world. I remember once she said to me, 'I can wait, Pulch.' They called me Pulchritude back at school. 'You'll get over all this rambling,' she said. 'You'll find it all inside later. Meanwhile, you'll always come back to me, Pulch. I'm not jealous of your road fever, and I want you anyhow and anyway.'"

"Some calm, that," I said.

It was his cot that creaked now. I saw him sitting up in the shadow to scratch a match.

"She's right. I'll always go back to her!" he said with furious intensity. "Big German heart, named Clara, who smiles and says: 'Go away, boy, but come back when you get through. Don't stay away any longer than you like. I shall be here, Pulch. All your roads will end here in Jena.'"

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THE CONGRESS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THERE comes a subdued thrill of patriotism when the work of this Congress is contemplated—a subdued thrill, well under control, with a little dash of pathos on the side. We learn that this Congress has appropriated between eighteen and twenty billions of dollars for war purposes, has handled the "biggest single money bill in the history of the world," as the press dispatches pointed out—we are great folks for biggest things in the world, we Americans—and has performed a number of other astonishing feats of legislation, including the talking of a few billions of words; and we straighten up and look proud and say: "That's us! You know the American people!"

Senator Boies Penrose and Senator Oliver

And the pathos? It is sad, isn't it, to a degree, to observe five hundred and thirty-three men—statesmen, if you like—in the aggregate position of the immortal rabbit that climbed the tree—one of the original jests? The dog chased the rabbit. The rabbit climbed a tree. The excited hunter told the tale. The scoffer, standing by, scoffed and said no rabbit can climb a tree. "But," insisted the excited hunter, "this rabbit had to!"

Now it is a good thing for this country that the congressional rabbit climbed the tree—a notable thing, a patriotic thing, a worthy thing; but in the spirit of the moment let us not be too declamatory in our praise of the rabbit. Let us give due meed to the dog that made the rabbit climb. There are two sides to every question, and six, usually, to every Washington question; and a single session's exhibition of the meeting of the public need by Congress doesn't constitute an entire regeneration. Congress has been with us in the past, and Congress will be with us in the future. Be calm.

The Tree That Congress Climbed

THE fact of it is that the Sixty-fifth Congress doesn't differ in any essential from any previous Congress of the last two decades, let us say, save in the quality of membership—that is, it is congressional in exactly the same way other Congresses have been congressional—professional and political. Undisturbed by prodding national circumstances, it would act in the same way other Congresses have acted, and Congresses to come will act. A sporadic meeting of responsibilities in a large way doesn't predicate a continued reform along those lines. The reformed must stay in that agreeable condition before it will be suitable time to begin exuding pæans of praise. Besides, Congress has attended to that. Congress admits it has been a great and patriotic body—and that's enough for the moment.

What happened was this: The Sixty-fifth Congress, called into special session by President Wilson soon after we broke with Germany, found itself in a jam. There was war. There was more war than the world had ever known. There was war for us in a degree that we never had anticipated. It was inevitable. It was enormous. It had come to us willy-nilly. There was nothing else for Congress to do but to meet the circumstance. The tree had to be climbed.

We chatter considerably in these days of the psychology of this and the psychology of that. It seems that everything is psychological, even the physiological. We translate the objective in terms of the subjective, fail to define our terms, surround it all with a vague mist of language—and lo! the commonplace becomes the occult. And it sounds great. But once in a while there comes a situation that really is psychological, and here was one, complete in its aspects: the war—the Congress—the President—the people. Actions, reactions, trends, stresses—all the vitalities and the sentients were in order.

The President of the United States, who is our leader in this war, is somewhat of a psychologist himself. You remember when he enunciated the doctrine that business depression, hard times, and so on, are merely a state of mind. That gave him his degree with the public, no matter what his other attainments may be, and they are considerable along those lines. He had a keener realization of what this war meant and would mean to America than any other American, undoubtedly, and presumably a wider knowledge of requirements. Also, owing to our tripartite system of government, he must have Congress not only to declare war, but to supply him with the sinews of it.

Representative James R. Mann

Representative Julius Kahn

Congress never had a chance, even if Congress desired one. Here was a psychological situation, elementary in its postulates, and made to order for the President. Congress is composed of five hundred and thirty-three men—a crowd. Moreover, Congress is, in the large consideration, a homogeneous crowd, for notwithstanding its membership from all parts of the country its members are intrinsically the same sort of men. Setting aside idiosyncrasies, each member of Congress, whether Senator or Representative, is about the same sort of citizen the others are—with about the same ideas, about the same impulses, about the same political standards and practices—homogeneous to all intents and purposes.

The simplest and most understandable psychology is the psychology of the crowd—the mass. And two of the simplest manifestations of that psychology are the psychology of suggestion and the psychology of affirmation. So there it was—the crowd, the suggestion, the affirmation; and the result was appropriations of between eighteen and twenty billions of dollars for the war, with not more delay than could be combated, and with not very much haggling or higgling.

As I have said, the eminent psychologist in the White House had his situation made to order for him. His crowd was assembled in the Capitol, swayed by the giant suggestion of war—and in a situation of this sort voluntary movements of members of a crowd, when the suggestion is so powerful, are more limited than elsewhere. It made no particular difference what any individual thought. No individual was strong enough to oppose effectively—though some tried—the tremendous sweep of that suggestion coming in from all sides. America is in this war and must win it.

If these five hundred and thirty-three men, as individuals, had considered matters individually there is no telling what would have come out. They didn't. They considered them as a crowd, and they were susceptible, and typically so, to crowd influences and suggestions.

That furnished the groundwork. The rest was easy. All that was needed, with the crowd of legislators influenced by this war suggestion, was affirmation to get the crowd action needed. History carries ample proof that persistent and repeated affirmation can do more than any other expedient to gain desired ends, provided the crowd condition is compatible. The President knew that. So the entire Administration and the entire affirmatory apparatus of the country—the mediums of publicity—began affirming: "We need money to win this war! We need money to win this war!"

A Bouquet With a String to It

THAT was all there was to it. Congress couldn't help itself; not that Congress wanted to, but it couldn't. The crowd in the Capitol performed as all crowds do, in effect—went the limit, acted with crowd enthusiasm and unanimity. It was gratifying. It was patriotic. It was American. Also, it was crowd, and this Congress as at present constituted won't go out of business until March 4, 1919. So while tossing it a big bouquet it may be well to tie a string to the stems of the flowers. It is conceivable, knowing Congresses and the men who make them, that it may be advisable to jerk the string and regain the posies before that time comes.

But consider this: Six or seven days before this article was written the Senate passed an urgent deficiency bill carrying appropriations for almost eight billions of dollars—$7,991,400,000—and passed it with but casual discussion, and that tending to make the amounts larger rather than smaller. Previously the House of Representatives passed the same bill unanimously, after brief debate. It isn't so long ago that they blew off the glass roof in the Senate, and shook the walls of the House with denunciation—as "reckless, wasteful and extravagant" — of urgent deficiency bills that totaled forty or fifty millions.

Senator Francis E. Warren

It is less than twenty years since the building of a billion-dollar budget for a fiscal year caused almost as much discussion of the question Whither are we drifting? as was occasioned in an earlier day by the Crime of '73, the most prolific of our talk inciters; and when we hit the two-billion-dollar mark, not many years ago, every academic economist, partisan editorial writer and public-wealer howled dolorously over the profligacy of our national legislature, predicting stark and utter ruin, bankruptcy and other unpleasant disturbances. Moreover, the loudest shrieks were heard on the floor of the Senate and the House, and each political platform deplored these immense sums—viewed them with alarm that was almost consternation.

Now then, since last April the appropriations by this first session of the Sixty-fifth Congress, incited by the suggestion of war and by the affirmation of the need of money to win it, have been between eighteen and twenty billions of dollars; and there isn't a protest, in Congress or out of it, save an occasional faint wail from some publicist

or statesman who has about one-tenth assimilated how much a billion dollars really is.

In addition to this provision of moneys Congress has, mostly, passed such other laws as were needed. The money was the great essential, of course, for without money to carry on the war on a scale suited to its tremendous scope our figure in it would be a sorry one. Other legislation was needed, and other legislation was more or less expeditiously secured. There was conscription, for example—a necessity that was vital. Congress provided that early in the first weeks of the war, and Congress provided other laws. Once the crowd fell into the swing of it there was no further fear of recalcitration. Congress couldn't have quit if it had wanted to; the urge was there. The thing was more than voluntary; it was automatic. The will of the crowd to do was irresistible, even though some strove to resist it, for motives of their own. And the will of the crowd came, primarily, from the surge of war suggestion and the whelm of war affirmation. The Sixty-fifth Congress may be a regenerated Congress, a new sort of Congress, but it will be compelled to show me. The oracular person who said that the only way to judge the future is by the past went out of business as a prophet, concerning the bases of judgment, in August, 1914. The only way to judge the future now is by the future.

Raw Materials for Nitric Acid

A LOT of laws and appropriations, passed under the urge of a great national emergency, will not supply the whitewash to cover the spots on Congress, or even to camouflage them. That institution is intrinsically just what it has been, and when this urge has passed will revert to type quickly and inevitably. Indeed, the chances are good that it will revert before that; but give those statesmen the benefit of the doubt, notwithstanding the stories one hears in Washington, in private talks with members of Congress, of a determination by Congress to force an issue on its coördinate position in the affairs of our Government. Circumstances have set Congress to eating out of the hand of the President, but Congress gags at the food. There is brave, but private, talk that Congress will assert its coördinate capabilities. Brave—but private! Congress will do nothing of the kind, in all probability. Congress is a crowd; and a very ordinary crowd, at that, barring the fact that in an assemblage of five hundred and thirty-three men, from all parts of the country, there are bound to be some citizens who size up adequately to their positions. And a crowd doesn't do such things.

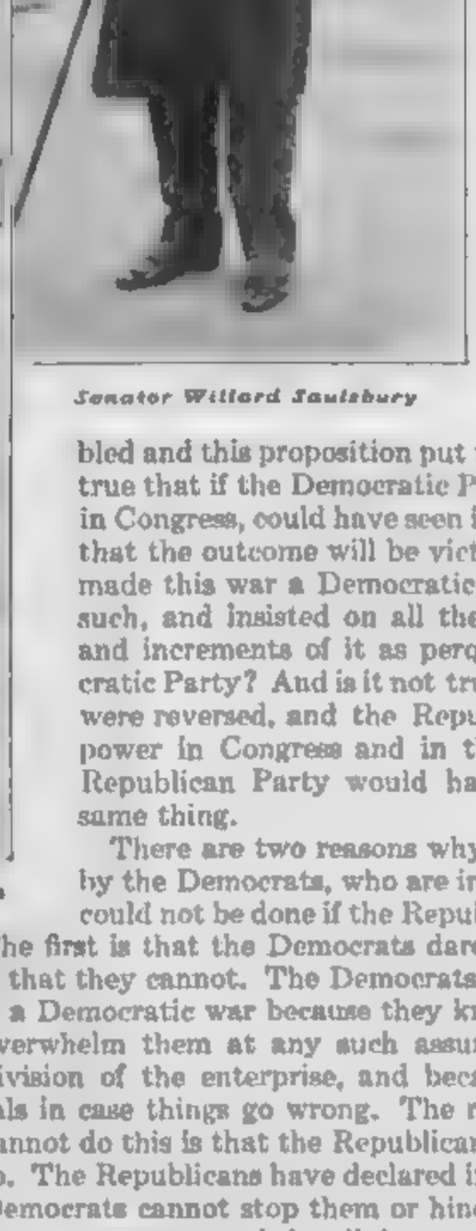
You could distill nitric acid from the real, aggregate opinion of the Congress concerning President Wilson, provided such a chemical process was possible; and what the result would be of a reduction of the real opinion of President Wilson concerning Congress is beyond my chemistry, but there is no danger of any such process. The President, knowing that the situation is working for him in all its aspects, is bland and unctuous to Congress, and Congress, knowing it has no redress or recourse at present, is complaisant and amenable. The broad, general result is that the country, for once—for once—is getting the better of it; and all we citizens need to fear is a failure of the urge, which isn't in the books. For once the country is the gainer, because the Congress has risen to its responsibilities. Instead of being incidental, as most congressional action is, to the needs of the country, and primarily for the politicians and the politics involved, the congressional action of the past few months has been, in the first instance, for the needs of the country; and for that much gratitude is due.

Representative Claude Kitchin

The relations of Congress to the people are theoretically representative, but practically political. Our legislative government rests on the assumption that the Senators and Representatives represent the whole people, but it performs on the fact that the Senators and Representatives represent political parties. Of course this cannot be avoided in a party government, but the better legislative stage will come when the political representation is subordinated to the popular representative feature. As it is, and as it has been always, the first object of legislation—which is accomplished by party majority in most instances—in Congress is for the benefit of the majority party, and for the retention of that party in power. That is, the prime consideration given any measure, save minor ones, is not, What will this legislation do to meet the needs of the people? but is, What will this legislation accomplish toward the strengthening of the power and the retention of that power for the party that has the majority that passes it? If it is a Democratic Congress the analysis of effect is based on the searching question: Will it help the Democrats? If it is a Republican Congress the same search is made as to the effect on the Republicans. Power and its retention, office and its perquisites, are only obtained by political predominance. Inasmuch as the power to govern and to get the rewards of government—either the abstract or theoretical results, the policy results, or the concrete political results—can only be obtained by majority domination, the mover of all governmental acts in the ordinary course is party politics.

Combined with this, in sequence, comes the individual phase of it. A party majority in the Congress must be made up of units of party men who comprise that majority. Hence the outlook of the individual is the double one of helping to maintain his party in power by retaining himself in power as a member of that party. So the individual Senator or Representative votes with that double end in view, after asking himself the question: Will this legislation be a good thing for the party and will it be a good thing for me? Third, and quite incidentally, comes the country. If any benefit is to be derived by the country out of this legislation, all well and good; but that isn't considered until it has been threshed out thoroughly just where the party and the party members will benefit, so they may continue to go on legislating in the same way to maintain their party and themselves. The process is circular. Nothing is done in Washington, in White House, Congress or elsewhere—save in a great emergency like this—that is not political, based on politics; and a good many of the things done, even in a great emergency, are based on that same foundation.

Senator F. McL. Simmons



Senator Willard Saulsbury

Senator Geo. E. Chamberlain

It is this situation that causes so much of the country-wide lack of understanding of Congress. The inner byplay—intriguing, scheming, compromising and combining—that is done is not disclosed to the public, and the people do not get at the basis of it all, which is politics. A man goes to Congress from a district, and quite naturally the people of that district expect him to represent them in Congress; which he does after he has finished representing his party and himself. The people do not understand why so much maneuvering and backing and filling are necessary on a straight-out legislative proposition; and probably they never will, for they look at Congress as an institution organized to legislate for the people—which it is, in theory; and they do not get the angle that Congress is an institution, however organized, now devoted to legislation for the party that is in power and its members.

Now there is no possible use in bewailing Congress as an institution. Ever since there have been so-called deliberative legislative assemblies there have been just this situation and just these defects. Occasionally, as in the present instance, a situation arises that is so tremendous it sweeps this practice aside; but in the ordinary that is what we find in democracies. The things to guard against are the sweeping away of a realization of how Congress really operates because of a rising to responsibilities as observed in this war emergency, and a tendency to think the institution is regenerated because it has, for once, met its requirements. It isn't. It is the same old political Congress.

There would be wild clamor of denial if Congress should be, or could be, assembled and this proposition put to it bluntly: Is it not true that if the Democratic Party, now in majority in Congress, could have seen its way clear, knowing that the outcome will be victorious, it would have made this war a Democratic war, carried it on as such, and insisted on all the emoluments, glories and increments of it as perquisites of the Democratic Party? And is it not true that if the situation were reversed, and the Republican Party were in power in Congress and in the White House, the Republican Party would have done exactly the same thing.

There are two reasons why this cannot be done by the Democrats, who are in power, and why this could not be done if the Republicans were in power. The first is that the Democrats dare not, and the second is that they cannot. The Democrats dare not try to make it a Democratic war because they know the people would overwhelm them at any such assumption of a partisan division of the enterprise, and because they fear rebuttals in case things go wrong. The reason the Democrats cannot do this is that the Republicans will not allow them to. The Republicans have declared in on this war, and the Democrats cannot stop them or hinder them from voting for war measures and thus lining up with equal credit. So, so far as Congress is concerned, it is a nonpartisan war, despite such little seekings as the majority will do to get the glory whenever the getting-glory time comes. Hence our war legislation has been reasonably nonpartisan, and the country has been greatly the gainer thereby.

In the Dark as to the War

ANOTHER phase of the congressional situation, and a most interesting one, is that Congress does not know where it is going, but it is on its way. Any person who has access to the true status of Congress in connection with this war is acutely aware that Congress knows no more about the war than anybody else; not so much as many. Congress gets no more news of the war than the general pubic. Congress is fairly in the dark about it, and is plunging along in its wake, acting as the great producer for it without any adequate knowledge of what it is producing or the purposes, except in general terms, to which its monumental production will be put.

Occasionally an official of the War Department or the Navy Department comes up before a committee and tells that committee what he thinks the committee should know—and no more—and insists on money and more money. Occasionally a member gets hold of a bit of inside information; but, in general, Congress has its war news from the newspapers, the same as you and I have.

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THE RUSSIAN STATE OF MIND

By HAMILTON FYFE

VERY few people understand what is the matter with Russia. Of those who do understand, the greater number are afraid to speak of what they know. It seems to me to be better that we should be frank about it. Nothing is gained—rather do we suffer loss—by continuing to believe the thing we should like to be true instead of the thing that is true. And the truth about the Russian people is not that they are "intoxicated by their first sip of liberty," as Kerenski said, who ought to know them better; not that they are feeling about for a government which shall fit in with their character; but that they distrust all forms of government and all governing people. They do not want any. Democracy to them means getting rid of governments altogether.

Nowhere has the doctrine that governments exist for the purpose of exploiting the people been more forcibly preached or more willingly listened to. Nowhere has the truth of it been driven more steadily home by the behavior of the governing classes. Yet it is not only their misgovernment by a bureaucracy established after a German model and the preaching of Tolstoy and his disciples that all authority is wrong that have led so large a proportion of the Russian people to take the view that democracy means getting rid of government. It is a view that suits, nay, springs from the Russian temperament. To understand events in Russia it is necessary to understand something of the Russian character.

Never have I lived among people who value liberty of individual action, liberty of thought and social custom so highly as the Russians do. Heine said the Englishman loved liberty as a lawful wife; the Frenchman, as a mistress; the German, as his old grandmother. The Russian does not so much love liberty as he finds it necessary to his existence. He must have it, just as he must have air to breathe. He can, upon occasion, do with very little air—in a railroad carriage, for example, or in a street car on a cold day, or in his sleeping apartment all winter.

Personal Liberty in Russia

SO, ALSO, he can, if he is forced to it, manage to put up with a curtailment of his liberty in some directions if he is allowed to practice it in others. But he never accepts shackles, whether they be political or social, as part of the necessary costume of civilized man. He maintains that he is more genuinely civilized than the rest of Europe, and that he proves it by refusing to submit his individuality to any curb which he is strong enough to resist.

Russians argue that we do violence to ourselves and deform our individualities if we resist our impulses. "Do whatever you feel inclined to do. Follow the promptings of your nature. Gratify even your whims and passing fancies." That is what Russians preach, and practice also. There are no rules among them for the regulation of everyday existence. They get up when they feel like it, and they go to bed at any hour, preferably three or four in the morning. They seldom keep appointments to time; often they forget all about them. They do not have rigidly fixed hours for meals. At dinner parties the guests dress as they please.

Russians do not like a regulated life. "Do as you please" is the plan that suits them. They are in consequence very pleasant people as acquaintances, the opposite of those who, living strictly by rule, make themselves offensively self-righteous, punctilious and fussy. Discipline of all kinds is disagreeable to them. The rich and comfortable—the Haves—never had any. The Have-nots, since they were released from serfdom, have never found any discipline to take its place. All classes set great store by individual freedom. Sologub, one of their most popular writers, had told them outright that they think too much of their rights and not enough about their duties. I have often heard Russians speak about "my duty to myself." That is the kind they know best and value most highly.

I remember being surprised, when I first traveled widely about Russia, by the number of foreigners living there, Englishmen and Germans especially, who said they could never settle down anywhere else, having once got used to freedom. "Russia," they would tell me, "is the freest country in the world." This was in such screaming contradiction to the idea generally accepted that I puzzled over it and asked questions. I came at length to understand what they meant.

Certainly the system of government in Russia was bureaucratic and curtailed liberty. The country was ruled by officials who were always the worst of tyrants, worse even than priests. Priestcraft becomes dangerous only when priests are allowed to become officials. It was far more officialism than superstition which produced the Inquisition. It was the hatred of the official for any deviation from machinelike uniformity. It was the official mind with its everlasting formula "We must put it down." The French Revolution began in 1789 and finished only in the year 1910, when the church was separated from the state and all risk of an official priesthood's seizing power again was averted.

Peter the Great, who should have been styled, for his many follies, Peter the Great Fool, destroyed the value of the Russian Church when he turned it into a department of the state. It ceased to live from that hour. From habit it went through the motions of being alive; but it was an automaton, a mummy. It was part of the bureaucratic machine for exploiting the people, for enabling a vast army of officials to make a living and to gratify their deformed instincts by exercising a little brief authority in odious, offensively authoritarian ways.

An Easy Code of Morals

BUT though this system curtailed liberty at certain points; though it kept watch upon everybody by means of its gendarmery, its *ochrana*—secret police—its passport system and its host of spies; though it could revenge itself cruelly, with imprisonment and exile inflicted by irresponsible decree, upon those who openly defied it—it did not meddle with either private opinions or private lives. In Russia there prevailed what we are accustomed to call a looseness of living, an absence of moral censure, a following of inclination and an impatience of restraint which made it a pleasanter country of residence for people of—shall we say—highly developed individuality than any other of the European or American states. This was what the foreigners living in Russia meant when they said there was more real liberty there than anywhere else.

In a sense they were right. What we understand by morality—that is to say, a hard-and-fast line drawn between permissible and unpermissible actions—does not exist. There are no binding standards of right and wrong. This is constantly illustrated by trifling incidents as well as by cases that make a noise in the world. I knew a girl in the Postal Censor's Department. One day she showed me a photograph torn off a post card. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "I simply couldn't resist taking it. I sent the post-card part on, you know." I don't think an educated young woman would be capable of that kind of petty larceny anywhere but in Russia.

Matters between men and women are arranged upon what are often described as natural lines. If a husband and wife cease to find each other's society congenial, and if each takes another mate, no comment is offered. One of the most prominent Englishmen in Petrograd lives in free union with a lady of irreproachable reputation and of that quick intelligence which gives Russian women their charm. They are each distinguished in their careers. All doors are gladly opened to them. No one dreams of criticizing their arrangement.

Habitual drunkenness in Russia is pitied but not blamed. An officer of my acquaintance was deploring his mother's craving for alcohol. "It is terrible," he said; "terrible! It will kill her, of course." Upon the table in his room was a bottle of vodka. "So you still manage to get it," someone observed. "Yes, yes," he replied, "for my poor mother. She cannot live without it."

Nor is stealing considered wrong. Baroness Fredericks, wife of the white-whiskered official who was for so many years Minister

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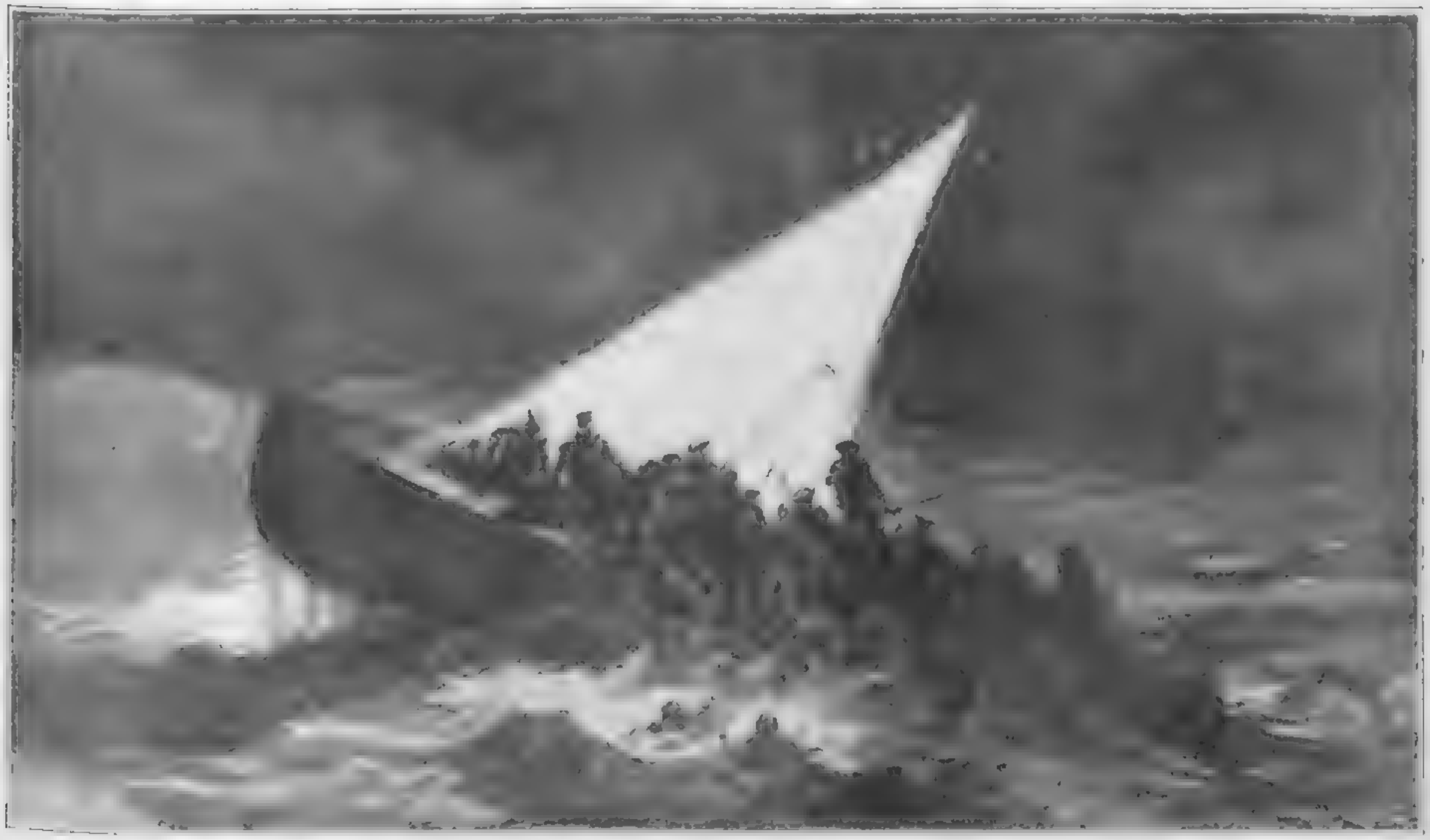
The American Mission Leaving the Hall at Moscow After Mr. Root's Speech to the Committee of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates There Were Between Twenty and Thirty Thousand Police, Besides Troops, in Petrograd to Put Down the Revolution

THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF



Unanimously the Sinking of the Assyrian Was Ascribed to an Internal Explosion of Unknown Origin

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XI

VAGUE stupefaction replaced the scowl upon the countenance of the commander of the U-boat. He swayed, a hand faltering to his forehead, where dark blood was beginning to well from a cleanly drilled puncture. Then he collapsed completely, falling prone across the raised sill of the bulkhead doorway. A convulsive tremor shook savagely his huge frame. Thereafter he was quite still.

The report of that one shot reverberated stunningly within those narrow walls of steel. Momentarily Lanyard looked to see the alarmed anchor watch appear; so, too, apparently, the lieutenant, who remained immobile, pistol poised in a hand for the moment strangely steady, gaze fixed upon the mouth of the alleyway.

But through a long minute no other sounds were audible than that ceaseless dripping from frames and seams, with that muted, terrible mouthing of waters on the plates.

Unable either to fathom or to forecast the workings of the drink-maddened mentality masked by that ratlike face, Lanyard waited with a hand covertly grasping the automatic in his pocket.

There was no telling; at any moment that murderous mania might veer his way. And he was not content to die; not yet—not in any event by the hand of a decadent little beast of a Boche.

Slowly the arm of the lieutenant dropped, lowering the pistol till its muzzle chattered on the top of the table, a noise that broke the spell upon his senses. He looked down in dull brutish wonder, then roused, and with a gesture of horror let the weapon fall clattering.

His glance shifting to the body of his commander, he started violently, backing up against the plates to put all possible distance between himself and his handiwork. His lips moved, framing phrases at first incoherent, presently articulate in part:

". . . Done it at last! . . . Knew I must soon . . ."

Abruptly he looked up at Lanyard.

"Bear witness," he cried. "I was provoked beyond human endurance. He insulted me in your presence . . . Me! . . . That scum!"

Lanyard said nothing, but met his gaze with a blank, noncommittal stare, under which the eyes of the lieutenant wavered and fell.

Then with a start he realized anew the significance of that still figure at his feet, and tried to shake some of the swagger back into his wretched, fear-racked being.

"A good job!" he muttered defiantly. "And you will stand by me, I know. . . . Only there is nothing in that, of course; no justification possible before a court-martial. Even your testimony could not save me. . . . I am done for, utterly."

He hung his head. Lanyard heard whispered words—"degraded," . . . "dishonor," . . . "firing squad" . . .

A clock in the central operating compartment tolled eight bells.

With a sharp cry the lieutenant dropped to his knees. "He can't be dead!" he shrilled. "It is all play-acting, to frighten me!"

Frantically he sought to turn the body over.

Lanyard's hand shot swiftly out, capturing the automatic on the table. With rapid and sure motions he extracted and pocketed the clip, drew back the breech, ejecting into his palm the one shell in the barrel, and replaced the weapon, all before the Prussian gave over his insane efforts to resurrect the dead.

"He is dead enough," he announced, eying Lanyard morosely; "beyond helping. . . . Look here! Are you with or against me?"

"Need you ask?"

"I count on you, then. Good! I think we can cover this up."

He checked and stood for a while lost in thought.

"How?" Lanyard roused him.

"Simply enough: I go on deck, send the watch ashore on some trumped-up errand. They suspect nothing, thinking the commander and I have you in charge. If they heard that shot I will say one of us dropped a bottle of champagne, and it exploded. . . . When they are gone I bring the dory alongside; and with your help it should be an easy matter to carry this body up, weight it, row it out to the middle of the lagoon, dump it overboard. Then we return. Our story is, the commander followed the anchor watch ashore; if later he wandered off, got lost in the woods in his alcoholic delirium, that is no affair of ours. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Lanyard with a look of fatuous innocence. "But how about the water—is it deep enough?"

The Prussian took no pains to dissemble his scorn of this question, seemingly so senseless. "To cover the body? Why, even here there is sufficient depth at low tide for us to submerge completely, barring the periscopes. And it is deeper still in the middle."

"Thanks," Lanyard replied meekly.

"Have another drink? No?" The Prussian tossed off a half cupful of undiluted brandy, and shuddered. "Then stop here. I'll be back in a ——"

"Half a minute!" The lieutenant halted in the act of stepping across the body. Lanyard leveled a hand at the automatic. "Do you mind taking that with you? I have no desire to be found here with it and a dead man, should anything prevent your return."

With a sickly grimace the murderer snatched up the weapon, thrust it into its holster and hurriedly departed.

Lanyard watched him pass through the alleyway and turn toward the companion ladder, then followed quietly.

As the lieutenant climbed out on deck Lanyard ascended to the conning tower and waited there, listening. He could not quite make out what was said; but after a few brusque words of command two pairs of boots rang on the gangplank and thumped away down the stage. At the same time Lanyard let himself noiselessly out through the hatch.

As soon as his vision grew reconciled to the change from light to darkness he discovered the slender figure of the lieutenant skulking on tiptoe after the retreating anchor watch; about midway on the landing stage, however, he paused, apparently fumbling with the painter of a small boat moored in the black shadows below.

At this Lanyard began to move along the deck, one by one working the mooring lines clear of the deck cleats and dropping them gently overboard, till but two were left to hold the U-boat in place. Throughout, he kept watch upon the maneuvers of the lieutenant—saw him drop over the side of the stage and heard subsequent creak of oarlocks.

The small boat was rounding the bows of the submarine when the adventurer ducked back through conning tower to hold. He was standing where he had been left when the lieutenant came below.

"It's all right," this last announced with shabby bravado as he stepped over the body in the doorway. "We are rid of that damned watch for a time. They won't return within half an hour at least. I have the dory moored amidships. If we are lively this rotten job will be over in no time at all."

Lanyard nodded. "I am ready."

"No need to hurry—plenty of time for one more drink." The Prussian splashed brandy into the cup, filling it to the brim. "And I need it!"

Lanyard watched critically as, with head well back, he drained that staggering dose of raw spirit gulp by gulp without once removing the cup from his lips. No mortal man could drink like that and stand up under it; it was now a mere question of time.

Hardly that; the hand of the murderer shook and wavered widely as he put down the cup. For a moment he swayed with eyes fixed and glazing, features visibly losing plasticity, then lurched forward, knocking the brandy bottle to the floor, swung round a full half turn in blind effort to reestablish equilibrium, fell backward upon the table, and lay racked from head to foot with savage spasms, hands clawing empty air, chest laboring vainly to win sufficient oxygen to combat the poison with which his system was saturated.

Moving to his side Lanyard laid a hand upon the left breast. The man's heart was hammering his ribs with agonizing blows, at first rapid, by degrees more slow and feeble. No power on earth could save him now; he had committed suicide as surely as murder.

Wasting not another glance or thought upon him Lanyard hurried aft to the central operating room. The time he had spent there, an hour earlier, was by no means lost in purposeless marveling. He boasted a certain aptitude for mechanics, perhaps legitimately inherited from that obscure origin of his, largely fostered by the requirements of his craft; into the bargain he had been privileged ere now to gain some slight insight into the principles of submersible operation. Though obliged to work swiftly and in some instances upon the advice of intuition rather than practical knowledge, he went not unintelligently about his task, made few false moves.

Turning first to the diving controls he adjusted the hydroplanes to their extreme downward inclination, then made the rounds of the vent valves, opening all wide. With a sharp hissing and whistling the air from the auxiliary tanks was driven inboard, and as Lanyard manipulated the wheels operating the forward and aft groups of Kingston valves, to the hissing were added the suck and gurgle of water flooding the main and auxiliary ballast and adjusting tanks.

Immediately the U-boat began to sink. Lanyard delayed only to close the switches that controlled the electric motors. As their drone gained volume he grasped the magazine rifle and swarmed up the companion ladder, passing through conning tower to deck with little or nothing to spare, with, in fact, barely time to throw off the two mooring lines and jump into the small boat before water, sweeping hungrily up over deck and bridge, began to cascade through conning tower and torpedo hatchways.

Constrained to cut the painter lest the dory be drawn down with the fast-sinking submarine, he fitted oars to locks and put his back to them, swinging the small boat hastily clear of whirlpools that formed as the waves closed over the spot where the U-boat had rested.

From first to last, less than five minutes' activity had been needed for the task of scotching this water moccasin of the salt seas and putting its keepers at the mercy of the country whose hospitality they had too long abused.

Well content, after a little Lanyard lay on his oars and contemplated with much interest what the night permitted to be visible: The landing stage, no more than a dark, vague mass in the darkness; the land, picked out with but few glimmering lights, mainly at windows of the base buildings, that painted dim ribbons upon the polished floor of the lagoon.

Methodically those were eclipsed as a moving figure passed before them. Listening intently Lanyard could distinguish the slow footfalls of an unsuspecting sentry—no other sounds more than gentle voices of the night, murmurs of blind wavelets, the plaintive whisper of a little breeze belated amid the tree tops of that dark forest, and a slow, weary soughing of swells upon the distant ocean shore.

Immediately the U-Boat Began to Sink. He Delayed Only to Close the Switches That Controlled the Electric Motors

Perceiving as yet not the slightest indication of an alarm, Lanyard ventured to continue rowing, but with utmost caution, lifting and dipping his blades as gingerly as though they were fashioned of brittle glass, and for want of a better guide keeping the stern of the dory in line with the shank of the T-stage.

In time the bows grounded lightly on sand. The melancholy voice of the sea now seemed a heavier sighing in the stillness.

He pushed off and rowed on, parallel with a dark shore line, so close in that his starboard oar touched bottom at each stroke.

At intervals he paused and rested, striving vainly to gather some hint of his bearings. Inexorably the blackness forbade that. He might have failed ere dawn to grope a way out of that trap had not the disappearance of the submarine been discovered within the hour.

A sudden clamor rose in the quarter of the landing stage, first one great shout of dismay, then two voices bellowing together, then others. Several rifle shots were fired in the air. More lights broke out in windows ashore. Many feet drummed resoundingly upon the stage, and the confusion of voices attained a pitch of wild, hysteric uproar. Of a sudden a flare was lighted and tossed far out upon the bosom of the lagoon.

Surprised by that sharp and merciless blue glare, Lanyard instinctively shipped oars and picked up the rifle. He could see so clearly that huddle of figures upon the head of the landing stage that he confidently apprehended being fired upon at any moment; but minutes lengthened, and he was not. Either the Germans were looking for bigger game than a dory adrift or the dazzling flare hindered more than aided their vision.

At length persuaded that he had not been detected, Lanyard put aside the rifle and resumed the oars. Now his course was made beautifully clear to him; the blue light showed him that opening to the sea within a hundred yards' distance. Presently the flare began to wane. It was not renewed. Altogether unseen, unsuspected, Lanyard swung the dory into the breach and drove it seaward with all his might.

Swiftly the lagoon was shut out by narrow closing banks. The blue glare died out behind a black profile of rounded dunes. Lanyard turned eastward, rowing broadside to the shore. After something more than an hour of this mode of progress he struck in toward the beach, disembarked in ankle-deep waters, slung the rifle over his shoulder by its strap and pushed the dory off, abandoning it to the whim of the sea.

Then again he moved toward the east, following the contour of the beach just within the wash of the tide, thereby making sure that there would be no trail of footprints in the sand to guide a possible pursuit in the morning.

The rising sun found him purposefully splashing on, weary but enheartened by the discovery that he had left behind the more thickly wooded section of the island. Presently turning in to the dry beach for the first time he climbed to the summit of a dune somewhat higher than its fellows and took observations, finding that he had come near to the eastern extremity of the island.

At some distance to his right a wagon road, faintly rutted in sand and overgrown with beach grass, struck inland. Following this at a venture he came, at about eight o'clock, upon the outskirts of a waterside community. Before proceeding he hid the magazine rifle in a thicket, then making a wide detour picked up a roadway that entered the village from the north.

If his disreputable appearance was calculated to excite comment, a readiness in disbursing money to remedy such shortcomings made amends for Lanyard's taciturnity. Within two hours, shaved, bathed and inconspicuously dressed in a cheap suit of ready-made clothing, he was breakfasting famously upon the plain fare of a commercial tavern.

The town, he learned, was the one-time important whaling port of Edgartown. He would be able to leave for the mainland on a ferry steamer sailing early in the afternoon.

Ten minutes before going aboard he filed a long telegram in code addressed to the head of the British secret service in New York.

Consequences manifold and various ensued.

When the telegram had been delivered and decoded—both transactions being marked by reasonable promptitude—the head of the British secret service in New York called the British embassy in Washington on the long-distance telephone. Shortly thereafter an attaché of the British embassy jumped into a motor car and had himself driven to one of the cardinal departments of the Federal Government.

When he had kicked his heels in an antechamber upward of an hour he was received, affably enough, by the head of the department, a smug, open-faced gentleman whose mood was largely preoccupied with illusions of grandeur—who

was, in short, interested far more in considering how splendid it was to be himself than in hearing about any mare's-nest of a German U-boat base on the south shore of Martha's Vineyard. He was, however, indulgent enough to promise to give the matter his consideration. He even went so far as to have his secretary make a note of what alleged information this earnest young Englishman had to impart.

During the night he chanced to wake up and recall the matter, and concluded that, all things considered, it would do no harm to give the United States Navy a little amusement and exercise, even if it did turn out that the rumor of this submarine base was a canard. So the next morning he went to his desk some time before noon and issued a lot of orders. One of them had to do with the necessity for absolute secrecy.

During the day various minor officials of the department might have been, and indeed were, observed going about their business with painfully tight-lipped expressions. Also many messages were transmitted by wireless, telephone and telegraph to various persons charged with the defense of the Atlantic Coast. Some of these were code messages; some were not.

That same night a great forest fire sprang up on the south shore of Martha's Vineyard, both preceded and accompanied by a series of heavy explosions.

The first United States vessel to reach the lagoon found only the charred remains of a landing stage and several buildings and, at the bottom of the lagoon, an incoherent mass of wreckage, a twisted and shattered chaos of steel plates and framework that might possibly have been a perfectly sound submarine, though sunken, had somebody not been warned in ample time to permit its destruction through the agency of trinitrotoluene—that enormously efficient modern explosive nicknamed by British military and naval experts T. N. T., and by the Germans trotyl.

XII

THE early editions of those New York evening newspapers which Lanyard purchased at Providence, when he changed trains there en route from New Bedford to New York, carried multicolumn and most picturesque accounts of the Assyrian disaster. But the whole truth was in none.

Lanyard laid aside the last paper, privately satisfied that, for no doubt praiseworthy reasons of its own, Washington had seen fit to dictate the suppression of a number of extremely pertinent circumstances and facts that could hardly have escaped governmental knowledge.

Presumably it was not thought wise to disconcert a great people, in the complacence of its awakening to the fact that it was remotely at war with the Hun, with information that a Boche submersible was, or lately had been, operating in the neighborhood of Nantucket.

Unanimously the sinking of the Assyrian was ascribed to an internal explosion of unknown origin. No paper hinted that German secret agents might possibly have figured incognito among her passengers. There was mention neither of the flare which had burned on her after deck to make the Assyrian a conspicuous target in the night nor of any of the other untoward events which had preceded the explosion. Nothing whatever was said of the shot fired at the submerging U-boat by a United States torpedo-boat destroyer speeding to the rescue.

Still, the bare facts alone were sufficiently appalling. Reading what had been permitted to gain publication, Lanyard experienced a qualm of horror, together with the thought that, even had he drowned as he had expected to drown, such a fate had almost been preferable to participation in those awful ten minutes

He Felt Himself Start Almost Uncontrollably; Rage Swept Through Him

precipitated by that pale messenger of death which had so narrowly missed Lanyard himself as he rested on the bosom of the sea. Within ten minutes after receiving her *coup de grâce* the Assyrian had gone under; barely that much time had been permitted seventy-two passengers and a crew of nearly three hundred souls to take to the lifeboats.

Because of the frenzied haste compelled by the swift settling of the ship, more than one boat had been capsized. Others had been sunk—literally driven under—by masses of humanity catapulting into them from slanting decks.

The destroyer was able to rescue but thirty-one passengers and one hundred and eighty of the crew.

In the list of survivors Lanyard found the names:

Becker, Julius—New York
Brooke, Cecelia—London
Crane, Robert T.—New York
Dressler, Emil—Geneva
O'Reilly, Edmund—Detroit
Putnam, Bartlett—Philadelphia
Velasco, Arturo—Buenos Aires

Among the injured, Lieut. Lionel Thackeray, D. S. O., was listed as suffering from a concussion of the brain, said to have been contracted through a fall while attempting to aid the launching of a lifeboat.

In the long roster of the drowned these names appeared:

Bartholomew, Archer—London
Duchemin, André—Paris
von Harden, Baron Gustav—Amsterdam
Osborne, Captain E. W.—London

Of all the officers, Mr. Sherry was a solitary survivor, fished out of the sea after going down with his ship. No list boasted the name Karl.

Lacking accommodations for the rescued, it was stated, the destroyer had summoned by wireless the east-bound freight steamship Saratoga, which had transshipped the unfortunates and turned back to New York.

Throughout the best part of that journey from Providence to New York Lanyard sat blankly staring into the black mirror of the window beside his chair, revolving schemes for his immediate future in the light of information derived, indirectly as much as directly, from these newspaper stories. Retrospective consideration of that voyage left little room for doubt that the designs of the German agents had been thoughtfully matured. They had been quiet enough between their first stroke in the dark and their last—between the burglary of Cecelia Brooke's stateroom the first night out and those murderous attacks on Bartholomew and Thackeray. Unquestionably had they bided their time pending that hour when, according to their information, the submersible would be off Nantucket, awaiting their signal to sink the Assyrian—a signal that would never have been given had their plans proved successful, had they not made the ship too hot to hold them, and finally had they not made every provision for their own escape when the ship went down.

Lanyard was confident that all of their company had been warned to hold themselves ready, and consequently had come off scot-free—all, that is, save that victim of treachery, the unhappy Baron von Harden.

If the number of that group which Lanyard had selected as comprising a majority of his enemies, those nine who had discussed the Lone Wolf in the smoking room, was now reduced to five—Becker, Dressler, O'Reilly, Putnam and Velasco—or four, eliminating Putnam, of whose loyalty there could be no question—Lanyard still had no means of knowing how many confederates among the other passengers these four might have had.

And even four men who appreciated what peril to their plans inhered in the Lone Wolf, even four made a considerable array of desperate enemies to have at large in New York, apt to be encountered at any corner, apt at any time to espy and recognize him without his knowledge.

This situation imposed upon him two major tasks of immediate moment: He must hunt down those four one by one and either satisfy himself as to their innocence of harmful intent or put them permanently *hors de combat;* and he must extinguish utterly, once and for all time, that amiable personality whose brief span had been restricted to the decks of the Assyrian, Monsieur André Duchemin. That one must be buried deep, beyond all peradventure of involuntary resurrection.

Fortunately the last step toward the positive metamorphosis indicated had been taken that very morning when the Gallic beard of Monsieur Duchemin was erased by the razor of a New England barber, whose shears had likewise eradicated every trace of a Continental mode of hair dressing. There remained about Lanyard little to remind one of André Duchemin but his eyes; and the look of one's eyes, as every good actor knows, is something far more easy to disguise than is commonly believed.

But it was hardly in human nature not to mourn the untimely demise of so useful a body, one who carried such beautiful credentials and serviceable letters of introduction, whose character boasted so much charm, with a solitary fault—too facile vulnerability to the prying eyes of those to whom Paris meant those days and social strata in which Michael Lanyard had

(Continued on Page 86)

Lanyard Instinctively Shipped Oars and Picked Up the Rifle

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A Peace Sign

WHEN Germany talks about disarming, and abolishing conscription—even in the most general and elusive terms—her enemies have their first warrant for looking toward peace.

Of course the German Government—at this writing—has committed itself to nothing tangible. But given a disarmed Germany all the rest becomes comparatively simple.

The United States has only a secondary and, in some cases, very remote interest in the probable rearrangement of European boundaries. It has a livelier interest in the restoration of Belgium; but if other conditions upon which it must insist are fulfilled the number of marks which Germany will contribute for that purpose becomes secondary also.

The vital condition is such an international arrangement as will assure enduring peace and make the world safe for democracy. Disarming is the first factor in that condition. When Germany begins to talk of disarming she is using language we can understand. That talk seems significant of a German orientation which really looks toward peace. The pressure seems at length to be telling.

The question of peace is, of course, a question of Germany's state of mind. The Allies will not lessen their pressure by an ounce, but increase it rather, until the dominant forces in Germany become ready to accept a peace that definitely renounces military conquest as to this war and for the future.

Monopoly

TWENTY years ago the owner of timber was regarded as a partner in an ironclad monopoly. The supply was limited; the demand rapidly increasing. As a broad proposition the timber owner had merely to wait until demand came to him and paid him his price.

A late report by the United States Forest Service shows that for years substitution of other materials in the place of wood has been increasing, until it now amounts to more than five hundred million board feet a year. Shingles have given way quite largely to composition and tile roofing, wooden sidewalks have been almost wholly replaced by cement, and so on.

Disregarding temporary conditions created by war, "the effect of the growing use of other materials has been to accentuate competition and decrease profits in the lumber business. Approximately seventy per cent of the lumber goes into forms of use whose demands appear to be decreasing; twenty per cent more goes into strongly competitive fields." On the whole, "lumbermen have failed to adopt aggressive selling methods. Manufacturers of other building materials have spent large sums of money to obtain reliable information about their products and advertised extensively to make 'a place in the sun' for themselves. Substitutes for lumber are guaranteed to meet specifications which are easily understood by the consumer."

Not that lumber prices are going to pot within any imaginable period, or that the lumber industry will drop out of its position near the top of the list; but eternal vigilance is the price of other things besides freedom. Any apparent monopoly tends powerfully to defeat itself, because it tends to create a fatal sense of impregnable security. No matter what you have, somebody always has a substitute for it. If he is keener on the job than you are he will slip it over.

Farm and Town

ANYBODY who wishes to know conclusively why farm-bred boys and girls flocked to town, and urban population during the last thirty years increased by leaps while rural population increased but slowly, cannot do better than read Hamlin Garland's fine autobiography. The story of the Middle West pioneer farm is there.

One readily understands why the Garland boys and girls, and their mother, were so delighted at the prospect of moving to a village. To metropolitan eyes the prairie village at that period would no doubt have seemed a pathetically bare and forlorn affair. But in town one did not have to get up long before the sun in an unheated room, with the thermometer twenty below; there were no chores to be done by lantern light; youngsters' long summer days were not spent in plowing, dragging and haying.

Above all, in place of tramping a mile and a half through the snow to a dismal one-room country school, presided over by an underpaid instructress who was expected to teach everything from A B C to algebra, one went a short distance, on sidewalks, to an institution really equipped for teaching something. There were books; there was once in a while a lecture or a show; there was companionship.

After reading, one wonders that anybody at all, with power of locomotion, stayed on that kind of farm.

We especially recommend this book to city people who are much irritated by the present prices of farm products and the fictitious image of a typical American farmer bedecked with diamonds. Even yet agriculture is not rich enough. Automobiles and telephones must be still commoner; there must be more good roads, far better schools, more abundant opportunity for social and intellectual recreation. There must be better farming.

More than a generation has passed since Garland left the farm. A big improvement in the conditions of Middle West farm life has taken place. But there are still farms by the hundreds of thousands from which youth with any spark of ambition will flee at the first opportunity.

A War Credit

AT THE beginning of the European War the United States merchant marine engaged in oversea trade amounted to a million sixty-six thousand tons; and it was truthfully said that, in comparison with our wealth and commercial importance, we were practically out of the ocean-shipping business.

A year from this date the United States will have an oversea merchant marine of about nine million tons, which will put us far beyond every competitor save England. When all the construction now under way is completed we shall have an oversea fleet practically equal to that which England now possesses on the Atlantic.

The Shipping Board calculates that at present there are about thirty-one million tons of shipping engaged in oversea trade—from which one gets an idea of the comparative size of the American fleet in being and building. From almost last, three years ago, we shall be almost first a year or two hence.

The increase in tonnage is quite largely on Government account, for Washington is now commandeering vessels and letting big construction contracts. But since Germany announced unrestricted submarine warfare last winter shipbuilding companies with an authorized capital of one hundred and eighty million dollars have been organized in the United States. As a simple business proposition, if Germany was going to sink ships, thereby increasing the demand for them, we were going to build them.

In July, the last month for which figures are now available, American bottoms carried twenty-six per cent of our exports against eight per cent in 1914—though exports since then have vastly increased.

A few months of war have made us the greatest maritime nation except England, which was two generations ahead of us three years ago.

The New Income Tax

THE income tax now applies to a great number of citizens who have heretofore been exempt. If you are unmarried and your income is one thousand dollars or more, or if you are married and your income is two thousand dollars or more, you are required, after the close of this year, to make a return to the collector of internal revenue for your district.

The law requires a return from those whose net income is one thousand or two thousand dollars. Probably a good many people heretofore have drawn the line between gross and net income with unconscionable liberality to themselves. But on all incomes below ten thousand dollars the new taxes bear very lightly. Dodging them in wartime is about as contemptible an act as a citizen can perform. One of the finest things in the Civil War was the way in which citizens stepped up and paid their income taxes when they could have dodged them if they had wanted to do so. We expect that chapter to be repeated in this war.

If you pay anybody wages, rent, or other fixed income amounting to eight hundred dollars or more, the law now requires you to report the fact to the internal revenue collector.

Look over your budget. If your income is a thousand dollars—or two thousand for the head of a family—or if you are paying anyone else an income amounting to eight hundred dollars a year, be prepared, directly after the first of the year, to drop a post card to the collector of internal revenue for your district, asking for a blank on which to make a report.

An Organized World

HOLLAND, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland are about all there is left in the world that can be called neutral. Other states, such as Argentina, maintain a nominal neutrality, yet lean so decisively toward the Allies that their neutral position is merely nominal. The five small nations first named—so situated that to provoke either set of belligerents would be fearfully hazardous—are about all that is left to neutrality.

For two years or so the Allies—and even the Teutons—have accepted the principle that this war shall be followed by a new international arrangement, in which the old, unlimited, anarchistic supremacy of each state shall give place to a real régime of international law formed and enforced by a federation of nations.

We think the preliminaries of such an international organization may well be undertaken now by the non-Teutonic states, which comprise four-fifths of the world, and that such an organization, even in tentative form, would have a decided effect in hastening an acceptable peace.

We have said, for example, that the present German Government is so completely untrustworthy that democracies cannot safely deal with it, and a German peace treaty must be guaranteed by a government really responsible to the people. While the United States or England or France says that, the German people may be expected to reply that they cannot suffer another state to dictate the form of their internal political arrangements. But as the Constitution of the United States requires that each state must maintain a republican form of government, so an organized league of nations may say that no state shall be admitted to membership in it unless it maintains a democratic form of government which is really responsible to the electorate.

The economic power of such a federation would be enormous. No state with commercial ambitions could afford to remain outside of it. The spectacle of a non-Teutonic world organizing internationally along permanent lines would pretty certainly produce a deep impression in Germany. It would serve to emphasize the penalties of continued opposition to the peaceful aspirations of over three-quarters of the human race.

That a more thorough coöperation among states opposed to Germany would be serviceable, aside from its effects upon Germany, is very evident.

A Ship's Chances

BETWEEN January and October, 1917, Germany perhaps sank three million tons of shipping in excess of the new bottoms set afloat in that period. That is a guess, for official figures are inconclusive and baffling; but good judges put it at something like that.

This is a very grave loss, for there are only about twenty-five million tons engaged in Atlantic carrying.

We know how American railroads, coördinating for war, have made a given equipment of cars and locomotives perform decidedly greater service than before by insisting on a full load for every car, and so on. Since war was declared, with but little increase in equipment they have moved about one-fourth more freight than before. To a degree the same thing has happened at sea; every ton performs more service than before. And under war pressure shipyards are rapidly nearing the point where they will overtake the submarine.

But, even with destruction at this height, comparison of official figures suggests that the chance of a ship's being sunk in the war zone is about one out of two hundred. Arrivals, departures and sinkings, as officially reported, give odds of a hundred and twenty-five to one against a ship's being attacked; while, when an attack occurs, the odds in favor of the submarine are only three to two—quoting from the Journal of Commerce, which recently made an elaborate compilation and comparison of Ally admiralty reports.

The U-boat embarrasses Germany's enemies; but as a means of ending the war it is turning out another Verdun.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Corinne Lowe

By Herself

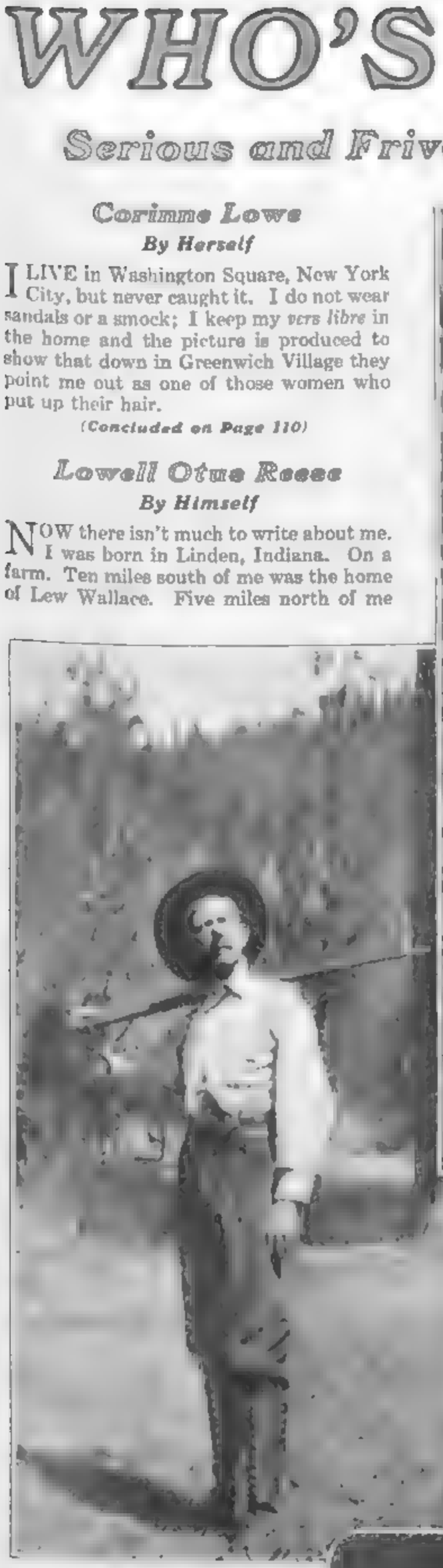
I LIVE in Washington Square, New York City, but never caught it. I do not wear sandals or a smock; I keep my *vers libre* in the home and the picture is produced to show that down in Greenwich Village they point me out as one of those women who put up their hair.

(Concluded on Page 110)

Lowell Otus Reese

By Himself

NOW there isn't much to write about me. I was born in Linden, Indiana. On a farm. Ten miles south of me was the home of Lew Wallace. Five miles north of me



were the homes of George Ade and the McCutcheon brothers. A little farther outside our neighborhood Jim Riley wrote the dialect that I talked. I plowed corn. If heaven was kind it rained and then I went fishing in the Wea.

(Concluded on Page 110)

Frederick Britten Austin

CAPTAIN AUSTIN, whom the readers of THE POST know through Nach Verdun and In the Hindenburg Line, is one of the new writers produced by the war. He joined the British forces the very day war was declared and served continuously at the Front from September, 1914, to January,

(Concluded on Page 110)

Charles D. Hart

THERE is no nation of the globe to-day where the boy-scout movement has not penetrated, and everywhere the boys receive the same teaching. They must not lie or be cowards; they must keep themselves clean in mind and body; they must honor their God and their country. In the United States alone, where the movement is less than ten years old, there are three hundred thousand members and five hundred thousand graduates. The Boy Scouts of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow, and they are the hope of to-morrow as well. Doctor Hart, who is the head of the Philadelphia branch, believes that it is these boys all over the world who will preserve the world peace after the war. Although he is an active worker with a number of organizations and institutions such as the Eastern Penitentiary, of which he is an inspector, and the Red Cross, of which he is a director, Doctor Hart says it is his scout work that gives him one hundred per cent return for his labors.

Anyone who knows him can be very certain that he takes to his boy-scout work one hundred per cent ability and enthusiasm.

H. A. Garfield

WHEN the President appointed Mr. Garfield as United States fuel administrator he chose a man of whose abilities he had first-hand knowledge, for while

president of Princeton he called the same man to the Chair of Politics. Mr. Garfield has had wide experience with various business enterprises, among them railroad and coal companies, which fits him particularly well for his new position. Not satisfied with giving himself to the service of his country he has given two of his sons.

The Other Soldiers in France

The Boldest of Them Never Asked Him the Questions That They Were Always Asking About Him

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE Home for Old Soldiers in Georgia stands in a grove of trees upon the brow of a long, sloping hill. This hill is bounded on one side by a road, a broad dusty highway over which trolley cars run and the traffic of a great city flows in and out. A cemetery spreads like a white wreath round the other side. There is a monument here, a rough shaft of granite dedicated "To Our Confederate Dead." Between the Home and the cemetery there is only one stop. This is a small hospital halfway down the hill, a sort of inn where the old men go to change their scenes, if they have time, before their poor old corruption puts on incorruption and their mortal bodies are raised spiritual bodies from the dust beneath this monument.

Directly in front of the Home there is a fountain in a round bed of flowers. The borders flame. The center is filled with roses and lilies, a harlequin spot of many colors, as if Nature had dropped her embroidery frame here and left the earth to weave her thoughts into a thousand blossoms.

In short, it is a desolate Eveless Eden where old Adam oaks shake their green beards to the wind and the flowers have taken refuge from the deep shade to make their last stand beneath the misty veil of the fountain.

It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon of a Sabbath day in May of this year, 1917. The Home stood upon the hill like a gray mausoleum. Empty chairs and benches were scattered everywhere beneath the shade of the trees. They sagged and leaned, very old and decrepit, some close together like good comrades, others with their backs turned upon each other, as if recently there had been an altercation between them and they were no longer on speaking terms. Sparrows dipped dusty wings in the fountain. Crickets chirruped. There were no other sounds except the sounds that Nature makes when she is alone with herself and the trees speak with the tongues of many leaves to every passing wind, the shadows move like dark dreams across the grass, and the blue and pink blossoms of early spring begin to fade into the purple mist of bedtime prayers for dew.

A trolley car came clanging along the road into this humanless silence and out again. Then a clock struck somewhere, a nervous, high-strung clock that rasped out six strokes as if it had a record to keep in being the first to tell the time of day. Immediately the sound of a hundred hours floated out through the open windows of the Home. Clocks were striking upstairs and downstairs, each contradicting the other. Some let it go with one stroke, others banged indefinitely. Time, it seemed, had been interned here, too old and shattered now to keep his accounts balanced with the sun.

Before the dingdonging bedlam ceased a stream of men began to issue through the doorway of the Home, very old men with the crumbs of their supper bread still sticking to their beards. They limped and shuffled, they brought their legs down the steps one at a time. They fumbled the ground with their canes, walking slowly, as if they suspected the ground might not be there. Each man was intent upon choosing a seat to himself. They were tired of one another. They subtracted themselves like poor old numerals from the sum total of their years and weariness. This was a custom they had, to rest from the quarrels of the day in their own personal thoughts during this hour.

He Thought He Would Take the Clock to Pieces Tomorrow

The last man appeared in the doorway. He stood for a moment like the period of a long, halting, much-involved sentence. Then he descended the steps with an air, head up, shoulders squared, after the manner of one whose flesh is weak but whose spirit is still invincible. He set his feet down with studied deliberation. He balanced himself by straddling when he walked, like a sailor on deck in a storm. He was the only man in the Home who never carried a cane. If the earth wanted to totter let it totter. He had his own legs and he managed to get to wherever he was going in spite of the reeling unsteadiness of things about him.

He wore pearl-gray trousers and a long black Prince Albert coat. He looked like the "speaker of the evening" who had been invited to a banquet twenty years ago and was just now arriving. These garments, like all the clothes worn in the Home, were secondhand. But he achieved himself in them as if he had ordered them from the tailor. His hat was white felt with a high round crown and a broad brim. He wore this thing rigidly on the summit of his head, as if it were an honor that had been conferred upon him, so far was it from fitting as a mere hat should fit.

His hair and beard were snow-white, both very thin. You could not tell where his neck ended and his head began behind. His chin was so prominent that his whiskers stuck up and out, short and bristling. He had a hump upon the bridge of his exaggerated Roman nose, as if the very nature of him had arched it in defiance. Blue is a color that denotes innocency, mildness or beauty everywhere in Nature except sometimes in the human eye, which can be of a deadly blue, like the color of waters that have no bottom. This old man had such eyes. They were suffused beneath wrinkled lids. But they had no softness, no appeal. They were shamelessly honest; not vicious, but terrifically intelligent. In whatever condition of life you found him you would have said, "Here is a man of high ideals who lives chiefly by transgressing them—a great man, but not a good one."

He was far gone in his seventies. His name appeared on the register of the Home as Captain John Whiting, Second Georgia Regiment, Longstreet's Division. He had a past, like most of the men who came there. It had taken him fifty years to accomplish this past. He never referred to it. He had buried it. When he was not present his comrades dug it up. They recalled the time when he controlled the politics of a certain section of the state with a sort of inebriate firmness. They reminded each other of the magnificent way in which he had squandered a large fortune. They felt a sort of admiration for such extravagance. It was the gilt frame in which their imagination held him, with the gilt rubbed off now. They remembered that he had a son—who never visited him.

Then they fell to speculating upon a certain annual manifestation of this son's existence. They had their doubts about it, in spite of evidence to the contrary. But if the captain himself came straddling toward the group where he was the topic of conversation they dropped it. They stamped it out like a blaze in the dry leaves at their feet. They made room for him on the bench and met his eye with that stare of innocuous innocence which children wear when they have been guilty of something. The boldest of them never asked him the questions that they were always asking about him.

This is an evidence of quality. When men fall silent at the approach of another man whom they know, and are released from that silence the moment he passes on, it is a proof that he does not belong to their class. He is either a better or a worse man than they are.

The captain had managed to elevate himself upon his ruins among these old men. He refused to crumble; that is to say, he refused to confide in them—which is a way some people have of robbing themselves.

Every morning at nine o'clock the mail was distributed in the office of the Home, and the captain was always the first man to appear. Then he would stand aside while others crowded before the post-office wicket. His manner implied that he came merely as a spectator. He was not expecting letters. Still, if his name should be called he was present. During the five years he had been in the Home he had received four letters; nothing else.

On Christmas Eve he retired to his room and locked the door. Then he would lift the lid of his little old battered trunk, thrust his hand under everything and pull out a check book. These checks bore the name of a bank of which he had once been president and which had long since ceased to exist.

When you are drawing upon the imagination of your friends you can afford to be extravagant. He always made out the check for one hundred dollars and signed it John Whiting, Jr. This meant that he would be expected to spend freely. But it was better to be accused of miserliness than to be suspected of having nothing at all.

Then he addressed himself to the task of composing a letter. This letter began with Dear Father. At first he wrote haltingly, but when the hunger grew upon him his sentences expanded. He was in the state of a beggar who, being famished, stands before a baker's window and imagines that he is about to dine upon the delicacies displayed inside. He said all those things which a devoted son would write in a Christmas letter. He adorned himself with adjectives of praise, he fulfilled his longings with

(Continued on Page 30)

They're "strong" for Campbell's Tomato Soup

And *because* of it, too.

Boys and girls all over the United States—just the same as grown-ups—are thoroughly enthusiastic over this tempting *Campbell* "kind." They look forward to it with pleasure. They enjoy every spoonful. They want plenty, and they want it often. We consider this the highest compliment. There is no better test of wholesomeness and flavor in a food-product than the natural unspoiled appetite of a healthy child.

Boys and girls know by instinct what the scientist has to learn by study.

They needn't be told that learned experimenters have demonstrated the importance of the tomato as an aid to digestion. The youngsters have demonstrated this themselves. They know that the snappy flavor of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* makes everything taste better; makes the meal "go down" with a zest and relish which they never want to miss.

You don't have to show them the report of the United States Department of Agriculture asserting that a good Cream of Tomato Soup yields half again as much energy as the same amount of milk. They have proved this, too. They know that *Campbell's Cream of Tomato* just makes them feel "good" all over; helps them to study and play with more spirit and pleasure, to sleep sounder and waken brighter in the morning.

They make their own "experiments" right at the dinner-table. All the apparatus they want is a capacious soup-plate and a good-sized spoon, and they will render their own "report"—not in learned language and cold type, but in rosy cheeks and shining eyes and the robust joyful activity of the well-nourished boy and girl.

Give them all they want of this wholesome soup. Serve it for their luncheon. Begin their dinner with it or make it the principal dish for their evening meal. It is a good nourishing, satisfying dish for the whole family. There is practically no end of pleasing ways to prepare it and serve it.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. This cuts down the cost of deliveries from the store. And you have it always at hand whenever you want it.

21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

promises. And when he could think of nothing else to say he signed it, Your affectionate son.

He folded these sheets with the check, stuffed them into an envelope, and addressed it to himself. Then he slipped quietly out, took the first car to the city and mailed his letter at the railway station.

On Christmas morning it came back to him. Thus he accomplished a gift for himself when the other old men were receiving their remembrances. And it was duly advertised. Sometimes the check fell out when he opened the letter and was restored to him by an assiduous comrade, who noted the amount for which it was drawn. Sometimes he read passages from the letter aloud—an unusual mark of confidence, appreciated by whoever listened and reported to those who had not the honor of being present.

These were the four letters that he had received. The checks were still folded in them. He kept them tied together with a twine string in the tray of his trunk. They were forgeries with which his memory would be garnished in case of his death.

This was the captain inside and out, an apocryphal old man who had in him the elements of all greatness and the fox fire of every virtue.

He believed in God, but was not a Christian. This requires courage.

The city pastors rarely visited the Home. Ministers of this class are too learned in the laws of spiritual gravitation to waste their energies in the effort to reclaim men so long dead in their trespass and sins that their years and infirmities have made them innocent again. But there were meeker workers in the Lord's vineyard with literal ideas about scriptural repentance who peddled salvation in the Home. Women came who distributed tracts. Fanatical old preachers came who exhorted. They had their converts. But the captain was not one of them. They were to him what a strap is to a razor. He whetted the keen edge of his spirit upon them and their doctrines. He was too old to apprentice his soul to a creed. He could not bear saints. And he expressed the horrific opinion that doubtless there were "some very fine old tares in the Kingdom of God. Plants of the flaming sword, sir! set out in rows round the walls to guard the saints from the devil."

You may be the inmate of an asylum, a poorhouse or a home for the aged, but no man is ever an inmate of his own house. He is the master of it. He can change it or leave it; but an inmate never gets out of the place he is in. He is a poor old soul who climbs into the hearse before he is dead and just waits. It is weary work.

Yet the old men in this Home managed to keep up a futile imitation of existence. They had their little businesses, trading and cheating each other. They drew more tobacco than they needed and sold it to peddlers who swarmed in and out of the place. They disposed of their clothes in the same way. They swapped pocketknives and shaving mugs.

One of the familiar figures there was an old man named Meeks. During the day he dozed in his chair, wrapped in the coma of a great financial ambition, for which he conserved all his energies and the strength of his legs. In the evening, when cronies gathered round the card tables in the long hall, he became alert. He would appear, walking with a sort of rickety animation, carrying a fine silk shirt hanging over his arm like a wedding garment. He had received it from some opulent relative as a Christmas gift.

It was the only thing in the world he possessed. And he could not afford to own such expensive raiment. By the same token no one in the Home could afford to buy it. And the price offered by the peddlers was so low as to be insulting.

He was not discouraged by these difficulties. This shirt became his occupation, from which he was occasionally forced to rest when the indifference of his prospective customers changed to impatience. But if a new man entered the Home his hopes revived and he would come shuffling along the hall under the gas jets with the glistening garment held high, squeaking its praises. He would exchange it for two plain shirts. He would swap it for an old pair of trousers. He was willing to consider any kind of proposition that would relieve him of the expense of a shirt out of all keeping with his limited means. In the course of years it changed from pearl white to dingy gray with so much handling. He admitted that it was shopworn, but he was never able to dispose of it. He was finally buried in the thing, it being the only extra shirt he had at the time of his death.

The captain held aloof from these commercial activities of his comrades. Extreme poverty may remove a man as far from the vulgar marts of trade as extreme wealth. He looked askance at Meeks and his shirt. No one ever suspected that he longed to own it as a fitting top to his pearl-gray trousers.

The life of the Home was rubbed and seamed with the friction of these old Adam natures. The inmates grumbled against the world and all its works, against the management—everything. They had their disturbances and factions among themselves. But they were all so worn out that one set rarely had the better of the other.

"Lord God! To Feel it Once More—the Joy That Lifts a Man Above the Fear of Death!"

The only time a man ever rose to undisputed prominence was when he became the leading lay figure in his own funeral. Then his comrades envied him, not because he had escaped this dingy existence but because he rode off behind a span of white horses with a wreath on top of him, accompanied by all of them walking behind with their hats off. He might have been a babbling old fellow who tried their patience. But they forgot that. He was restored to his rightful place in their regard and exalted by this pomp and circumstance. They never thought of him as a driveling old man doddering into kingdom come leaning on his cane and asking alms of St. Peter at the gate. But he arrived there as a gentleman and a brave soldier should, very calm, spruced up in his best clothes, in a carriage drawn by a spanking team. This was not so, but it was a feeling they had, an anticipation of making a similar exit when they should regain the position they held in the memory of men.

After the funeral there was always the excitement and suspense of waiting to find out what the deceased had done with his property. These legacies never amounted to much—maybe the cushion he sat on, his drinking cup or some trifle. But he was sure to have willed it to some one of his comrades. Old Jephthah Bibbs, the captain's roommate, left him his clock. The captain was elated. He frequently referred to his legacy. It represented the softer, poetic side of his nature.

"We all keep clocks here—for company," he explained one day to a stranger who happened to be visiting the Home. "And none of them keeps correct time—which makes them more interesting and doubtful, like real companions.

"But it means something to an old man who can't sleep to be able to get up, strike a match, look into the face of his own clock and hear it ticking just for him.

"The one Bibbs left me has a bronze figure of the apostle Paul on one side and one of Silas on the other. Each holds a staff and leans with his elbow on the clock, looking very calm and serene, as if they had been waiting there a long time for time to end.

"From first to last I reckon, sir, it has been the most humanly unreliable clock in the Home," he went on. "Bibbs used to lie awake at night just to catch it striking the wrong hour. He was as deaf as a post, but he could always hear Paul and Silas lying about the time of night. Then he would get up, rip the insides of the clock out, put them back again, hang the pendulum, crawl back into bed, shake his fist at it and say, 'Now, damn you, strike right or I'll fling you out of the window!' But he would have parted with his pension rather than do such a thing," he concluded with a hoary grin.

Sunday was always a hard day in the Home. When you have nothing to do for six days in the week, the seventh day of rest is superfluous. It merely adds to the weariness of doing nothing more strictly than usual.

This day in May was a Sunday. It had been one of unusual trial and excitement. In the morning when the bells began to ring a few of the old tares started off to church, walking very feebly, like pilgrims who have come a long way and are not sure of the road.

This was the signal for the gathering of another group in the shade of the trees before the Home. These old men went through a sort of manual of arms; that is to say, they reviewed the past and fought as many battles as they could before eleven o'clock. They charged and retreated. They gesticulated and spat on the ground. They fought at Manassas. They rode with Stuart's Cavalry and forded icy streams with Jackson. They did not forget to leave their "blood-stained tracks in the snows in Virginia." They moved great armies according to the best of their recollections. And every other man became the vibrant footnote of the one who happened to be leading the charge at the moment. They corrected his dates. They disputed and contended with him for the facts. Their energies were exhausted, like another army's, by the time they entered the fight round Richmond. But they never omitted it. They struggled on in a dirge of painful memories to the end.

Somebody mentioned Appomattox. The captain, who had been walking up and down behind them like a commander within sound of his guns, came back and sat down.

"I was there," he said. "My regiment was stationed along a muddy road. It was raining. Somebody was carrying fence rails across the road. I don't know what for. The next minute my mind stopped going in the direction it had been going for four years. I looked up and saw Lee riding toward us. We stood at attention. He reined up and reached out his hand to me, man to man. Not a word. Just that—then he went on. I stood there watching him. Then it came over me what everything meant. The muddy road, the men in the drizzling rain, and Lee going by like that. We had surrendered!

"That is the last I remember of myself. The next day I started home, walking in a dream. It has lasted ever since—until this other war started in ——" He broke off. He saw the dream hanging like a curtain still upon the faces of these men. He was about to say what nobody would understand.

During all this time Pollard lay back in his wheel chair. He was a huge mollusk of a man, with not enough of his

(Continued on Page 33)

Styleplus Clothes $17 and $21

Clothes of Known Style, Quality, Price

Men the nation over have always recognized in Styleplus the utmost Style and the most dependable Quality *(guaranteed)* at a remarkably moderate, known Price. Certainty of Quality and Certainty of Price have attracted hosts of men to Styleplus.

This is the *Styleplus Idea*—the striking and unique clothing policy which has attained a truly national success.

We have been successful through three years of war in maintaining Styleplus at $17 because we bought ahead in a rising market, manufactured on an increasingly larger scale, thereby cutting our costs to the minimum.

The fabric market went violently upward when this country went to war. We adjusted ourselves to the change and added a new $21 Styleplus grade. This insures an even wider range of fabrics and models to suit every individual demand.

Stylish, intelligent men who make a study of clothes values naturally choose these suits and overcoats. Exactly the fabric, shade and model for every man at $17 or $21.

Styleplus Clothes $17 (black label) always excel at that price.

Styleplus Clothes $21 (green label) always excel at that price.

Each grade is the greatest value possible at the price.

See for yourself—at the Styleplus Store.

Style plus all-wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear.

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you. Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

The Black Label always indicates Styleplus $17
The Green Label always indicates Styleplus $21

Styleplus Clothes $17

Styleplus Clothes $21

Not all wood floors are comfortable, beautiful, or practical. Linoleum in hardwood patterns relieves the unevenness and the unsightliness at the same time. In this particular room, care has been used to select a wall cover whose color, pattern, and scale are in harmony with the color, pattern, and scale of the motifs in the floor. Where there is considerable pattern in the floor, rugs should be chosen without pattern when possible.—*FRANK ALVAH PARSONS.*

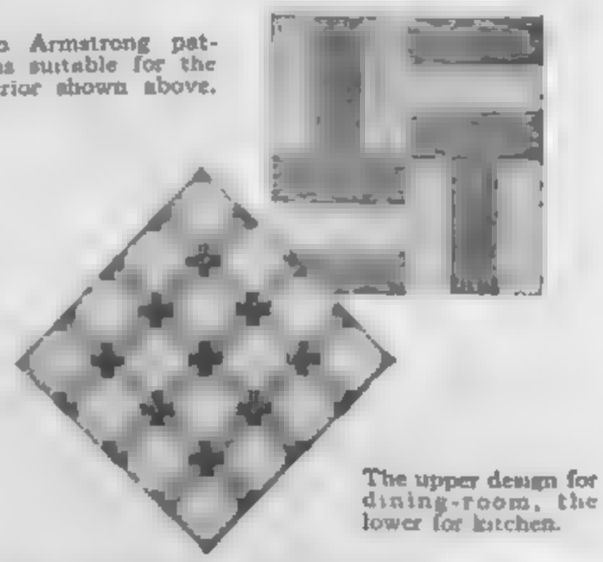
YES, the floor of this attractive dining-room is linoleum—Armstrong's Linoleum—in a heavy Parquetry Inlaid. It is a superb base for a beautiful rug; a perfect note in the decorative scheme.

This floor cost less than even the cheapest hardwood. It is easy to clean and, with proper care, will last indefinitely.

In the living-room across the hall you will find Armstrong's Linoleum also—a rich, warm brown inlaid that sets off a splendid Persian rug and blends marvelously with the sombre tints of old mahogany. And, of course, the kitchen floor has Armstrong's Linoleum on it, too.

Upstairs in bedrooms and nursery, Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum (moiré effects), matting patterns and plain linoleum in light blues, rose shades, greens, and tans, catch the gayer, cheerier notes of flowered chintzes and bedroom furnishings.

Two Armstrong patterns suitable for the interior shown above.



The upper design for dining-room, the lower for kitchen.

OUR new book, by *Frank Alvah Parsons*, America's foremost authority on interior decoration, will soon be ready. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home. It tells you how to use linoleum effectively, and covers the whole subject of interior decoration in the author's characteristically intimate style. Sent with portfolio of de luxe color plates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps. As the edition will be limited, let us place your name on the waiting list now.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM is appropriate for every room in the house. It costs less than hardwood; is so much more sanitary; is so easy to clean—and just think what a joy it is to have floors that really blend with your walls and draperies.

More and more American women are using these beautiful Armstrong Linoleum Floors. They are following the example set by many fine homes in Europe, where you will find linoleum in every room. There, decorators have made linoleum a thing of wonderful harmony and taste.

See Armstrong's Linoleum for yourself—your dealer can show the new patterns—so different from the old "oil cloths" of our childhood days.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there *is* a difference.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

Armstrong Cork Company **Linoleum Dept., Lancaster, Pa.**

(Continued from Page 30)

legs left to prove that he ever had any. His round red face glistened in the sun. His eyes were closed.

He was not exactly asleep. He was in that coma which saints sometimes enjoy during a sermon when they know what the preacher will say and do not need to keep a doctrinal eye upon him.

He had heard all this before. He was waiting for a chance to tell for the hundredth time how he lost his legs at Gettysburg. He felt secure in the fact that no one else could equal this experience.

But the captain had barely dropped his voice into the deep place where he kept it when Berryman started. Berryman was not recognized as an authority on Civil-War history. There was a rumor to the effect that he had belonged to the militia up to the last moment, and that he was only entitled to these benefits of an old soldier by the skin of his teeth.

He was always engaged in framing alibis to this suspicion.

He began one now.

"I'll never forget Pickett's charge," he exclaimed suddenly.

His companions regarded him in ominous silence. Pollard opened one eye as a man does when a fly tickles his nose.

"I was so close to that crater I could smell the Yankees in it!" Berryman went on, pitching his voice to a higher key.

Pollard stirred, opened both eyes, glared at the swinging boughs above his head. Not a muscle moved but he listened. He had become one enormous ear.

"I was on the very edge of the pit," Berryman was saying, "when a cannon ball struck me. It nearly buried me, boys! I was—I was numb; dead from the waist down—not a pain. Then they dragged me out, mangled, bleeding, both legs shattered ——"

The mass in the wheel chair began to heave. It undulated, brought a face up purple with rage, and sputtered.

"The doctors amputated both of 'em——"

Pollard waved his arms in speechless fury.

"——and I didn't have so much as a whiff of chloroform to deaden the pain," Berryman went on, too much engrossed with what he was saying to notice this pantomime.

"You damn centipede!" Pollard bellowed, rolling himself into a sitting posture and pointing an accusing finger at Berryman's shrunken shanks.

"It's bad enough to be crippled in the service of my country without having a militiaman who never smelled gunpowder claim my sacrifice and the honor of my misfortune!"

Berryman wilted, drew his legs furtively back under the seat. He stared at his victim like a victim. He sat with his mouth open in his beard, his brow quilted tight with wrinkles, his eyes watering with the intensity of his gaze.

"I made a mistake, Pollard," he said in an anguish of embarrassment as he rose to go. "I don't know how I came to do it, unless I'd felt it so from hearing you tell it so often."

Pollard refused to listen. He had been robbed. He seized the wheels of his chair and propelled himself furiously toward somewhere else—anywhere. He circled this way and that, hissing and grumbling with impotent rage.

Such scenes were not unusual. These old men recited the past so often to one another that they unconsciously pooled their experiences and used them in common. The years were like cobwebs in the darkened house of their memories. And they were all enmeshed in them together. Berryman was convicted only because his legs witnessed against him.

As Pollard made his angry exit two old men were seen climbing the hill to the Home.

They were strangers. But every old soldier in sight recognized them. When a man came up from the road with his head low, wearing the surrender look of one who has laid down his arms for good, they knew he was about to become an inmate.

These two were brothers named Teal. They were twins. You could not have distinguished one from the other. But one had been in the Federal Army, while the other fought for the South. The Federal soldier had a pension from the Government, enough to keep him, but not enough to support his brother. So he had come to place him in the Home.

This news spread among the men, who held aloof until the Federal took his departure. Then they closed in round the Teal who remained, a guard of a dozen ready to put him through his paces. They wanted to know what regiment he was in, which company, and so forth and so on.

There was a great disturbance. This Teal, seated like a prisoner of war in their midst, could not remember which Teal he was or whether he had fought for the Union or just for the South. Pollard heard the scandal and came down the slant of the hill with such force that somebody had to scotch his wheels and head him off. He said as he joined the jury of investigation that this was a matter about which there must be no doubt. He hoped he was loyal to the Union, but he would not eat and sleep and chew tobacco with a Yankee who might have shot his legs off!

"Were you at Gettysburg?" he demanded, looking sternly at him.

"Yes," Teal whimpered, wagging his head dolorously. "But which side was I on?"

"Were you in the Battle of Seven Pines?" someone asked.

"Yes"—mournfully—"I remember how hot the weather was."

"Do you remember running like the very devil?" Pollard put in.

"My brother was there too. It was either him or me that ran; I can't say which," he replied.

"Oh, hell! Take him away!" Pollard shouted, falling back and waving his hands in deep disgust.

"Wait a minute, men," the captain said, turning to Teal. "Were you at Appomattox, sir?"

"Yes, I was there," he answered meekly.

"How did you feel, sir?"

"Hungry," he answered. He lifted his old bald head, his eyes passed slowly from face to face. Then he stared through them into space.

"I was terribly hungry, and ragged," he repeated. "The weather was cold, misting rain. I was carrying fence rails across the road to make a fire when ——"

"That will do, sir!" the captain exclaimed. "I have wondered for fifty years what we were doing with those rails!"

Teal looked at him, his pale blue eyes rolled up in a kind of expressionless grief.

"But which one of us am I?" he asked anxiously.

"You are the right one, sir! You were in the Second Georgia Regiment, Longstreet's Division," the captain replied.

"Thank God!" Teal exclaimed fervently. "I knew I wanted to be in the Southern Army, but I couldn't remember ——"

What he was about to say was lost in a general laugh. The old men were delighted. Here was a weathercock to set fluttering with questions.

The captain walked off and was seen no more until he came through the doorway of the Home at six o'clock.

He stood for a moment looking about, as the others had done who came out before him, for some place where he could isolate himself. Then he went slowly toward the road and sat down laboriously upon the last vacant bench.

Fifty men were within speaking distance, yet he longed for companionship, for some fresher presence, different from these old soldiers who were vain repetitions of himself.

This is why a home for the aged is a kind of eleemosynary hell where the inmates live by despising each other—not because they are despisable but because age has no elevating effects for the aged. It is only from youth that old people receive reverence. When you see only shriveled faces, wrinkles are hideous. When every man has a white beard, beards are abominable. Moses himself could not have led Elijah through the wilderness. Prophets hate each other. And every man is a kind of prophet at seventy.

The captain occupied himself as he often did: He looked first at one cuff and then at the other of his immaculate but threadbare shirt, perceived that they were raveled as usual, thrust his fingers into his vest pocket, took out a pair of scissors with blunt points and carefully clipped them. Then he collected the threads, rolled them into a ball and flipped it with his thumb and forefinger into the air. He was very tired. Every Sunday was like this, and every day was like Sunday. Life had become a subject that he could not change. Here he was, a veteran interned by the memories of the Civil War when another war was sweeping the world like a conflagration. He had seen Manassas, and he would never see the trenches in France. But he had visions. The future stirred in him like a wind in the boughs.

A car swept round the curve of the road below and stopped. A man descended from it and came swiftly up the hill, walking with a certain stiff precision.

The old soldiers sat up, animated, their minds seething with curiosity and with the everlasting desire to impart what they knew. They moved about, struck their sticks noisily upon the ground, as they always did when a stranger appeared, hoping to attract his attention.

But this man's attention was already fixed upon this magnificently ridiculous figure in the pearl-gray trousers and black coat, who wore his hat like a high degree.

As he drew nearer, brightened out of the distance and the shadows, it was seen that he wore a khaki uniform. He held himself with studied erectness. He was grave, with the gravity of one who expects to lead other men to their death. His frame was enormous. His knees stuck out through the tight legs of his breeches like the great leg knuckles of a man who has not yet grown to them. His legs were long. His face was thin, with that first red leanness of young manhood.

He stepped up smartly, stood at attention and saluted.

"Howland is my name, sir—from the training camp at the fort. Had a little time; thought I'd come out here," he said, speaking with that ingratiating politeness which the young know so well how to employ when they plan to take the battery of old and crabbed age by storm.

The captain beheld him and loved him, not as a father loves a son, or as age loves youth, but as an old scabbard, empty, long since forgotten, might love a naked sword.

He made room for him on the bench. He was glad to know him. Very few men from the camp visited the Home, and so forth and so on.

They talked back and forth, merely skirmishing to find out the lay of the land between them. The young officer had very little to tell about himself. That was all in the future, he explained. He was in training; he hoped to see active service soon.

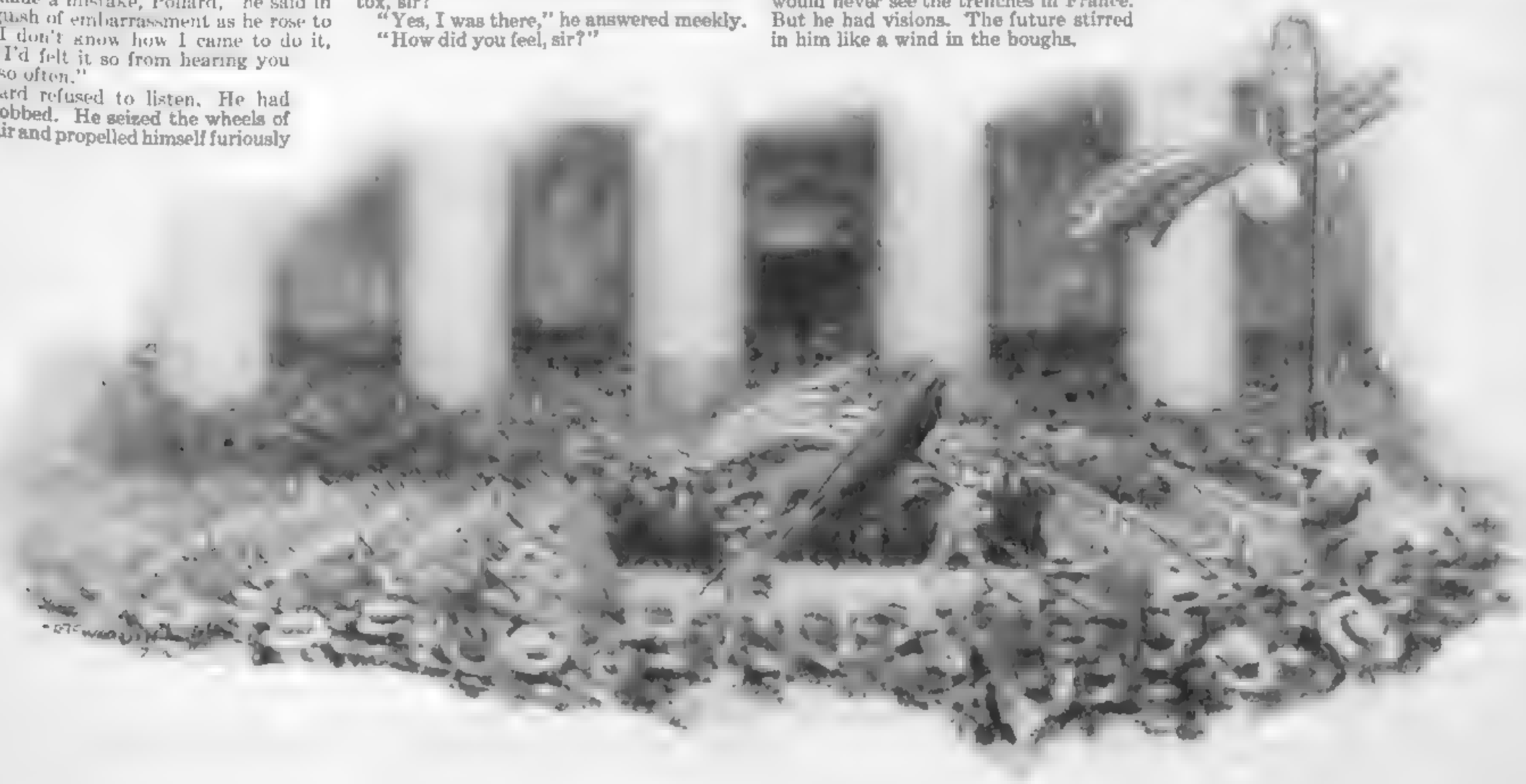
"It is all we think about at the fort. The only fear we have is that we won't get to France fast enough," he concluded simply.

The captain was silent. He stared into vacancy as if vacancy were a person whom he knew very well.

"I have often wanted to hear a man tell of war who knows what war means," Howland hinted, hoping thus to open the floodgates of history.

He was disappointed. The captain was not a record; somewhere, far within, he was still a man.

He stood up, he moved slowly up and down before his companion in his slow, straddling walk, his long coat tail thrust back on one side by the hand he kept in his pocket and swinging low on the other side like the fighting wing into which he might presently kick his spurs.



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"War, sir—you will not understand it yet, not if you read every history of war that has been written," he began, speaking in low rumbling tones like the thunder of a storm that has passed.

"It is a phenomenon of human nature, as an earthquake is of Nature. Nobody knows when the earth will wrinkle her old hide with a convulsive jerk that shakes mountains into the sea and cities from their foundations. And nobody knows why, with every provision civilization can make against it, we still have wars, each crueler and more savage than the last one. The causes of earthquakes are always directly beneath us, and the causes of war are always in us. So long as the earth has hot insides, and so long as men have hot insides, we cannot avoid the one or the other. We can explain the seismic disturbance after it is over. And we can tell how the issues involved in this war might have been settled peacefully and righteously without bloodshed. But they never are."

He continued to walk up and down in silence. He was giving these ideas time to set up in the mind of this young man.

"Looks like an old thunderhead with a hat balanced on top of it," Howland thought with a grin.

"Then you think this war was inevitable?" he asked politely, merely by way of fanning the wind.

"Undoubtedly, sir," the captain replied, glancing at him as he turned. "It is a kind of equinox in the weather of mankind. When it is over we shall have a change of season, as we change our habits from winter to summer. Reforms everywhere. Labor and capital will have their problems snatched from them and settled by the Government. The law of supply and demand will not be determined by the brokers and markets of trade, but by the grim necessity that war entails. When the whole thing is settled ——"

"But will it be settled? We fellows are ready to fight, but we want to know ——"

The old man halted. He erected himself like a monument directly in front of Howland and regarded him with the eyes of the ages, far removed, but present.

"Nothing is ever settled," he answered slowly. "But the earth belches and ceases to shake. That is what I mean. When this war is over we shall go back to those forms of warfare that lead to war. One class will legislate against the interests of another class. We shall build great businesses and great fortunes at the expense of the weak. The casualties, as you call them, in this kind of fighting are far greater than in the bloodiest battles. Only the victims do not fall with their wounds showing. There are no hospitals or doctors or Red-Cross nurses provided for them. They just sink like dregs to the bottom of the cup. You don't see them, but they are there. You don't hear them, but they have a voice. It speaks a terrible language, in whispers that grow louder in time, until it becomes the hymnal of a revolution. Everything," he concluded with a wave of his hand, "leads to war. We can't stand the yoke of peace. It is somebody else's prosperity galling our necks. We have fought for everything, and against everything. Now we are fighting for democracy. It is as good a thing as we can fight for."

"This country could not possibly remain neutral when it came to that!" Howland exclaimed, grasping with enthusiasm an idea that he recognized.

"Neutral is a word," the captain answered, resuming his straddling pace. "You will find it in the dictionary, and in diplomatic correspondence, but never in the mind of a true man. From the day this war started in Europe the mind of every man in this country, from the President's down, has been working like yeast to one conviction—a conviction with a gun at both ends."

Howland laughed. He began to understand the cold, implacable eyes of this old man. He had no policies to conceal. He was so old and so bereft of the future he could squander the truth that prudence conceals.

"Before the end of another year," he went on, "there will not be one professing neutral that counts among the nations of the earth.

"Forces that they cannot control will drive them to show their colors somewhere on the battle line. Do you know what Washington is about to do?" he demanded, pausing in front of him.

"Send an army to France," answered the young soldier.

"She is about to conscript the neutral nations. She will do that before half of our armies are in France!"

"How do you mean?"

"When Washington bans exports to these countries they will be compelled to fight us or join the Allies in order to get supplies, without which neither their peoples nor their industries can exist. Nations no longer raise their own vegetables or weave their own cloth or live at home. They buy from each other's stores. This is one of the habits commerce has fostered.

"That is when the war will end, sir, when the terribleness of it surpasses the strength of opposing armies and becomes just the question of food, not merely for the fighting men but for the women and children at home," he concluded.

"Speaking of conscription, the pacifists are making a disturbance about the Draft Bill," Howland suggested, giving him another start.

The captain trudged like an aged sentry the length of his short beat and back again before he answered.

"I never knew but one up-and-doing pacifist," he began with a singular smoothing of his raucous voice. "I had a great respect for him. He was a little runt of a fellow in my company; used to be a dry-goods clerk before the war. His name was Smith. His legs were especially designed for service in the cavalry and he was at the tail end of an infantry regiment. His hair sat up like black bristles on his head, which was round and flat. He had an ingrowing mouth, and a nose like the head of a spreading adder. It was terrible to hear him try to give the Rebel yell, his voice was so keen. And he was so short he always had to get up on something before he could see how to shoot. But when he climbed into a pine tree and wrapped his pothook legs round it, got his body hidden behind it, and stuck his old gun out like a dead limb among the green branches, he could beat any man I ever saw being a pacifist. He would sit there hour after hour, and he never missed a shot. I reckon he put more Yankees in the peace movement than any man in our regiment. The kind of pacifists you are talking about, sir, are simply the proud flesh that denotes diseased spots in the national life, gangrened with sentimentality."

"But the sentiment against conscription is not confined to the pacifists," Howland explained. "Some people believe it is inimicable to the spirit of freedom upon which our Constitution is based."

"So is war, for that matter. A democratic form of government is designed only to promote peace, personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the captain flung in.

"And there is, in some quarters, a feeling that some sort of stigma attaches to a conscripted man, that he is not so good as a volunteer, or so brave," Howland finished.

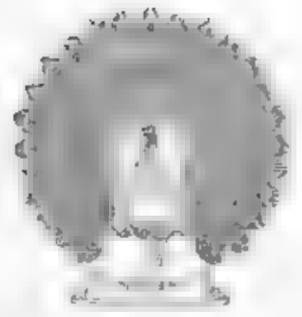
"You do not hear the men who must register under the Draft Bill expressing such opinions!" the captain exclaimed with a flare. "It is only the disloyal who traduce these men who must win or lose the bloodiest war in the history of the world. What a preparation they are giving them for that great business, sending them to their wounds and death with a slight put upon their courage at the start! Not every man that volunteers proves his courage. Sometimes he is a slacker taking a fool's chance to escape responsibilities at home. They don't make the best soldiers when the order comes to charge. Half the men in Lee's army during the last year of the war were conscripts. And they fought as well as the best.

"Listen to me, young man! It is not hatred of the enemy or convictions about the righteousness of a cause that make a good soldier. It is quality, the mettle of the man himself!" The captain went on impressively:

"Do you know what happens when a man like that goes into battle, with the ranks of the enemy rolling and spreading before him like a hurricane licking up the ground in waves of dust as it comes, and the air filled with the thunder of their drums, not his? For one instant the fear of death is upon him—his face is the face of a dead man covered with icy sweat. Then the hurricane leaps at him with the smoke of a thousand guns. It is as if he entered eternity. There are no heavens and no earth. His body is nothing. He sheds it. He is in the spirit. He is marching, ten thousand strong, to turn the hurricane. And I have seen him do it!

"Lord God!" he mourned. "To feel it once more, the joy that lifts a man above

(Concluded on Page 37)



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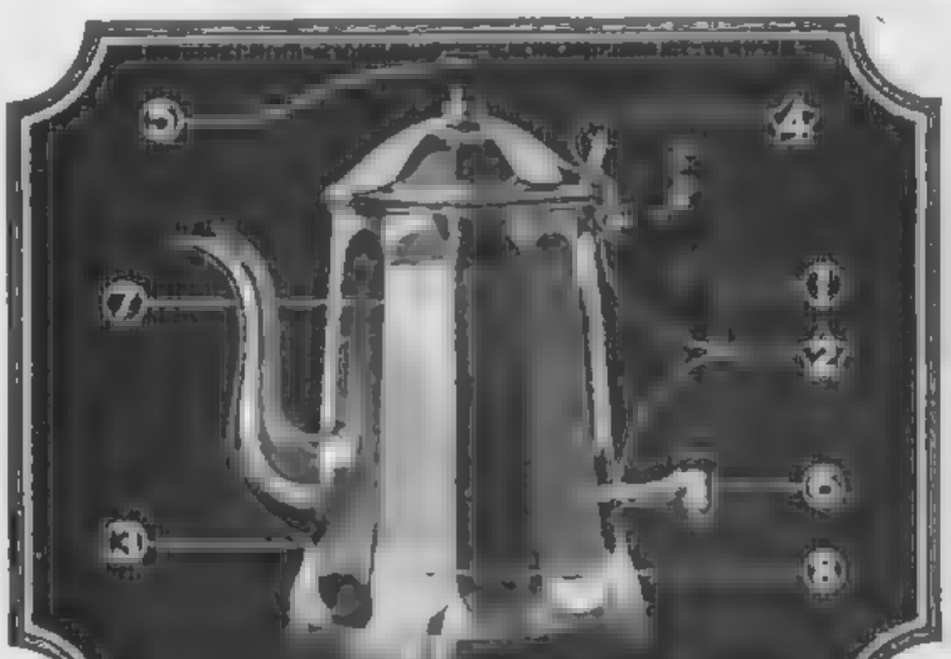

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(Concluded from Page 34)

the fear of death in battle! I would exchange all my Jerusalem hopes of Patmos peace for one such hour of immortality!"

He sat down heavily upon the bench and looked about him like a poor old exile who has just had a vision of happier days. He became very meek, answering his companion's questions briefly. No, he did not understand the submarine menace or fighting in the air or trench warfare. His experience had been of another kind. He enlisted when he was seventeen. He had about two weeks' training before his regiment faced the enemy in a terrible battle.

"We were all youngsters, with a few older men scattered along to hold us down or maybe to keep us from running. I don't know. You never can tell what boys will do until they do it. Most of us had never seen a Yankee soldier until we saw them crawling over their breastworks to charge us. Our commander just flung us into the fight as you drop a boy into the water to teach him how to swim. You don't teach him. He learns himself, to keep from being drowned. That is the way we learned to fight, by fighting as if all the devils in hell were after us."

"But the methods of modern warfare are very different. It is an exact science now, for which men must receive special training," Howland put in on the defensive.

"I suppose so," the captain returned; "but I'll tell you one thing, sir: Before this war is over, the forces of the Allied armies and the forces of the Teuton armies have got to come out in the open and have it out. Germany is trying to save her fleet, and England is saving hers. They are all trying to save, and it can't be finished that way. War is the family name of Destruction. And the first one that destroys the other wins the victory. They are saying that if we had known as much about military science in the sixties as is known now the Civil War could have been fought and ended in a year. The way their science is prolonging this one makes me doubt that."

"The fact that this country has joined the Allies ought to make a great difference," Howland said hopefully. "We shall have an army of five hundred thousand men in France soon."

"That many at least—and as many more will go," the old captain added after a silence.

"Yes, later of course."

"No; then," he insisted, lowering his voice.

Howland fumbled this cryptic remark in his mind.

"I don't quite get you," he said, looking doubtfully at him.

"Any ruffian can run amuck in a village street, shoot his gun empty without taking aim and kill two or three people," the captain began slowly.

Howland nodded.

"But," the other went on, "ten thousand men can face ten thousand, take deliberate aim, and maybe not a hundred are killed or wounded when the battle is over. They are trained marksmen. The enemy is in plain view. Yet that happens. It nearly always happens. If it did not no army could withstand another army. Do you know what that means?"

"Well, it might rise from a number of causes," the young officer began, hastily referring in his own mind to a certain book on tactics.

The captain waved his hand as if he dismissed causes.

"See that monument over there?" he said with a backward jerk of his head.

Howland looked over his shoulder. He saw the old men sitting, scattered through the grounds, leaning like deeper shades in the gathering dusk. And beyond them he saw above the brow of the hill the top of the monument.

"Two hundred old soldiers are buried round it," the old man said. "I knew them all here in the Home. Sometimes in the evening I go there. I make a call on my comrades.

"Well, yesterday I was down there. After I had walked round among them for a long time I sat on the base of the monument to rest. I was thinking of this war and of what it would mean if we could enlist and go—all these old fellows who have waited so long to die and be buried in peaceful ground. I recalled charges we had made, positions we had lost and carried in Virginia, the privations we had enjoyed together. We are no longer men, sir, but we have been men! I was comforting myself with that, and at the same time I was wondering what kind of men this country has produced in the last fifty years. Peace and prosperity do something to the quality of a man. They make him careful, not brave. I felt anxious about the future, about how they will face the crisis that is upon us. The sun went down and the dusk deepened. I could just see the head and foot stones of the graves about me like low beds in a hospital ward at night when they put the lights out and you are supposed to rest in spite of your wounds.

"Then I heard the booming of guns, a long way off, soft puffs of sound that rocked the earth. Suddenly my eyes, that are so old and dim I can scarcely see the path before my feet, saw Everything. And in the midst of Everything I saw young soldiers marching, thousands upon thousands of men, filling the world with the noise of their feet, with a terrific commotion. They crossed the seas in ships and marched again, so near the guns now that I could see the sweat of fear on their faces. Then they disappeared in the dust and smoke of a terrible field.

"I looked about me. What had been our little cemetery widened until it held the graves of all the dead who have died in battle. And those ridges of brown earth with the grass between were not graves at all, but soldiers wrapped in their blankets. Suddenly they flung these covers back and sprang to their feet, not the men we buried there, old and decrepit, but the young men they were fifty years ago. I could hear an old sergeant who was killed at Manassas shouting "Fall in! Fall in!" I could see them, you understand; I couldn't hear a sound. Lord, what an army! Men in long cloaks that swung back on the wind, men wearing cocked hats and swords, men in ragged gray uniforms and in faded blue uniforms, all together. I saw them as distinctly as I see your face, following that other army and disappearing in the dust and smoke of a terrible battle."

He stopped short and removed his hat. The act was significant, as if he bared his head to his thoughts marching by.

"You will never see all the men who fight beside you in France," he said gently. "These other soldiers will be there, too, between you and the enemy's guns, stiffening your knees in the charge, giving you the courage of ten thousand with which to die, if you must die—all the men who have fought themselves to dust in this land for liberty as you must fight now for the rights of those who come after you."

"Thank you. I get you," the young officer said, rising and offering his hand. "I am a regiment going to France," he added with a quick laugh.

The living have their superstitions, their fear of visions of the dead. We do our best to protect ourselves from this instinct. We provide our dear departed lavishly with another immortal existence, far happier than our own, by way of keeping them contented and—remote. Your brother was a beloved companion in the flesh; but if he is out of it, in the spirit, let him keep to the skies where he belongs!

I do not say that this is the basis of our faith in immortality; however, it has done much to strengthen it.

But can anyone imagine the anguish of memory the dead must feel if they recognize the living! You have been a long time in one place, which is not a place at all, like a shadow that never lifts, like a dream that never ends. Then someone comes to the door of your narrow house, a woman whom you loved or a man whom you wronged. And you cannot make yourself known to him or speak the word that would make all things right between you. And he passes on, leaving you there in the dark, never knowing or suspecting how near you have been to him.

The old captain had some such experience as that. He had recognized Howland as the son of a man whom he had known, who had been his friend, and from whom he had been estranged these many years.

He rose stiffly from his bench and walked slowly back to the Home. He climbed the stairs to his room, struck a match and looked at the clock. It was silent. The hands stretched straight across, the pendulum hanging like a little yellow moon imprisoned behind the flowered glass door, Paul and Silas leaning upon their staffs very calm and peaceful.

He sighed. He was very lonely. He thought he would take the clock to pieces to-morrow and try to make it tick, even if it never kept time.

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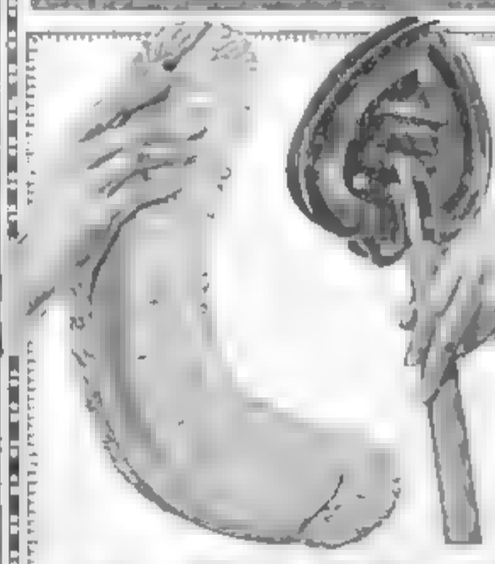

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SPRUSTEX POLISH "Gloss Without Grease"

Makes ANY Mop Give Better Results

Give your furniture and floors a clean, dry, lustrous finish. Use Sprustex Polish with its pleasant odor of Spruce Oil. You'll save time, save labor, save the mop, and save polish expense. Ask your dealer about Sprustex Polish and Mops today. If he hasn't them in stock and cannot get them, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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JOBBERS—Write for Special Selling Plan and Terms.
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Comfort in every position and posture

The Imperial Drop Seat Union Suit cannot "bind," "Gap" or "Sag"—ALWAYS an absolutely closed crotch

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"DROP SEAT" Union Suits

For sale at the better stores which sell Men's Wear

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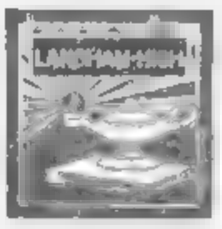

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In Sizes
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Fifteen *to*
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Years *of*
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SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

THE Atwater Kent Ignition System on your motor that is so simple and obvious in its design and unfailing in its performance is really the result of years of close study and careful step-by-step design—a problem of manufacture—an achievement of workmanship—an engineering triumph.

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ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS *Philadelphia*

See your Dealer, or write for particulars to 4937 Stenton Avenue.

THE CONGRESS

(Continued from Page 21)

The President rarely takes Congress into his confidence. Now and then he tells Congress what Congress must do or what Congress must not do; but as to informing Congress in a detailed way what use is being made of its twenty billions, or what results are being attained, nothing of the sort occurs. Now and then the President sees a Senator or a Representative, but not frequently. When Congress expressed a desire to send a commission to England and France to have a look, the President firmly squashed the plan by saying with a severe finality that no good end was to be attained by such a junket. "May I not suggest that you remain here, on the job?" he said, or words to that broad, general effect; and Congress at once decided that he had full power to suggest it, and to enforce the suggestion, and resolved to stay at home.

Likewise, when it was intimated that it would be a good thing, an admirable innovation, to have a congressional joint committee to assist the President in carrying on the war, the President squashed that also, and informed the Congress that he would consider the selection of such a committee as a reflection on him, and so on, in his own inimitable style. Of course, though that appeared to be a Republican dodge, there were a good many Democrats in it also, under cover, but they all decided they would let the matter drop. That was wise of them. Indeed, it was supererogatory, for the President let it drop for them, and dropped on it.

There is more real news as to what is going on from the European capitals than from ours. Not any of the big war makers are as silent as President Wilson. He talks to a few who are known to be invited in, and to a few others who come and go silently. He is not quoted. He writes his letters, his messages, his speeches; and he runs the war. The European responsible war makers, like Lloyd George and Painleve, the Frenchman, must talk to their people in order to hold their jobs.

Lloyd George may find his chair snatched from beneath him at any moment, and Painleve, the French premier, never knows whether his desk will be waiting for him when he goes down in the morning. But President Wilson is safe until March 4, 1921. By the Constitution he is commander in chief. That is what gives the President his strength—that and his natural capability—and makes him the greatest war maker of the lot.

The Fault of the People

Wherefore Congress trails along behind him, in the dark mostly, wondering where it is going, but doing what he demands. And when we come to tot up the achievements of Congress it will be found that those achievements, no matter how ardently Congress may try to arrogate full credit to Congress for them, will be mostly the achievements of the President, aided by the urge of the situation. Congress will have but a reflected glory, for Congress did what the President told Congress to do. Congress worked out the detail; the President supplied the initiative.

My first detailed observation of Congress began twenty years ago, and since that time I have observed it rather closely. Since that time, too, I in common with all others who have watched Congress have seen its gradual deterioration in the quality of its membership, until at present the average quality is below what it was in 1900, say, both in the Senate and in the House. Now it is the opinion of many people that the widely advertised panacea for our political ills, the direct primary, is responsible for this, in a measure; and it is certain enough that there are men in both the Senate and the House who in no conceivable circumstances would have been nominated by the old convention system, or selected, in the case of the Senate, by the legislatures.

The Congress isn't responsible for this; the people are. They send these men to Washington, and keep them there. They now have their chance—the people—to select the best they have, but it seems to be the rule that the greater the demagogue the easier is his access to congressional honors. Surely that is evidenced in the Senate, for example, where there are a dozen men who aren't fit to be county supervisors, to say nothing of being Senators, but who are astute in the appeal to the unthinking people. Look them over. Watch them perform. Listen to their declaiming. They did not get to Congress of their own accord. The people sent them, the very people who bewail the Congress and deplore and deprecate the weaknesses of our legislative system and of the men who take part in it.

There is nothing the matter with Congress as an institution. Its operations and its membership cause the concern, for when a country as big as this elects and submits to a Congress that has in it so many mediocre men, the country deserves what it gets, and more. The mere fact that in an extraordinary situation a Congress may act in an extraordinary way is no guaranty for anything save what it actually accomplished under the stress of circumstance. Moreover, this war isn't over yet, and this present Congress has not completed its labors, either in a war or in an ordinary governmental sense.

How the Stayers Rise

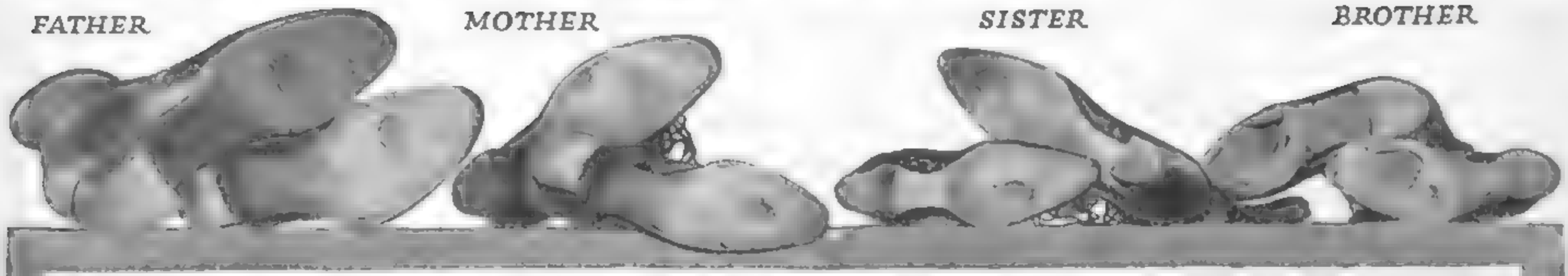
Even the mediocrity of Congress would not be so disastrous if the system of Congress did not put a premium on that mediocrity if only it can retain itself in either Senate or House. No one would expect that constituencies such as ours would send five hundred and thirty-three intellectual giants to Congress—or thirty-three, even; but the phase of it that makes the legislative processes of Congress what they are, and the legislative sessions what they are, is not the lack of big men but the elevation of small men.

Seniority prevails. All that is required of a Senator or a Representative, no matter how meager his capacity, is the power to hold his job. Inevitably he will rise to commanding position, by the law of succession. Any man, no matter who, who can get on a committee of importance—and any man can, as the committee list will show—has only to secure reelection term after term to come to be chairman of that committee, and thus highly important in the work of the Congress. All he has to do is to sit steady and the mutations of time—death, defeat—will bring him to the top on his side of the committee, either Democratic or Republican. Then if his party comes into power he gets his chairmanship, being the ranking member. Thus, for example, we observe Claude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, Halifax County, North Carolina, chairman of the greatest House committee, the Committee on Ways and Means, and, because of that fact, the Democratic leader on the floor.

Kitchin is a typical product of the situation or precedent, rather, just outlined. He has been in Congress sixteen years—eight terms—and is now serving his ninth term, which began last March. During the course of that sixteen years Kitchin became a member of the Ways and Means Committee. Then all he had to do was to stay in Congress, for, sooner or later, Congress was bound to change in complexion, and when that change came, if Kitchin was there, or if any other Democrat had been there, as ranking member of the former minority, Kitchin, or the other, would succeed to the chairmanship of the great committee—great so far as its power is concerned—automatically. It so happened that Kitchin, having stuck through Republican rule, was the ranking member of the committee when the Democrats came in; therefore Kitchin became chairman of the committee and Democratic leader in the House.

Scotland Neck is a small village in the northeastern part of North Carolina, presumably as progressive and as flourishing as the other small villages of North Carolina. Kitchin was born near that village in 1869, and has practiced law in the village since 1890. He is a graduate of Wake Forest College, North Carolina. He never, so far as I have heard, held any public office until he came to Congress. However salubrious Scotland Neck may be, and however flourishing, it nevertheless is a small town and has the inevitable small-town environment and atmosphere. Kitchin began in it, and has remained of it. He is a man of narrow vision, parochial habit of thought, and highly contentious in a small-town way. He is an orator of the Bryan type, with a catch in his voice when he refers to the woes of the pee-pul. He howls unceasingly against all accumulations of wealth; and wealth to

(Continued on Page 41)



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THE PERFECT SHOE SOLE

DON'T make a blind request for shoe soles when resoling the family shoes. If you do not specifically ask for FLEXOAK Leather Soles you cannot be sure of getting "The Perfect Shoe Sole." Ask for FLEXOAK Leather Soles so that you will be assured of long wear, dry feet and comfort.

FLEXOAK Soles are genuine leather. Every sole is cut from a hide which has been especially tanned for the specific purpose of making shoe soles—tanned by the FLEXOAK process, perfected through 40 years of labor, research and experiment. From the selection of the raw hides to the packing into the carton, the one aim and object is *shoe sole quality.*

Good, honest, long wear is the first consideration. Next, comfort to the feet. Last, but by no means least, good looks. There is absolutely no way to get these in greater measure than by resoling your shoes with FLEXOAK Leather Soles.

FLEXOAK Leather Soles are compact, tough, solid, tight. On the feet they are flexible yet supporting, non-burning. All this because they are tanned with the one object in view of producing soles that will have these qualities.

Each pair of FLEXOAK Leather Soles come in a carton. Read the carton. Look for the trade-mark on the carton and stamped deeply in every sole.

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There are three members of the FLEXOAK family—each at a different price—each the utmost value for the money. There is a price to fit every purse—a sole to fit every shoe. The finest of these is the five-star (Marked thus—★★★★★ on the sole and on the carton).

SPECIAL OFFER—If your dealer has not yet been supplied, we will gladly send a pair of men's five-star postpaid upon receipt of a dollar bill. Mention color (either black or tan) and size of shoes.

FLEXOAK Full Soles have "backbone." They support the arch of the foot—preventing Flat Foot. To fit all sizes of men's shoes. Two colors—Black and Tan.

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The next time you buy new shoes, look for the FLEXOAK trade-mark on the sole. When you see it, you may be sure that you have "The Perfect Shoe Sole."

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LEATHER SOLE
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CUT FROM HIGH GRADE SOLE LEATHER-FROM SELECTED STEER HIDES. ESPECIALLY TANNED BY US FOR FLEXOAK SOLES.
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LARGEST EXCLUSIVE LEATHER SOLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD
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Every pair in a carton like this

Be sure you see this trade mark stamped deeply on every sole

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Tramp, tramp, tramp the Boys
are munching – Life Savers

"What makes them taste so cool and fresh?" said Files-on-Parade.
"The flavor, lad—'tis crisp as ice," the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes them seem to brace me up?" said Files-on-Parade.
"The sugar, lad—'tis full o' pep," the Color Sergeant said.

"For they're genuine Life Savers; you should always have them by,
When marchin', lad, an' drillin'—an' your mouth gets hot an' dry.
They're soothin' after smokin'—take a bunkie's tip and try
To keep Life Savers always in your pocket."

Send your soldier boy a box—today. Nothing will please him better.

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 38)

his mind apparently means anything more than a few thousand dollars. In his speeches he refers to himself as "one of the small fellows," or "a small fellow like myself."

Now, by virtue of his inherited position as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee Kitchin has been the chief and determining House factor in the making up of war-revenue bills, for the Constitution says that all revenue legislation must originate in the House of Representatives, and the Ways and Means Committee is the committee where it is framed. War-revenue bills are for the purpose of supplying money for the conduct of our war, and presuppose a burden laid on the willing people as equitably as possible. Wherefore, it would seem that the man who is the chief factor in forming and framing war-revenue bills should, at least, be in full sympathy with the war his country is engaging in, so that the needs of the war and the necessities of the people might be considered from a viewpoint at least sympathetic.

How about Kitchin? He fought preparedness bitterly, insistently, openly. Not longer ago than August 26, 1915, he said in a statement of his position that he was willing to appropriate "millions for submarines and mines, but not a cent for battleships or big navies. After this war no European nation will be in a position to fight us. The protection of our coasts is all that is necessary, and it won't take more than from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 to do that."

He opposed the President's preparedness plan of the fall of 1915, voted against the Panama Canal Tolls Exemption Repeal and against the Ship Purchase Bill. In a letter to a constituent, printed in the newspapers on November 12, 1915, he said: "If we must in the future enter a career of militarism and navalism, can't we wait a while? Will it not be wise for us to wait the termination of the present war, and then, having learned its full lesson, with calmness and comprehension take our proper bearings, determine the policy and proceed with the program?"

Mr. Kitchin and the War

He issued a statement on November 20, 1915, in which he said: "All this talk and writing about our utter helplessness or dangerous unpreparedness or defenseless condition is pure tommyrot."

What is going on now and what has been going on since the time he called protest over our unpreparedness tommyrot show the limited vision of this man and his lack of appreciation of national needs. If further proof of that attitude is required it is found in a letter from him, printed in the New York Evening Post on November 20, 1915, in which, after a long preamble, he speaks about "people catching the fright and fever which war jingoes and war traffickers have spread, and chiming in with their senseless wailings over our dangerous unpreparedness, and their yelp for a big navy and a big army, dreadnoughts, battleships, five hundred thousand standing army; for millions and hundreds of millions of additional appropriations; for more burdens, more taxation, more deficits, and no surplus and no balances, I catch myself asking, what in God's name is the matter with our people? Have we lost our senses and gone mad?"

He kept this up. He was the most powerful foe to preparedness in Congress. Indeed, the President recognized him as such, and when it was necessary for the President to get action against the McLemore resolution, which would have prohibited Americans from going to sea on any but American ships—have closed the seas to them—the President in writing to expedite the defeat of this pernicious resolution on February 29, 1916, did not write to Kitchin, the House Democratic floor leader, but to Representative Pou, acting chairman of the Rules Committee.

Kitchin voted to table that resolution; but on August 15, 1916, this party leader was one of thirty-five Democrats who voted against the big-navy program, a vital feature of our preparedness program, so long delayed because of obstructors.

More than that, Kitchin continued against war and out of harmony with the American program and the vital necessities of the situation. He not only voted against the declaration of war on April sixth last, but made the principal speech in the House against the declaration of war and, as publicly stated at the time by many of the correspondents in Washington, undoubtedly by his efforts and speech gave stimulus to others to vote against the declaration of war, and in just that measure justified the German claim that the Congress was not unanimously for war.

The fact of it is that Kitchin is an earnest but small man, with such mental limitations and lack of vision as to be unconvinced by the events of the past three years.

Mr. Kitchin undertook, by virtue of his inherited position as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, to get revenue for the war. He announced that it was to be "a rich man's war but a poor man's fight," and hodgepodged together what was the most unscientific, reckless, undigested revenue bill this country or any other has ever known, announcing when he rose to explain it to the House: "I shall vote for it with my eyes shut."

Unscientific Taxation

Moreover, Kitchin, during the debate on the bill in the House, said to the Southern Democrats to whom he was appealing for votes: "You want to understand that the biggest part of this tax will be paid north of Mason and Dixon's Line."

In addition to the many other inequities and slapdash absurdities forced into the bill a provision was inserted in conference that doubly taxes a large portion of the tax-paying men and women of this country—the salaried men and the professional men, who, notwithstanding greatly increased income taxes, are taxed a further eight per cent on all income in excess of six thousand dollars a year, with no such tax applied to those who get their incomes by inherited investment or in similar manner. In other words, this drastic increased tax was put on the workers and the drones escaped.

Moreover, exemption was made for the salaries of members of Congress and public officials, and thus they were saved this double taxation which was imposed on the salaried and professional men of the country. It was claimed after the tax was discovered by the public that service of the Government is not "business."

The New York World, the greatest Democratic newspaper in this country, in referring to Kitchin on the day after his vote and speech against the war resolution, said:

"In his speech opposing the war resolution in the House Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina, dwelt movingly upon questions of personal honor, conscience and pride. He was willing to make any sacrifice and to face any contumely for peace.

"Mr. Kitchin chances by reason of seniority alone to be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which makes him the majority leader in the House of Representatives. From the day he gained his place until now he has been most of the time in opposition to his party. He has not been a leader. He has been an obstructionist. His attitude toward the war has only rounded out a long record of disaffection from those who are nominally his political associates.

"It is strange that a man so conscious of honor, pride and duty should remain at a post which he knows he ought not to occupy. . . . As most people view it there is nothing that honor dreads more than a false or equivocal position. . . . His honor and his conscience would have a wider appreciation if he surrendered a leadership reflecting no credit on himself and bringing confusion to the Democratic Party."

This is a sample of how the seniority system of Congress works, and it brings up the question, of course, why, if these things are true, do the other members of the Senate and House permit such men as Kitchin to be so-called leaders. The answer is found in the great urge of self-preservation. If one little and unfit man in the Congress is deposed and the rule of seniority abrogated in his case, then a precedent would be established; and think of the sad fates that would befall so many other little men who have stuck for years in their jobs as Representatives and Senators and attained important chairmanships. The boys all stand together in order that they may get theirs individually when the time comes.

However, as a further example of how this seniority system works out to the disadvantage of the public, look at some of those chairmanships, as at present held.

Of course this isn't the fault of anything but the system, and reference to it is made here merely to explain many things that are not understood by the people,

For Quick "Getting There"

When your presence is urgently needed at the office—when it is important that you catch a certain train—when you want to get to the theatre on time—there will not be a minute's delay in starting your car if you have in your garage a

MR BUYER IS HERE—MUST LEAVE ON THE 10 O'CLOCK TRAIN

WASCO CAR HEATING SYSTEM

Coal-Burning Self-Regulating Hot-Water

READY TO SET UP

One-Car System Complete, Only $65

I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES

It is more than a stove. WASCO includes a trouble-proof automatic regulator; an all-cast iron, coal burning, hot-water heater, and a handsome wall radiator. It will keep your car warm—actually the coldest weather with attention only once a day.

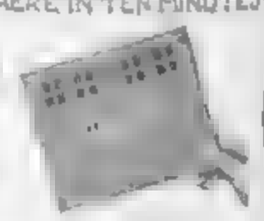
Pipes and connections cut to fit. Your chauffeur or any handy man can set it up in a few hours.

Approved by Fire Underwriters, Insurance Men and Fire Chiefs

[illegible] WASCO [illegible] saves big repair bills, [illegible] of freezing [illegible]

Write for Big, FREE Catalog

[illegible] WASCO systems for private garages. Also gives letters [illegible] many users in all parts of the country.



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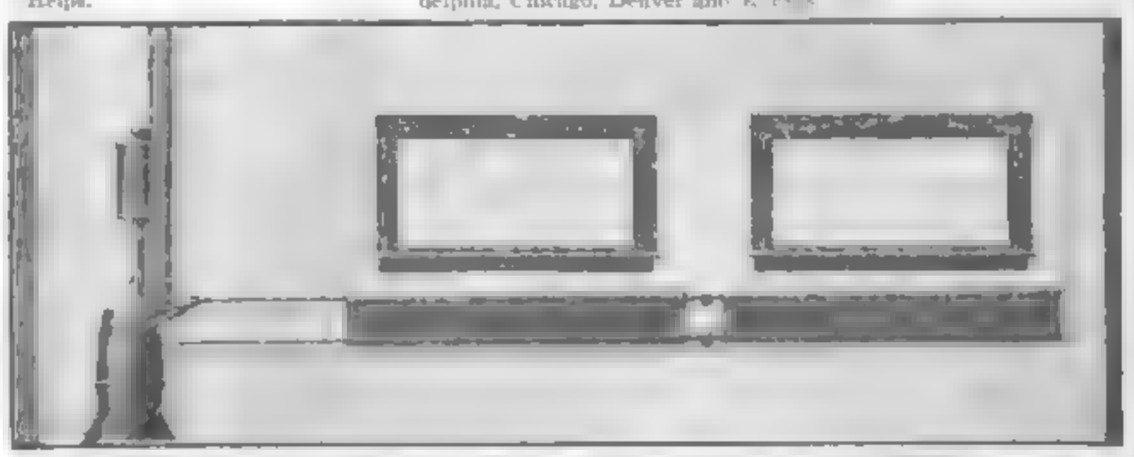

A 2 Car WASCO System (with Circulator) $84. This heater and one radiator make a 1-Car WASCO System $65

About Face —

SHAVING with a **Gem Damaskeene Razor** keeps you right "about face"—assures that alert, smartened-up feeling that helps you to step into the front ranks. The **Gem** puts *comfort* in your kit—no price increase—same number of blades—outfit better than ever—our contribution to the boys in the service.

$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with **seven Gem Damaskeene Blades,** shaving and stropping handles, in handsome case.

Separate Set Gem Blades—7 for 35c

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GEM DAMASKEENE BLADE RAZOR

The new
SQUADRON
Front - 2⅝ In.
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SLIDEWELL
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COLLAR
TROOPER
Front—2⅜ In.
Back—1¾ In.

SQUADRON is the new collar that does not cut your shirt—made with "modified curves."

TROOPER is the same style—with same features—for those who wish a little lower collar.

Like all SLIDEWELL collars, this new model is made with the exclusive SLIDEWELL features—the Patented Tie-protecting Shield and Graduated Tie space. Ask your dealer.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Makers, Troy, New York

20c. each
2 for 35c.
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Money
Earned in
One Month

Miss Purdy of Kansas

MISS PEARL PURDY, residing in a small Kansas town, wanted some extra money for Christmas. The plan she selected to earn it brought her more than $250.00 in a single month.

The plan was simple. She merely asked the people she knew to order yearly subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, either for themselves or as sensible, economical Christmas gifts for their friends.

When she explained that the publishers forward to the recipient of a Christmas gift subscription a beautiful presentation card, mailed to arrive on Christmas morning, what was the result? An avalanche of orders and of profits!

Let us pay *your* Christmas bills

Your own town offers you a similar opportunity to make money. This year, above all others, you would like to *earn* your own Christmas money. You still have time, for we will help you, as we have helped hundreds of others.

The details of our liberal offer will be sent at once if you address

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who themselves are responsible but who shirk that responsibility and who complain of Congress. And it would be most unjust to many men of excellent parts in both House and Senate not to say that there is a leaven of strong, sensible, visioned men in both branches; men who do not foray madly against business, who are not so obsessed with getting cheers from the pee-pul that they will advocate the popular whether that popular is just or not; men who know and feel the needs of the country, and who work for the United States, not for localized sections of the United States; who are national legislators instead of sectional legislators; men who, however parochial they may have been when they came to Washington, expanded to a sense of nationality instead of remaining as narrow and sectional and ill-visioned, and as lacking in comprehension of the great demands of a hundred millions of people, as a large number of their colleagues have remained.

However, there it is, and here we are, in the midst of a world war, and with uncounted responsibilities ahead of this present Congress, for it will go into regular session next December and it will have life as at present constituted until the next crop comes in, to be elected in the fall of 1918, and to go into session in March, 1919, if there should be need for a session in advance of the regular session time, which will be in December, 1919. Here we are, with a Congress largely mediocre, partly demagogical and with an aggregate understanding of what this war means to us and to the world as copious as that of a freshman class in political economy. To date, the Congress—this first session of the sixty-fifth organized demonstration of our Congresses—has at least supplied money liberally, and has made such other laws, or part of them, as the occasion demanded. Wherefore, praise be to it and its works, without inquiring into the detail of it; praise be to it, and three discreet cheers, remembering these things: This Congress was the creature of an impelling situation. It could not escape from its obligation, no matter if it had wished. It has its leaven of men who had strength enough to suppress certain of the demagogues. It has sense enough to recognize its lack of knowledge for once, and to take the urge of the situation for its guide instead of responding to its congenital and congressional tendencies.

It has done well. It might have done better—have been more prompt, for example. It had no opportunity or disposition to do worse; and no chance, for the situation overwhelmed it and brought it to taw. It deserves its credit, but it has a long time yet to work and it is not entitled to its distinguished-service decoration until it has finished its labors. Be calm!

There is one closing remark to make, however, and that is this: The American Congress is an entirely American institution and ours to say what we choose about, and to feel as we may about. If any person thinks that entirely adequate billions to finance this war and to win it will not be forthcoming, that person is dismally in error. This Congress does not know where it is going but it is on its way, and any number of billions of dollars will not stop it—not twenty, or fifty, or a hundred—nor give the American people pause.

Sense and Nonsense

His Price

WHILE ashore in a port of one of the little island republics in the Caribbean a number of United States marines attended a bull fight that was graced by the presence of His Excellency the president of the republic. The sea soldiers occupied a box near the presidential party and, to amuse themselves while waiting for the show to begin, threw pennies into a river that flowed by the arena and watched native boys dive for them. The word quickly passed that *soldados Americanos* were pitching wealth into the muddy waters; and soon hundreds of black shining faces were on the banks of the river just outside the bull ring. The marines enjoyed themselves hugely watching the little fellows dive, but finally ran out of pennies and were forced to raise the limit to quarters and half dollars. One marine, more reckless than the others, pitched a big silver dollar, while a score of black boys dived for it. He was just about to repeat the performance when an excited native seated near by plucked at his sleeve and whispered hoarsely: "Please don't do that, señor, you'll have the president diving."

Hints for the Sportsman

FOR a long time, being addicted to certain old-timer notions of his own, the writer would have nothing to do with the little tubular flash lights that you see so generally displayed in sporting-goods stores. Round camp they are, however, sometimes quite useful. In a country where there are no street lights and where the village street after sunset is something of a problem, such a portable lantern is better than the kind that used to require a pint of kerosene inserted into its anatomy every evening. Of course you have to keep up the batteries, but most of us are not out in camp over half the time anyway, so that one extra battery will last through a very long trip. For any exploration after dark, whether one is catching frogs or hunting roosting chickens, these portable little contrivances are quite useful.

There might be a score or possibly a hundred of other things in the way of novelties or utilities that perhaps have not come to the attention of Smith or Jones as yet. The pages of the great catalogues of to-day offer very interesting reading. They present for us a great deal of rubbish and some articles of genuine merit; and often they add gratuitous information quite useful to the sportsman.

For instance, one catalogue that I recall having seen not long ago had a page describing very plainly the tying of the different knots that are most useful for the angler—the leader knot, leader and line knot, dropper fly knot, invisible knot, and so on—all things that any man who uses fishing tackle ought to be able to negotiate without difficulty.

Pages on rifle sights also may be informing to beginners; and there are countless other little odds and ends of information. Were it not for the extreme danger of the practice, one could confidently recommend the use of these catalogues for exclusive evening literature. Continuous reading of this class is, however, most pernicious, especially if one be blessed with a large and extensive family which requires actual food or an occasional pair of shoes. Not that, in the writer's belief, such details as these latter ought to outweigh the great and necessary things of life; which, as every sportsman very well knows, are those found in the garage, the locker room or the gun closet.

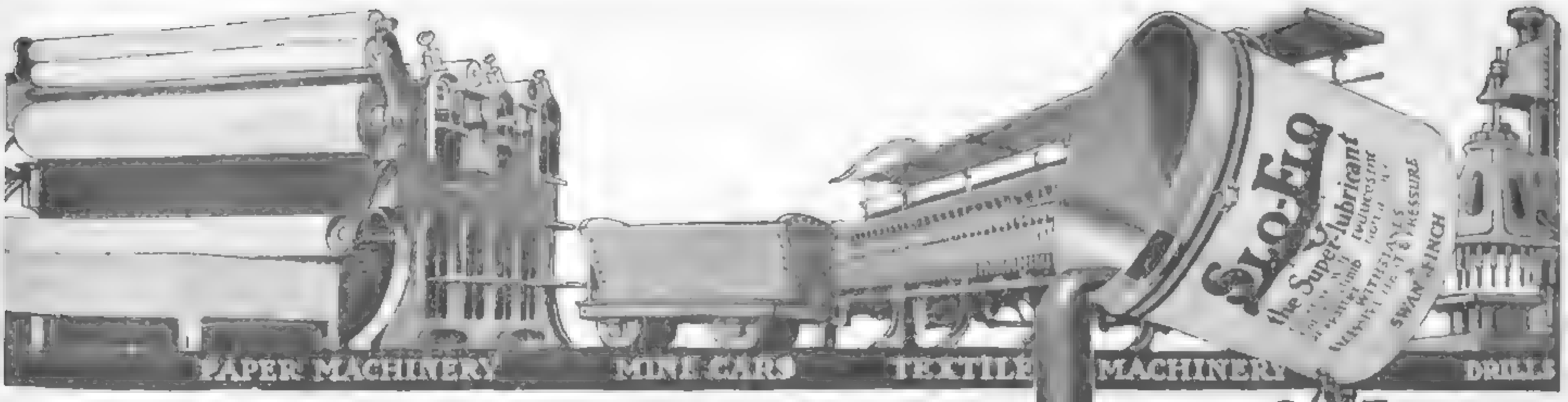
Only Temporary

THIS happened on the U. S. S. Panther, en route to Cuba in April, 1898, with a battalion of United States marines which later landed at Guantanamo and established a naval base. The third morning out from the States a big raw-boned Irish-American marine went to the first sergeant of his company and said:

"Sergeant, you'll have to find me a new place to sleep."

"I'll try," returned the sergeant, "but this transport is pretty crowded. Where have you been sleeping, my man?"

"I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it any longer," was the reply.



How Some Manufacturers Save Machinery—& money

Manufacturers are fast learning—through experience—the need for scientific lubrication.

Machinery protection means production insurance. It means efficient operation. It pays dividends in longer life of machinery—in better production.

"Penny wise—pound foolish" methods of purchasing lubricants wreck machinery, decrease production—and are no longer a part of the big-business program.

Correct lubrication is cheapest—sometimes even in first cost—always in ultimate cost.

Slo-Flo

—a super-lubricant, produced by the Acaloric Process—an exclusive method evolved by Swan & Finch engineers.

Its slow-flowing, clinging qualities, which prevent climbing, dripping and spattering, make it the efficient, economical lubricant for a wide range of machinery uses.

Slo-Flo is being extensively used—

—in railway and other machine shops, and in industrial and power plants where excessive heat and bearing pressure must be overcome.

—for delicate, fast-running machinery in textile and other mills, where an oil is impracticable because of its fluidity—yet where instant or *constant* lubrication is vital.

—for mine-car roller-bearing lubrication—for axle lubrication of the heavier motor trucks—and for the lighter work necessitated by finer machinery, such as automobile speedometers.

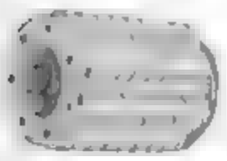
Slo-Flo is adhesive and cohesive—heat and pressure resisting—non-volatile—it reduces lubricating costs.

Manufactured by Swan & Finch, this product, a non-fluid oil, has been sold through a large eastern distributor for more than 15 years. Now, bearing the name of Slo-Flo, it is being offered throughout the various industries by the Swan & Finch sales organization and distributors.

Samples, complete information and prices of any Swan & Finch products gladly sent on request.

The cumulative experience of Swan & Finch Engineering Department, gained in 64 years of correct grease and oil applications, is at the service of customers. Correspondence is invited for co-operation with manufacturers and plant engineers for the solution of individual problems.

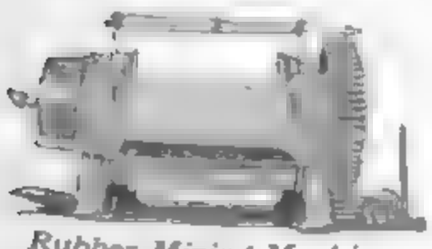
Air Brakes
Courtesy, Westinghouse Air Brake Co.



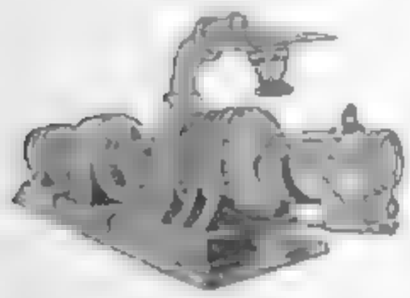
Roller Bearings
Courtesy, Hyatt Roller Bearing Co.

Dynamos and Motors
Courtesy, Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

Printing Presses
Courtesy, Babcock Press Mfg. Co.



Rubber-Mixing Machinery
Courtesy, Electric Cable Co.



Hydraulic Pumps
Courtesy, Worthington Pump Co.

SWAN AND FINCH COMPANY
NEW YORK

Quality Oil and Grease Products Since 1853

To factory, mill and railway supply, automobile accessory, hardware and oil jobbers and dealers:

An unusual opportunity is still open in some territories for a permanent, profitable distributing connection for the world-known S-F Atlas Grease and Oil Specialties, selling to mills, manufacturing and industrial plants, railways, and auto accessory distributors. Write for prices, plans and territorial arrangements

S F ATLAS SUPPLIES

Specialties:—

SLO-FLO

The super-lubricant—cohesive—will not drip, climb or spatter—withstands excessive heat and pressure

CUPESE

The Swan & Finch "hall-mark" name of a complete line of quality cup greases. Produced by the original manufacturers of mineral oil grease, by the special Acaloric Process.

[illegible]

A correct lubricant for motor car transmissions and differentials. Reduces friction, reduces wear. Follows the gears continuously, leaving no spots where metal can touch metal. Unaffected by temperature changes. Insures a silent, smooth-running car

TEXTUL

A special high quality oil product for wool and worsted manufacture, produced after extensive research work by Swan & Finch Engineers. Commands all the good qualities of Red and Lard Oils and yet is offered at far less cost. Saponifies readily, carries well through the carding process and is easily washed out—needs no alkali added for emulsion.

AERUL

A practical, quality oil for aeroplane motors. The correct viscosity combined with proper cold test values gives perfect seal and maximum horse power with maximum safety

MOTUL

A quality motor oil, produced in a variety of densities for every motor need—from heavy trucks and tractors to the delicate requirements of fine high speed multi-cylinder motor cars.

ASBESTESE

An asbestos wool-mixed grease combination for correct car journal lubrication. An improvement on oil-soaked waste, where oil drips and necessitates frequent re-packing. Asbestese will lubricate efficiently without re-packing for from four to eight months—under all conditions—and will stand up at 30° below and 300° above zero.

CORUL

A combination of special oils that meets the 11 requirements of perfect core making for malleable and grey iron castings. Corul is made to meet the needs of the most exacting job, and yet is economical enough to justify its use for all classes of work.

MARINUL

A world-known special oil, produced to meet the extensive demands of marine service.

TALESE

A high grade grease preparation produced by the Swan & Finch Engineering Department. Easily the equal of tallow for drop forge die swabbing at 50% less cost. Is especially practical because of low flash tendency and minimum of smoke.

Also—

Atlas Engine Oils	Atlas Tempering & Quenching Oils
Atlas Cylinder Oils	Atlas Spindle and Loom Oils
Atlas Turbine Oils	Atlas Wool Oils
Atlas Dynamo and Motor Oil	Atlas Leather Oils and Greases
Atlas Crank Case Oil	Atlas Fish Oils
Atlas Transformer Oil	
Atlas Cutting Oils	

4¢ Enlists
CICO PASTE
in Your Efficiency Campaign

THIS new liquid paste for home or office is *always* on duty, ready for instant service. CICO is the most alert, businesslike little handy helper you ever saw. It sticks fast when spread thin. No water-well to splash or go dry at the critical moment. CICO is one of the

Carter Inx
Quality Products

Send us a couple of red stamps and an introductory size bottle of CICO will march right up to your desk prepared to finish up your pasting jobs in double-quick time.

Stationers sell CICO in two sizes of popular-priced desk jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. When do you want CICO to begin work for you?

Here's the Adjustable Brush, which allows the last bit of paste to be used. The handle slides through a safety cap which always keeps the fingers clean.

THE CARTER'S INK CO.
Boston New York
Chicago Montreal

Also manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons.

Florsheim SHOE

THE increased cost of high-grade materials makes it more important than ever that you rely on a quality trade-mark for the satisfaction you have a right to expect.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Ormond—
A roomy, high grade shape—
Look for name in shoe

A TREASURE UPON EARTH

(Continued from Page 8)

"I don't know how to thank you," she said. She divined the man wanted no payment. He was looking at her again with that impersonal searching expression, as though he were plumbing her worth.

"It's nothing," he said gently. His low barytone had the vibrant, magnetic quality his eyes possessed. "Only too glad!" he murmured. What was it about him that intrigued her interest? A certain poise and a sense of secrecy—he looked as if he was eternally on his guard.

"Any time I can help——" he muttered.

"Well, thank you," she said. "Perhaps I'll call on that help sometime to explore the cabarets, and you can have mine to investigate the churches."

She ran up the steps through the rain, laughing easily. She heard the car purr off in the distance. The whole incident had been commonplace—merely the offer of a lift in a car by a man to a woman caught in the rain—but it rose up in her mind queerly, towering, as though it had been the crowning event in a big day. She tried to recollect what she could of his appearance, his manner, his voice.

She put it out of her mind, or at least attempted to, for it seemed silly to her to think of it, but an hour later it was there still. A commonplace incident it had been, but it stuck in her mind, and it occurred to her that after all the seemingly commonplace incidents are the fuse trains of the great explosions of life. What if——

She laughed again, but nearly immediately she found herself thinking of him once more. The hardly seen features had imprinted themselves on her mind as a pattern of acid etches itself on metal. There are faces one glimpses in the streets, whose owners one feels one could kill without mercy, so unintelligibly antagonistic they are. There are the once-seen features of people with whom a man senses he might become life-long friends. And there are faces, it is said, one flash of which awakens love forever. But it was none of these sentiments that was roused in her.

"What is it?" she asked herself. "What can it be?"

And suddenly she knew. It was the look in his eyes that had struck her, and she knew that look. It was in her own often. It was the look of a person out of focus with life; and his poise and defensive quality were to him what to her demureness was.

Her father came in. There was a soft, far-away look in his eye and a triumphant smile about the corners of his mouth. The great plans were ready at last, and next week the big campaign would be launched for the new venture that was to make him more popular than ever, and rich above his dreams, and powerful as only men with great resources are powerful. He saw himself as potent as a Rothschild, bidding dynasties tremble at his whim, building cities, contracting continents to his plans. Across the world a vision of gold lay beckoning to vast achievements and to mighty discoveries, like the road of sunshine across water that lured Columbus to a new world.

She watched him for an instant. She could not fathom that expression on his features.

"What are you thinking of, father?" she asked.

"Nothing at all!" he answered with careful negligence. The time was not yet.

He looked across at her. There was something unusual in her manner, also. A sort of dreamy languor had spread over her face.

"What is it you're thinking of, Enda?" he asked banteringly.

She turned her head aside quickly, blushing, before she answered the question as he did; for by some obscure chain of thought her mind had traveled from the features of the man she had just met to a picture of the thing she had been secretly longing for these innumerable days—a picture of flashing lights and silver and white napery, of well-dressed men and well-gowned women, of waiters hurrying hither and thither in a frenzy of service, while on a waxed floor dancers moved glidingly, now advancing, now retreating, to the high lilting strain of the little guitars called ukuleles and the rhythmic mutter of the palm drum.

VI

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA says: "It is a greater danger to seek the future by divination than even to call up by formula the Unknown God. The Unknown God may blast the body with fire, as he did to Nicholas Flamel and his wife Pernella. Evil demons flash ever by oracles to wreak mischievous destinies, and a mischievous destiny hunts not alone the physical body but the immortal soul and the marvelous power of the mind."

There is the famous example of Croesus, the Greek, who wished to make war on the Medes and consulted the oracle at Delphi. "When a mule reigns over the Persians," laughed the priestess, "then fly for your life!" which would be never, thought the Greek. And when King Croesus, fettered hand and foot, stood on the top of the pyre before his conqueror, then he remembered that Cyrus' mother was the noblest of the Medes and his father meanest of the barbarians. Even in Apollo's oracle the wandering demons ventured to speak with the tongue of a god.

I wonder what evil demon wandered into Howard Strong's study on Fourth Avenue, on its journey up and down the city and to and fro in it. And I wonder if ever it could have guided the finger of the shrewd, ambitious clergyman to that verse of Ecclesiastes, that wise, kindly, upright, ancient man:

"A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things."

. . . . . .

In that inexplicable kinetic chemistry which we call life there is born here and there, in a periodicity that we cannot establish, a personality with mighty powers for either good or evil. Great men rise in great times from the most unlikely horizons; or they come in dullness, their coming unheralded and unmarked. I know not how far Rocco Lambi will justify his star, but I do know this: That so far as evil was concerned he showed what amounted to genius.

There is little record of his birth beyond a bare baptismal certificate in a well-nigh forgotten church in downtown Manhattan. There is little record of him at school. There are so many Italian children, and so many of them clever. His career begins at a seminary for education for the priesthood near New York. His father and mother wished to gain social position and a sort of lien on the chairs of paradise. The greengrocery business is profitable in a small but steady way, and they were able to afford the cost of college.

"He may in time become a bishop," they told themselves, "and even a pope. All popes are Italians!"

Their ecclesiastical history was at fault, but not so much as their judgment was. From matins until lauds the pious and gentle fathers had a stubborn, sullen, savage novice on their hands. All things have their limits, even piety and gentleness. They decided he had no vocation, though he had rare talents—chiefly in the mechanical line. But they deplored his temperament, and with formal reluctance and actual relief they sent him home.

Perhaps the Lambis were disappointed in their social ambitions, and perhaps they considered their prospects of tenancy in the heavenly regions endangered—the greengrocery business, I am told, admits of many peccadillos—but the fact is, they drove their son from their doors.

"Get out of our sight, you son of a dog!" they spat at him. "You lazy, worthless, good-for-nothing, dirty and mangy cur!"

Dispassionately the Lambis might have remembered that religious fervor is hardly a thing that parents can order into being or colleges inculcate. But they were not dispassionate people, and neither was their son. He left, savage. He was savage against them; against the fathers who had—rightly, it must be admitted—turned him out. There is a prejudice among certain circles against anyone who has failed in the vocation for priesthood, and though he had felt nothing of that prejudice as yet he hated the people he knew would have it.

The fathers had testified to his mechanical talents, but talent was hardly the word. Genius would approach it nearer. The man had an understanding of motors and automobiles that ordinary people have of wheelbarrows. Cars under his hands became animate, reasoning things. He had helped as a boy in a garage for sheer love of it, until he could drive a car as well as a professional racer. He could tell at a glimpse a car's condition. He had an idea, one day, of a certain improvement in a motor. He took it to a company, which promptly stole it. This, on his leaving the college, added a little more to his account against mankind.

"My opinion of people," he would tell himself with cold, calm fury, "is that woman, and man born of woman, are selfish and crooked and thieving and foul as hell itself."

Another man in that evil state of mind might have gone very rapidly to the devil, sinking into degradation day by day; but the minor pleasant vices were not for Rocco Lambi. His steel fury precluded them. He needed money to live and he turned toward his favorite pursuit—the care of the motor car.

For a trifle he picked up a few excellent bargains. There were always garages enough to welcome him. His first ventures were legitimate enough.

Then began the veil that spreads itself over the career of Rocco Lambi. I have no doubt that the officers of justice could enlighten us on every incident, but officers of justice are peculiar people. Contrary to received belief, they have a theory that a crook is no longer a crook when he has utterly reformed. And when you try to delve into the past of one of them they put you off.

"What's the use of digging up old stuff?" they tell you with a very real humanity underlying their fictitious laziness. "It's all over and done with, isn't it? Best let it lie."

But there are times when these things cannot lie. The present follows logically from the past, and to prove it one needs the links of evidence.

Crime progresses, in its way, like other things—philanthropy, for instance. No longer does the burglar operate crowbar and dark lantern; he has all the resources of applied science to hand. The hired assassin no more sneaks along a dark alley, masked, with a bludgeon in his hand; he drives to the center of a city, and getting his victim in front of a prominent hotel he shoots him from the body of a racing car. I have it on hearsay and belief that Rocco Lambi once drove one of these cars, as a cold-blooded business proposition. A party of hold-up men could always hire a car from Rocco Lambi, with an understanding as to a division of profits, an iron-bound alibi being provided in the bargain. A thriving junior industry of the underworld is the theft of motor cars from the fronts of theaters and restaurants, where their trustful owners have left them. These would come into Lambi's garages in their natural form and coloring and go out so changed as to make the cynical onlooker break out in applause.

There were two reasons for Lambi's success besides his mechanical genius: One was that cold-blooded, calm, steel way of his in handling his men—there was no caviling at his instructions, and no thought of treachery; the other was the man's natural cleverness. He never appeared in these things. He was masked behind an impregnable wall of alibis and shrewd defense.

"What was the use?" Finucane, the detective sergeant, was not above confessing. "You could never get him. Why, the man was cleverer than the whole police headquarters and district attorney's office combined. You could never get anything on him. And there was no use trying anything else. I tell you, he was as dangerous as a rattlesnake. So when I sees him on the street I passes to the other side, and I says 'How's the boy?' as nice as anything, and I goes by."

Howbeit, at the time he met Enda Strong there was not a district of Italian population where he was not known and feared as a power, and as an evil one. The Little Italy of Harlem knew him, and the quaint alleys near Washington Square, and the crowded East Side, and the dark Gowanus district of Brooklyn, and the far outlying districts. The men would say little concerning him, for they knew how far an idle word travels and how the mightiest may strike even the lowliest for an example; and at his name the women made unconsciously that queer gesture of the fingers against the blighting eye and sorcery and all unknown evil.

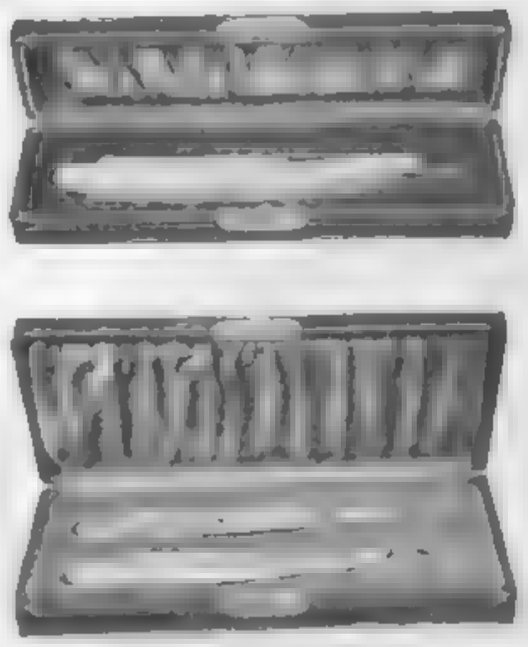
I can quite understand how Rocco Lambi was attracted to Enda Strong in

(Continued on Page 47)

Wherever he is, send him

Genco RAZORS

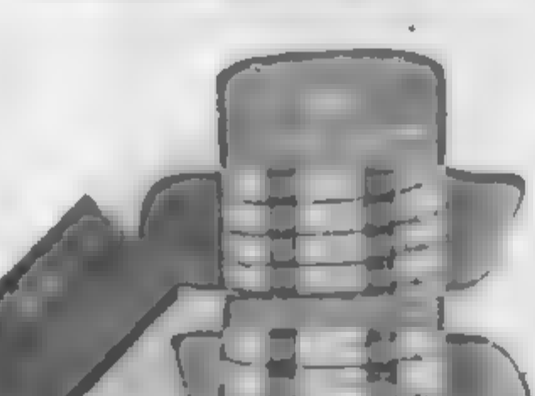
Must make good or we will



1-Piece Case

A heavy Genco Razor in a beautiful silk lined case. An admirable gift for a man who wants to travel light

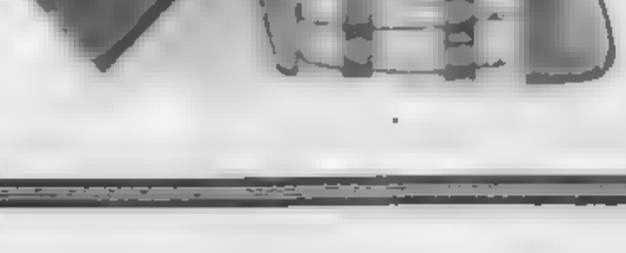
Price $4.00



2-Piece Case

A handsome case containing two Genco Razors. Enables a man to "rest" his razors from day to day

Price $7.50



Limp-Leather One-Week Case

The best gift you can give a soldier—or any man. A genuine Genco Razor for every day in the week. Nothing is so good for a razor as a period of rest and this case allows a week's rest for each razor even if the recipient shaves every day. Case of strong leather and folds up into small space.

Price $20 00

Genco Razors are Used by the U. S. Government In the Medical Corps— The Army and the Navy

The most welcome gift for a man or youth is a Genco Razor with its keen, lasting edge. It's a *He* razor for a *He* man.

If he is "Somewhere in France," on board a battleship or making a brave bid for a commission at one of the officers' training camps, all the better.

No matter whether you know anything about razors or not, you can send him a Genco Razor and be certain that it will be absolutely satisfactory. There is no guesswork about buying a Genco.

To the left we picture three special gift cases of Genco Razors, containing one, two and seven Genco Razors.

If your regular dealer does not carry these special cases, send the purchase price direct to us and we will forward your selection either to you or to the recipient of your gift, enclosing your card if you so desire.

Remember there is no risk—every Genco is absolutely guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

GENEVA CUTLERY COMPANY, 230 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Firestone

Cord Tires

The Long Coast

THE fact that your car goes farther on a coast when equipped with Firestone Super Cord Tires is proof of their greater efficiency. It demonstrates their extra buoyancy, flexibility, and that responsive action which is saving your fuel over every mile on any road. Added comfort, the luxurious ride result from these same qualities.

Greater protection to car (fewer repairs) is another advantage.

The larger volume of air in these Super Cord Tires, the superior rubber, the Firestone system of building in the cords, account not only for greater resiliency, but for that endurance which renders Most Miles per Dollar.

You are entitled to this economy with comfort plus an impressive style which dominates the road.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 44)

those few minutes he showed her a commonplace courtesy on a rainy night. In the first place she was that indefinable thing called a lady, which none other of Rocco's women friends were, no matter how intrinsically worthy they might have been, which in matter of fact they were not. There was a cachet to her, as though she lived on a higher plane. And furthermore, there attracted him in her what attracted her in him, that mysterious sense of force undirected. The poise of her, and that uncertain, half-challenging look in her eyes—those he could not rid his head of. He found himself thinking of her next day, and even two days later. On the third day he acted. He went to Cassandro, the man at the garage.

"Does that Miss Strong come here often?" he asked.

"Not here; not often," Cassandro answered. "Her father, he use his own car all the time, and when she want to go somewhere she telephone to a garage. Sometime to Finnerty; sometime to Mayer; sometime here."

"If at any time she telephones here," Lambi suggested, "and leaves anything in a car, tell me. I should like to take it to her."

Now here happens a coincidence which I prefer to accept as accidental. The very next time Enda Strong rode in one of Cassandro's cars she lost her pocketbook. She had it in her hand sometime, she remembered, but when she could not remember. There was a pretty scene when she looked for it to pay the chauffeur.

"That's all right, miss," said the chauffeur when the futile search was ended. "The next time will do. Your word is as good as gold!"

Now Cassandro employs good drivers, but I believe their talents are not confined to steering a car. I believe that one of them at least is an adept pickpocket. However, a day later, at eight in the evening, Rocco Lambi rode up to the rectory, asked for Miss Strong and was admitted. He handed her the pocketbook.

"This was found in Cassandro's garage," he told her tersely. "They said you had lost one."

She looked at it with a cry of delight. It was hers, no doubt of that. He turned to go.

"It was an imposition," she apologized, "to bring you up all the way with that."

"It was nothing." He shrugged his shoulders. "I had nothing to do. I was just going for a drive all by myself in Central Park."

From the high stoop she was looking at the graceful, lean, powerful car at the curb. The fine tigerish look of it appealed to her. Its owner had recovered from the loss of a wife, and from a dangerous major operation, but he had never gotten over the loss of that car. Outside, the first hint of winter was coming in—a great and clean crispness was in the air, like a presage of frost. Overhead the stars shone clean-cut and brilliant as in a picture. Illimitable spaces seemed all about, and the high Fourth-Avenue buildings were pygmylike and circumscribed as birds' cages.

The sense of mystery and uneasiness and desire for freedom that comes with the season's changing was in her blood like an infection.

"I wish I could go along," she laughed; but back of the lightness of her words was real desire—the strange wistful note that is in an imprisoned bird's song.

"Why don't you?" he suggested casually.

For some innate reason she felt more at home with this man, whom she had met only twice and that for a few minutes only, and of whom she knew nothing, than with anyone else she knew. At home was nobody. Her father was at the Cosmopolitan Club—he seemed always at the Cosmopolitan nowadays. He was probably talking to Mr. Merz over this strange new business she disliked intuitively. Within, the dark shadows of the drawing-room were darker than ever, and the anæmic land and sea scapes on the wall seemed to have become hopelessly stodgy in their faint yellows and greens.

"I believe I will," she found herself saying.

She remembered with a sense of shock the strange unknown quantity of the man she was with and the strange unknown quality of the adventure she was embarking on. A queer half pain struck her in the bosom and left her nearly breathless—a sort of swift warning note. She put it ruthlessly aside.

"Yes," she repeated clearly and distinctly, "I think I will come."

VII

OUTSIDE the crude river-front office the sounds of the vast labor came in ringing titanic clangor. There was the rattle of the dredge's great winches, now rising in painful clicking, now culminating in a metallic semishriek as the filled baskets shot downward to the hold. The ringing of the sledges on great iron joists rang out like gigantic untuned bells. Piles were driven home thuddingly, and from the temporary railroads came the dull grinding of wheels and the hiss of steam. Overseers raised their voices harshly above the dull humming babble of the workmen. Occasionally there would be silence for an instant and then a muffled detonation, and again the vast motley of sound would begin, like the raucous drumming of bees.

Ryan—fat, comfortable, shifty—rolled his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. He leaned back in the swivel chair from which he had dispossessed a superintendent. He watched the clergyman sitting dreamily before him, beyond the desk.

"It certainly is a wonderful piece of work," he said. "Beats the Canal, in my opinion."

The rector was thinking the same, and he was also thinking how much the success of the vast scheme was due to him. The others could claim the organization, the details, the financial groundwork, but it was he who had infused life into it, making it the giant it now was. He remembered with a smile the milestones in the campaign. There had been the famous sermon of his on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

"The text," he announced, "from the Memoirs of Henry IV, of France." He smiled for an instant. "'I desire that every peasant in the country should have a fowl to cook on Sunday.'"

How New York had taken up that phrase and that campaign. It examined with its shrewd, cautious mind Strong's statement that the poor man was entitled to money as well as the rich man. That was all right! It approved the next statement—that a half million poor investors are as powerful in their massed battalions as a small ring of capitalists. That stood to reason. The opportunity the rector held forth was stunning in its simplicity. Why hadn't anyone thought of it before, it asked? And yet, the great successful things in life—battles, inventions, social movements—it remembered, were all great simplicities of which none had ever thought before.

"I tell you," the shrewd city people assured one another, "this man's a genius. If he had gone in for the banking business instead of the church he'd have the whole Wall-Street gang lashed to the mast."

But there were others not quite so enthusiastic. Hopkins, the tinplate magnate, who had been one of Strong's best friends, seemed to avoid him lately. But Strong didn't notice this. He insisted on explaining to Hopkins the scope of the project.

"I know it sounds Utopian," Strong said.

Hopkins, bluff, talkative, usually the most unrestrained of men, was strangely silent.

"But we have able financiers with us," Strong continued. "Mr. Merz, for example."

"Able financiers is right," Hopkins permitted himself to say caustically, "and I guess you're not so unable yourself, doctor. Eh?"

The clergyman mentioned the conversation to Merz. There was something to Hopkins' tones that made him uneasy. Merz exploded into laughter.

"Of course he wasn't enthusiastic!" The financier slapped his fat knee. "You don't mean to think he would be, after our taking that fat thing out of the hands of him and his crowd!"

There were also cutting allusions in the financial journals in regard to the venture. There was an unfortunate mention of the South Sea Bubble.

"Don't let that worry you," Ryan said. "There was never anything good yet that didn't have to face a volley of criticism. Believe me, it's the healthiest sign you could have. There's a saying: 'Every knock is a boost!'"

In spite of the cold disapproval of Hopkins and his kind, in spite of the scathing comments of the financial experts, money poured in to them in a golden flood. Savings banks were ransacked for the windward anchors of the old. Clergymen brought out their meager capitals to merge them in the colossal scheme of their brother preacher. Widows and orphans in particular were lavish in their investments, believing that nothing could happen to them in the safekeeping of Howard Strong—for to everybody Strong was the great figure of the scheme. Merz and Ryan and Forrest were in the shadows of the background, too modest, seemingly, to take any of the credit. And now the investors leaned back in peace and dreamed brave dreams of the new luxury that would come to them. Impoverished old women no longer feared the dun, and they looked forward to little comforts like a better tea, perhaps, or a new bonnet against Easter; and the young women had visions of a modest finery that would bring them husbands. And the workingman relaxed his anxiety, for he saw in the profits coming to him the pilot that would bring him safely through the shoal water that lay between the voyage of his working life and the safe and easy anchorage of death. And they all blessed Howard Strong, as the Israelites blessed Moses of old when he promised to bring them up out of the affliction of Egypt into a land flowing with milk and honey.

Ryan was keeping his shrewd gaze on Strong. He knew well what the look on his face portended, for Ryan was a shrewd psychologist. He saw that already Strong regarded the whole thing as entirely his; that he saw himself as captain of these working battalions outside, who had come at the call of labor from east and west and north and south; from the torrid West Indies and the cold woods of Maine; the men who had left Alaska to come here, ever eager for a new job to their hands; and the remnants of the bands who had fashioned the Great Canal. It was easy for Ryan to see that, for there was in Strong's eyes the look there was in Solomon the king's when he watched his running men rear the Temple over the threshingfloor which was Ornan the Jebusite's.

Ryan swung round in the swivel chair. He looked straight at Strong. He shook his head. The corners of his mouth were turned down in despondency.

"A great work; a colossal thing," he said slowly. "It's nearly breaking my heart to leave it."

"What's that?" Strong queried. "To leave it?"

"Yes, to leave it," Ryan repeated. "I've got to get out."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, it's this way," the lawyer explained in a hesitating way: "I've just steered up against a big calamity, doctor, and I've got to have all the ready money I can get. One of those things you can't tide over." He shook his head again and made a clicking sound with his tongue and palate. "I can't quite explain," he went on haltingly; "it's one of those semidomestic, absolutely private matters. You understand, doctor. You're a man of the world."

"I'm sorry," Strong said mechanically. He didn't understand, and what was more he didn't want to.

"Yes," Ryan sighed on. "I've got to sacrifice the best thing I've struck in my life. Got to let it go for what I can get!"

For an instant a little touch of dismay caught Strong. Ryan had been at the head of the management, handling the working force, buying machinery, land—everything. Forrest had undertaken the stock-selling campaign. Merz had been financial expert and adviser. What would he do without Ryan—already Strong was looking on his associates as subordinate officers. But after all he could always find someone to look after these matters of detail. After that the great vision and wide focus were what counted. And as a navigator might plot a course and turn it over to quartermasters to follow by compass, so could he always find men who would attend to the pure mechanics of his ventures.

"I'm sorry," he repeated; "very sorry!"

But he was thinking rapidly that it was all for the best, for Ryan had had a malodorous reputation in the past, and people had a nasty habit of remembering those things. And furthermore, the departure of Ryan would concentrate the strength in his own hands. He wasn't very sorry, if all must be told. As a matter of fact he wasn't sorry at all.

VIII

BECAUSE Enda had moved so little out of the home; because few knew her who would be likely to meet her along Broadway—Fifth and Madison Avenues were

(Continued on Page 49)

Here is the "Anyday". It's one of the many smart "R & W" overcoats that leading merchants in every town will gladly show you.

Notice particularly the two-button belt that can be worn half-belt or full, the broad lapels, generous cut-thru pockets and wide pleats from the shoulders.

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Anyone can operate it. For women drivers there could be no arrangement more simple or ideal. No priming through petcocks; no standing in the snow or rain.

Fill the Auxiliary Tank with high test gasoline two or three times during the season and you are assured of an **instantaneous start every time,** no matter what grade of fuel is used in your main gasoline tank. The ordinary grade of low test gasoline supplied at present can be used, if a high test product is not obtainable.

During cold weather the best make of storage battery becomes less efficient. It is unwise to risk injury to your starting batteries by grinding away in a useless endeavor to start your motor, when it is cold.

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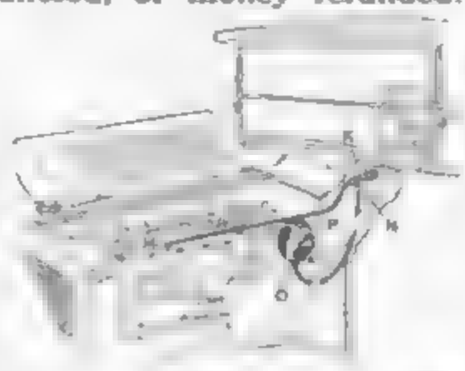
A Necessity—Not An Accessory

This invaluable outfit, indestructible in every way, consists of a small, substantially made plunger pump, auxiliary tank for high test gasoline, bolts, connections and tubing for any make of car. In operation, one upstroke of pump (K) draws in a small charge of gasoline from the auxiliary tank (P), and one downstroke shoots the charge, vaporized, into the manifold at (M) and (R). All connections are made by means of the well-known Imperial Compression Couplings; no soldering, flaring or threading being required, with the exception of drilling and tapping into the manifold for ⅛-inch iron pipe thread.



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(Continued from Page 47)

more the haunts of the churchgoers of St. Mary's—her frequenting of the restaurants and dancing resorts passed unnoticed. Between her and Rocco Lambi, that modern brigand, a queer relationship had sprung up—a relationship more common between man and man than between man and woman, or between woman and woman.

That first night had been spent in near silence. They had whipped through the park, the keen wind stinging their faces like a salt breeze. They had slipped down the drive and swung into Westchester. Now branches began to whisper about them, and a thin sickle of silver moon rose. The car vibrated like a living organism. At times it purred like a cat, and again it would snarl like a panther, and now and then its warning would ring out crisp as a call on shipboard, while its searchlight cut through the darkness keen-edged like a knife.

"Time to be getting back," Lambi said tersely.

They shot back again like an aërial machine, the giant tires crunching the road like some grinding device. Now the bridge was passed; now they were on the drive, with its line of incandescent lights like a magical alley of white flowers; now the soft dusk of the park. At Broadway and Fifty-ninth they stopped during a pause of traffic. Soft, languorous dance music floated from restaurants, in a queer challenging undertone. Lambi stopped the car dead.

"Want to go in?" he asked. She nodded.

They threaded their way to a table. He ordered a lemonade for himself and looked at her inquiringly. She nodded again. A strange suspense kept her half choked. He ordered two. The orchestra broke into a rhythmical fox trot.

"Want to dance?" he questioned her again. For answer she got up.

And those were all his questions that evening. An hour later he rose, and she with him. They swung toward the rectory. At the corner of the block she put her fingers on his arm. He slowed up.

"Thanks ever so much!" was all she said to him. He nodded and smiled. She knew he watched her until she had reached the door.

Hypnotically, subconsciously, as though she were in a dream, or as though she were reading of a personage in a book, she allowed this double life of hers to go on. At times Lambi would call up and ask her if she wanted to lunch or if she wanted to go for a spin, and always in that casual brusque way of his. And she would answer in exactly the same manner.

For a month now this had been going on two or three times a week. Nearly always the same spin in the car, the same dance, the same questions—that was all. Once or twice he had taken her elsewhere—once to a great wrestling tournament, where she had sat breathless and excited, and once to some Italian society ball, where Lambi was treated as though he were visiting royalty. She did not know whether she enjoyed them for their entertaining value alone, but somehow the surreptitious thrill to them made her humdrum anæmic life worth living. There was more of a thrill to them now that she knew who Rocco Lambi really was.

She had suspected he was not the simple garage proprietor he gave himself out to be the night at a cabaret a red-faced burly man had stopped, in his progress between tables, to greet the Italian.

"Hello, Rocco," he had said. He looked at Enda with a smile. "Who's the chicken?"

Lambi rose very coolly.

"Do you want to go to hell very quickly?" he answered with a voice that had frozen. His mouth had shut very tight, and his eyes glinted dangerously. The man had muttered something embarrassedly, turned white and gone away.

"Who was that?" she had asked with a smile. It was so funny to be alluded to as a chicken—she, Enda Strong.

"That," Lambi had replied casually, "was Detective Sergeant Kelly, of police headquarters."

"Take me home, please," she had muttered scaredly. "I am feeling faint!"

A few days later she had asked a police matron, whom she had met on some church work, who Rocco Lambi was. She had heard the name somewhere, she said, though in what connection she could hardly remember. Was he a criminal? Or perhaps he was a social worker of some kind? The police matron had laughed.

"You surely don't want to reform Rocco Lambi?" she chuckled. "Miss Strong, if you want to tackle that job you are undertaking something a saint in heaven might balk at." And she told her who Lambi was.

A great sense of fear overcame Enda Strong when she heard that. She might have been a sleepwalker, wakened on the edge of a precipice on a pitch-dark night with a cold wind blowing, so terrified did she feel.

Thank God! She breathed fervently—thank God she was told. What might have happened if she had gone on!

But once back in the loneliness of that shadowy drawing-room, with the cold and the cheerless grate, with the horrible landscapes in fading yellows and faint greens, with the musty sanctimonious odor about it—and the revulsion for her surroundings more than neutralized her fear. She raised her head upward, sitting at the forbidding escritoire, and she brought her clenched fists high with her face, and letting her hands fall suddenly she buried her face in them.

"O God, God!" she panted. "I am so tired of it, so tired, so tired! I might as well be dead! Be dead and done with it—done with it all!"

A fierce anger against her father smote her. What was he doing all this time to allow this danger to come about her? But what did he care? she asked herself savagely. What did he care as long as he had his plans for his self-aggrandizement, his making of money, his posing and posturing before the people? Wasn't there more than self and money in life? Wasn't there? Yes, but not for him, she sneered. Oh, very well, then, let it go—and when the day came, as come it must, when his greed for himself and neglect descended on him like a thunderbolt, let him bear the brunt then, himself alone! He was sowing—let him reap!

She went doggedly to meet Lambi that evening, giving the usual flimsy lie as an excuse, which Strong never even thought of examining curiously; but there was something in her eyes that made the Italian's eyes look level at her like a charged pistol.

"You know who I am?" Lambi snapped at her.

"I do," she answered bravely.

"And still you want to come with me?"

"And still I will come with you."

His eyes became more stabbingly searchful than ever—the same frigid, weighing glance that made his underlings quail.

"Why?" he whipped out.

"I don't know, Rocco Lambi." She met that challenging gaze firmly and bravely, and the steel went out of his glance and a puzzled look replaced it. "I don't know," she repeated; "I don't know."

IX

AS STRONG clawed his way into the drawing-room and sat down without even putting up a light his face was gray and his eyes distended, and his mouth was wrenched into a horrible awry grin, like the expression on the face of a man who has died by violence. Queer nervous spasms whipped across his features—a twitching of the mouth to the left side, an uncontrollable affection of the muscles about his nostrils. He shrank back in his chair as a victim might, assailed by spears.

"It must close down," he repeated to himself hoarsely, quoting someone. "Well, then, it must close down!"

Very dully he went over to himself for the hundredth time the details of the recent catastrophe. There was first of all the defection of Ryan; that the man had explained. Then came the going of Forrest. Forrest had gone off cavalierly. He only knew that—fool that he was for not keeping his eye on the transfer of stock, double and triple fool!—when the question had risen as to the payment of certain bills, to his horror the bookkeeper had mentioned that money was lacking. He had gone to Forrest and asked an explanation.

"There are the figures," Forrest had told him. "You can see them for yourself. It's true."

"But, man," Strong had cried in panic, "if that's so we are bankrupt!"

"I'm afraid you are," Forrest had mentioned coldly.

"But what are you going to do? What are you going to do?"

"I can't do anything," Forrest had shrugged. "It's not up to me. My holdings are sold out."

For an instant Strong had looked at him dully, not realizing for a minute, or maybe two minutes, what it meant. Then he sprang to his feet, his face blazing.

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"You traitor!" he shouted. "You traitor!"

Forrest regarded him coldly. He had been prepared for this. A vicious fighting calm appeared on his face, and there was a slight sneer to it.

"My dear Doctor Strong," he said, "if you think I was in this for anything except business you are mightily mistaken. I came in here for a profit. I've got it and I'm through. I have nothing more to do with it."

"But"—Strong was dumfounded—"but ——" His throat had suddenly gone dry and he found he could barely enunciate his words, even though the words were sparse and difficult to find. "The work will close down," he added. He could think of nothing else.

"Well, then, it must close down!" Forrest agreed callously. "I'm sorry!"

And without another word he walked out of the office, and as he went through the door there was a contemptuous smile on his face that it was as well Strong did not see.

He rose dazedly and went to Merz, and as he did so a faint ray of hope came into his heart like warming sunshine. Together they could pull it through, Merz and he! With his force and Merz' cunning of money, together they could overcome all obstacles. They would show this jackal of the money market that he could be done without, that his riddance was a good thing. And they would weld together solidly this fissure in the great work, this rent in the mighty tower as ambitious as the one men raised on Babel plain. Together they would do that, and triumph—Merz and he.

The financier received him in a luxuriously ascetic office on Broad Street. He broke in as Strong began his story indignantly:

"I know, old man," he said with a sort of sympathetic sorrow; "I know!"

He leaned his elbows on his desk and looked out of the window sidewise. His lower lip pouted and he shook his head.

"We didn't know what we were up against when we started this thing," he said. "It was a big thing, but we started it on a shoe string. It's too bad."

"But something must be done!" Strong was becoming hysterical. "At once! Don't you see? At once!"

"I'm afraid it's all up!" Merz shook his head again sadly.

For an instant Strong lay relaxed in a sort of torpor, as a prisoner might be when he hears the terrible words of dooming justice and sees in prospect the horrible harness of the electric chair.

"But you"—he babbled; "but you ——"

"Well, you see, old man"—Merz was like a man making a confession—"I sort of felt it coming; and I got a wife and three kiddies, you know! I had to jump from under. I'd have liked to have stood and taken my medicine; but a wife, you understand, and three kiddies ——"

He looked up at Strong and threw himself back in the chair. He tapped on the edge of the desk with a pencil.

"Now, look here, old man," he suggested, "you're a man of the world. You know how these things go. Everybody took their chance and somebody's got to suffer. It's the law of the game. Now why should it be you? Now look at the thing sensibly. There's no use of your going to the wall. Get hold of a good broker and unload. Only you've got to hustle. You can take a little trip afterward. Take this telephone ——"

But Strong had left him, reeling out through the door like a drunken man.

He had come home, he knew not how, rambling for hours among the streets like a person distraught. The harsh excited cries of newsboys had come to his ears here and there, and intuitively he knew that the news had gone forth, as a deer recognizes danger in the view halloo of huntsmen and the hoarse baying of hounds. Blindly he had made his way homeward and blindly he had stumbled into the drawing-room, cowering in the dark.

All sense of reasoning left him now—all logic, all resource. A cold and gripping terror seized him. On one side he could imagine the vast battalion of the people who had been betrayed with him, whom he had drawn into this for his own ambition—the haggard faces of ruined old men, of women and children. They rose up in his imagination and confronted him with white features and with tragic, accusing eyes, as the wraiths of murdered subjects haunt an unjust king in the black of night. And when he turned to flee from this sight, on the other side were the hosts of workers he had drawn to the city and would now leave resourceless, unfed, unhoused, deserted. In fancy they advanced on him, grimy, muscular, many-colored.

Terrible as an army with banners, relentless as executioners, they advanced to destroy him with stealthy, irresistible steps. And above it all were his former friends, ranged against him, too: pitiless, bitter-mouthed, contemptuous.

In a sudden grip of panic his mind unconsciously called to his wife, but he remembered with a shock that she was dead; and at this thought his fear intensified, and in the darkness of the room a cold wind seemed to blow about him, pricking his skin with the excitation of his nerves. He was all alone, all alone, only he and his daughter!

"Enda!" he cried in terror. "Enda! Enda!"

He rose and clawed his way toward the door tremblingly and fumbled wildly at the knob. But no answer came to him and no sound of rushing feet. And again his voice rang out wildly, piteously, unanswered:

"Enda! I want you, Enda! Enda! I want you! Come!"

x

FOR a week now, or perhaps more, Enda was noticing a sort of gruff care of her in Lambi's words and gestures—nothing very marked, but to her, whose every nerve was keyed in his presence, certain and unmistakable. It might be only a gesture in the car, or it might be a rough direction to mind herself, to be careful when stepping to the curb, but somehow she felt as though he were taking care of her, and she thrilled to that. Once or twice he became voluble, but it was talking on business. He would grow enthusiastic about cars and more so about aëroplanes.

"The thing's not understood yet," he would ramble on. "There's millions in it; and besides, it's worth while, like exploring." And then those dark eyes of his would for an instant take on the veiled, alert glance of eagles and a half smile of proud confidence would hover about his mouth. "Work to it!" he would mutter to himself; "work for years!"

"Why don't you go in for something like that?" she would exclaim enthusiastically, "instead ——" and she would cut off short her words. And turning toward her he would smile that cryptic smile of his, the high insurmountable wall that protected his reserve as ramparts protect a city.

Only once had he spoken of anything personal to her.

"I suppose you're engaged to one of those curates," he half sneered.

"I am engaged to no one," she replied.

"Heart-whole and fancy-free!" Again a half-scornful laugh.

"Absolutely!" she replied sharply and frigidly; and no further word on that score had passed between them.

He had asked her—nearly ordered her, in fact—to come out with him that December afternoon, and the car had whipped into Long Island, and swung down the parkway. The tinge of frost in the air struck their faces like cold spray. Trees scudded by them, stripped, gaunt, with here and there a faint patch of snow in their branches. The grass alongside seemed crisp and stiff with minute particles of hoar. Overhead a faint gloaming was in the sky, and westward, where the sun was, great swaths of color covered the sky—the sharp gray of steel; and green, deep like the sea; vivid splotches of orange intensifying into scarlet behind the edges of clouds. Enda had been watching the sunset until suddenly she realized how cold she was.

"I'm frozen!" she turned to Lambi and said.

He looked about him for an instant. North of them a pretentious roadside inn was coming in sight, with its courtyard filled with ornate granite statues—a sphinx and a pyramid, an ibis in stone, a crocodile. Lambi looked toward it distastefully. He switched his look round to the girl by his side and noticed how blue her face was and the mist in her eyes from the cold.

"You'd better get some coffee," he decided.

He whirled the car to the porte-cochère and helped her out. From within came the sound of a fox trot being played on a mechanical piano. There was a look of furtiveness to the whole place. In a sort of restaurant couples were dancing. Little shaded lights were on each table.

"Some coffee!" Lambi ordered.

(Continued on Page 53)

Your Stationery Is Your Business Photograph Are You Proud of It?

When a sheet of paper is all of you a man can see or feel, just how do you impress him? Think it over.

When he holds your "business photograph" in hand, does your firm seem cheap and weak? Or does the paper in your letterhead crackle with importance and invite attention by its clean strength?

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The printers, lithographers and engravers who handle Construction Bond are the cream of the trade. They are competent, responsible. They stand high in their communities. They offer you the ability, resourcefulness and good value that only efficient management can give.

They buy Construction Bond direct from us 500 lbs. or more at a time. This direct method of distribution to picked firms eliminates the heavy cost of handling paper in small packages; gives you maximum value. In twenty years it has made Construction Bond probably the largest selling high grade bond paper in the United States, and at the lowest expense ratio.

To you, all this means the certainty of really high class, impressive business stationery, and your full money's worth when you secure Construction Bond. It is an unusual paper, these days—made from new rags and highest grade bleached fibre, tub-sized with animal sizing and air-dried. Yet letterheads on Construction Bond will cost you less than one-tenth of a cent more than on the cheapest paper to be had.

Your stationery is your business photograph. To write on a spineless, flimsy sheet—or worse yet, on one known to be cheap—gives your trade a picture you can scarce be proud of. On your next lot—make a note of it now

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Birmingham—Roberts & Son.

ARIZONA
Bisbee—Bisbee Daily Review
Phoenix—Al New Co.
Prescott—Journal Miner Pub. Co
Tucson—Arizona Daily Star

ARKANSAS
De Queen—De Queen Bee
Fayetteville—Fayetteville Ptg. Co.
Ft. Smith—Calvert-McBride Ptg. Co.
Helena—Nicholls Ptg. Co.
Little Rock—Democrat Ptg. & Litho. Co.
Texarkana—Otto Moore.
" Texarkana Pub. Co.

CALIFORNIA
Berkeley—Western Tag & Env. Co.
Fresno—S. C. Longwell.
Los Angeles—Grimes-Stassforth Sta. Co.
" Western Lithograph Co.
Pasadena—Jackson Ptg. Co.
Redding—Courier Free Press News Co.
Riverside—Calif. Citograph Pub. Co.
Sacramento—Alvord & Wood
San Diego—Frye & Smith
San Francisco—Roger Reynolds
San Jose—Wysong Press Co
Santa Rosa—Press Democrat Pub. Co

COLORADO
Colorado Springs—Out West Ptg. & Sta. Co
Denver—W. F. Robinson Printing Co
" C. F. Hoechkel Bank Book Co.
Pueblo—The Franklin Press.

CONNECTICUT
Waterbury—The Mattatuck Press.

GEORGIA
Atlanta—Dittler Bros.
" Foote & Davies Co.
Macon—J. W. Burke Company.
Savannah—Braid & Hutton.
" Commercial Litho. & Ptg. Co.

ILLINOIS
Bloomington—Pantagraph Ptg. & Sta. Co.
Chicago—Ben. P. Branham Printing Co.
" Columbian Bank Note Co.
" Edward E. Gaskill Litho. Co.
" Faulkner-Ryan Co.
" Goes Lithograph Co.
" Hillison & Etten Co
Chicago—Hilton Litho. Co.
" Horder's Stationery Stores
" Jacobs & Holmes.
" D. F. Keller & Co
" Marshall-Jackson Co
" Marquette Lithograph Co.
" Merchants Lithograph Co.
" Northern Bank Note Co.
" Rand, McNally & Co.
" Toby Rubovits.
" Standard Lithograph Co
" Standard Bank Note Co
" Stationers Engraving Co.
" Stromberg, Allen & Co.
" Weber Lithograph Co.
Decatur—Wallender & Wilder
Galesburg—Wagoner Printing Co.
Ottawa—Republican-Times Ptg. Co.
Quincy—McMein Printing Co.
Rockford—Rockford Ptg. Co.
Streator—A. H. Anderson Printing Co.

INDIANA
Fort Wayne—Fort Wayne Printing Co.
Indianapolis—Wm. B. Burford
" Thornton-Levey Co.
Kokomo—Kokomo Litho. Co.
Logansport—Longwell-Cummings Co
Richmond—Nicholson Ptg. & Mfg. Co.
South Bend—Beers Printing Co.

IOWA
Cedar Rapids—Laurance Press Co.
Des Moines—American Litho. & Ptg. Co
" Iowa Lithograph Co
Dubuque—M. S. Hardie.
Sac City—S. M. & F. F. Stouffer
Waterloo—Fred L. Kuyper
" Stewart Simmons Press

KANSAS
Abilene—Shadinger Printing Co
Caffeyville—Frank F. Misch & Sons Co.
Ellsworth—The Messenger Press
Fort Scott—Monitor Bindery & Ptg. Co.
Fredonia—Burke Printing Co
" The Kennedy Printing Co
Independence—A. J. Oukes.
Iola—Register Publishing Co.
" C. J. Warner.
Marquette—L. E. Bruce.
Topeka—Capper & Capper
" H. M. Ives & Son
" Mail Printing House
Wichita—Western Litho. & Office Supply Co.

KENTUCKY
Beaver Dam—Paragon Ptg. Works
Louisville—Brewers Printing House
" Caxton Printing Co
" Courier-Journal Job Ptg. Co.
" Commercial Litho. Co
" Geo. G. Fetter Co
" Franklin Printing Co
" Kentucky Lithograph Co.
" J. V. Reed & Co
" Standard Printing Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria—Chronicle Pub. Co.
Baton Rouge—Ramires-Jones Ptg. Co.
Lake Charles—Jones Ptg. Co
New Orleans—Searcy-Pfaff Co., Ltd.
" Walle & Co., Ltd.
Shreveport—M. L. Bath Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—Young & Selden Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—Geo. H. Ellis & Co
Springfield—Milton Bradley Co
Worcester—Commonwealth Press
" Woodbury & Co.

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek—Enquirer Printing Co
Calumet—Calumet Printing Co.
Detroit—Wm. Graham Printing Co
" Stephens Co.
Flint—John J. Raab.
Grand Rapids—Michigan Litho. Co.
" Seymour & Muir Ptg. Co.
Lansing—Robt. Smith Printing Co.
Muskegon—Dana Printing Co.
Ontonagon—The Ontonagon Herald.
Saginaw—Seeman & Peters Ptg. Co.
Traverse City—Elmer Bros.

MINNESOTA
Crookston—Crookston-Times Ptg. Co.
Duluth—Christie Litho. & Ptg. Co.
" F. H. Lounsberry & Co.
Mankato—Free Press Co.
Minneapolis—The Cootey Co.
" Farnham Ptg. & Sta. Co.
" Free Press Co.
" Hahn & Harmon Co.
" Louis F. Dow Co.
" Monasch Litho. Co.
" Northern Litho. Co.
Red Wing—Red Wing Advertising Co
St. Cloud—Frits Cross Company
St. Paul—Brown, Blodgett & Sperry Co.
" McGill Warner Co
" The Pioneer Co
Winona—Jones & Kroeger

MISSISSIPPI
Grenada—W. E. Jackson.

MISSOURI
Carthage—W. J. Sewell
Chillicothe—Chillicothe Pub. & Ptg. Co.
Clinton—T. O. Smith.
Hannibal—Standard Printing Co.
Joplin—Joplin Printing Co.
Kansas City—H. F. Anderson Eng. Co.
" Bankers & Mchts. Litho. Co.
" Burd & Fletcher.
" F. P. Burnap Ptg. Co.
" La Rue Printing Co.
" R. M. Rigby Ptg. Co.
" Schooley Stationery Co.
" Samuel Dodsworth B'k Co.
Sedalia—Sedalia Ptg. Co. Bob's Son
St. Louis—Buxton & Skinner Stat. Co.
" Blackwell-Wielandy B. & S. Co.
" The Gast Bank Note Co
" Hesse Envelope & Litho. Co.
" Shallcross Ptg. & Sta. Co.
" Skinner & Kennedy Sta. Co
" R. P. Studley & Co
Springfield—Inland Ptg. & Binding Co.

NEBRASKA
Falls City—Harry P. Custer
Fremont—The Pammond Ptg. Co.
Grand Island—The Augustine Co.
Lincoln—State Journal Co.
" Woodruff Bank Note Co
Norfolk—The Huse Publishing Co
Omaha—Bestner Printing Co.
" K. B. Printing Co.
" Omaha Printing Co.
" Rees Printing Co.

NEW YORK
Buffalo—Buffalo Bank Note Co
New York—M. B. Brown Printing Co.
" Corbies, Macy & Co.
" Jaques & Co.
" L. A. Liebs Co.
" Walters & Mahon.
Rochester—Stecher Lithographic Co
" Karle Lithographic Co
Utica—Thos. C. Peters Printing Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck—Dakota Ptg. & Sta. Co.
Fargo—Walker Bros. & Hardy.
Grand Forks—Herald Printing Co.

OHIO
Akron—Commercial Ptg. & Litho. Co.
" Superior Printing Co
Alliance—The Review Publishing Co
Cincinnati—Cincinnati Lithograph Co
" Poundsford Stationery Co
" Strobridge Litho. Co
Cleveland—The Cleveland Litho. Co
" Hubbard & Company
Columbus—Columbus Bank Note Co
" Columbus Blank Book Mfg. Co.
" The Sears-Simpson Co
" Spahr & Glenn.
Dayton—Dayton Blank Book & Ptg. Co
" U. B. Publishing House
Defiance—The Defiance Ptg. & Eng. Co.
Findlay—L. E. Kennedy.
Lima—Lima News Publishing Co.
Marion—Monarch Ptg. & Supply Co.
Newark—The Advocate Printing Co.
Portsmouth—Kah-Patterson Ptg. Co
" Fokew Job Print
Toledo—Franklin Ptg. & Engraving Co.
Youngstown—Edwards & Co.
Zanesville—Geo. Lihenthal.

OKLAHOMA
Enid—The Corey Ptg. & Bdg. Co.
Muskogee—Bowman Stationery Co.
" Phoenix Job Printing Co.
" Star Printery.
Oklahoma City—Hommes-Wilson-Walker Co.
" Western Bank Supply Co.
Shawnee—News Despatch Ptg. Co.
Tulsa—Black Printing Co.
" Palace Office Supply Co.
" Walter Olds, Printer.
" Tulsa Printing.

OREGON
Albany—C. G. Rawlings.
Portland—Irwin Hudson Co.
Salem—B. A. Shaver.

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown—Wm. F. Schlecter.
Altoona—Mirror Printing Co.
Carnegie—The Carnegie Signal-Item.
Erie—C. J. Horne Co.
New Castle—Miller-Pyle & Graham.
Philadelphia—Craig, Finley & Co.
" Franklin Printing Co
" Hathaway & Bros.
Pittsburgh—J. C. Pitt Lithograph Co.
" Wm. G. Johnston & Co.
" Keystone Printing Co.
" John Mellor & Sons
" Pittsburgh Printing Co.
" Republic Bank Note Co.
" Thos. E. Wood Co.
Scranton—R. E. Prendergast.
" J. U. Hopewell.
Shippensburg—Shippensburg Ptg. Co.
Wilkes-Barre—Raeder Litho. & Ptg. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia—R. L. Bryan Co.
Yorkville—L. M. Grist's Sons.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Elk Point—Leader Publishing Co.
Mitchell—Mitchell Publishing Co
Pierre—State Publishing Co.
Sioux Falls—W. A. Beach Ptg. Co.
" Brown & Saenger.
Yankton—The Yankton Printing Co.

TENNESSEE
Bristol—McGee Printing Co.
Chattanooga—Morgan Printing Co
Knoxville—Knoxville Lithograph Co.
Nashville—Brandon Printing Co.

TEXAS
Abilene—Abilene Printing Co.
Amarillo—Harrell & Averitt
Austin—E. L. Steck
Bay City—Tribune Printing Co.
Brownsville—Sherwood Bishop
Brownwood—Greenwood Printing Co.
Dallas—The Wilkinson Printing Co.
El Paso—El Paso Printing Co
Ft. Worth—Lowdon Co.
" Reimers Co.
" Texas Printing Co.
Houston—The Cargill Co
Jacksonville—J. E. McDonald
Laredo—V. F. Villaurr & Sons.
Marshall—Messenger Co
Paris—Bennett Printing Co
Quanah—Quanah Tribune Chief.
San Antonio—San Antonio Ptg. Co.
Temple—Temple Printing Co.
Uvalde—Hornby Agency.
Victoria—W. E. Cooke
Waco—Hill Printing & Stationery Co.

UTAH
Salt Lake City—Arrow Press
" Utah Lithographing Co.

VIRGINIA
Richmond—Whittet & Shepperson

WASHINGTON
Everett—Kane & Harcus Co.
North Yakima—Yakima B'd'y & Ptg. Co.
Seattle—Lowman & Hanford Co
" Tucker Hanford Co.
Spokane—Spokane Lithograph Co.
Tacoma—Pioneer Binding & Ptg. Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston—Tribune Printing Co
Huntington—Standard Ptg. & Pub Co
Wheeling—Ohio Valley Lithograph Co

WISCONSIN
Eau Claire—Eau Claire Bk. & Sta. Co.
Fond du Lac—Reporter Printing Co
Madison—State Journal Printing Co.
" Tracy & Kilgore.
Milwaukee—Gugler Lithograph Co.
" Meisenheimer Ptg. Co.
" H. C. Miller Co.
" H. H. West Co.
Racine—Lakeside Printing Co.
" Western Litho. & Ptg. Co.
Sparta—McBride Bros.

MEXICO
Monterey—El Modelo, S. A.

PORTO RICO
San Juan—Perez, Moris, Lynn & Co.

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To Fathers and Mothers:

Take heed lest you ruin your children's feet with imperfect shoes.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes for boys and for girls that are made on the new scientific principles of the Brown Shaping Lasts, which correctly shape the soft, pliable bones of the growing foot, and this prevents corns, bunions, twisted or bent bones, and broken arches.

For enduring service, solid comfort, health assurance and true economy, Buster Brown Shoes have no equal. Sold everywhere at $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up.

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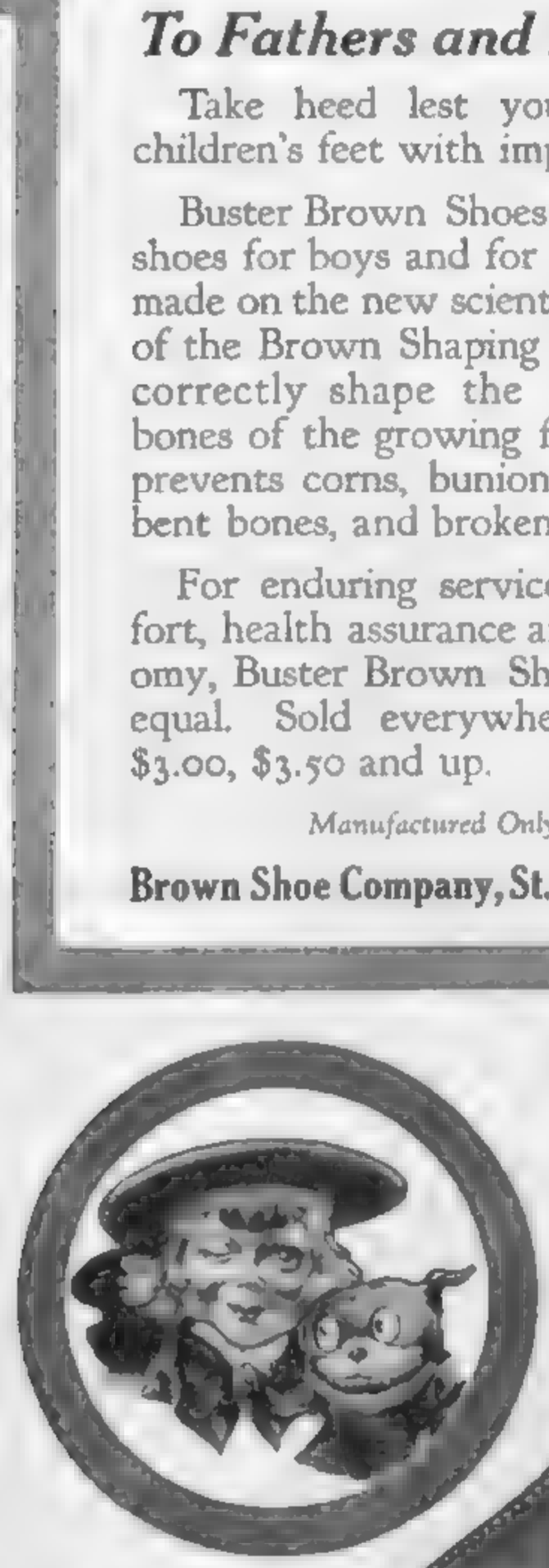

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"Training the Growing Foot" is an illustrated Book that shows how easily children's feet may be ruined for life—and explains why the wearing of Buster Brown Shoes by boys and girls will prevent all future foot ailments. It will be mailed free on request by the Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U S A

(Continued from Page 50)

She sat down and throwing her furs aside looked about her. The place was uninteresting—a little dingy, a trifle uncared for, in spite of the ornate monuments without. At a table near by the remains of a meal were not yet cleared away. A crumpled evening paper lay on a chair. She reached out her hand and took it up idly. She smoothed it out.

"It's this afternoon's," she said.

She spread it out before her carelessly. She looked at it casually. A blank expression came over her face; a quick, intense one followed. Her features seemed to petrify into a look of horrified incredulity. She let it fall into her lap. She raised it again. She half rose in her chair. Her throat worked queerly.

"Oh, my God!" she half moaned.

"Sit down," Lambi's voice warned. "Steady! Steady!"

She did not hear him. Again she was looking at the paper. Yes, there was no doubt. "Bankruptcy of Dock Venture Throws Thousands in Panic"—yes, there it was!

She looked at the headline and at the opening sentences for a second time, and a third.

Then suddenly she laughed—a harsh, grating, cynical laugh, as a man might laugh when a senseless disaster came, which he had foretold, been watching for, been sure of. She laughed again.

"I think I'll have some whisky," she said, and once more the laugh rang out, strident, hysterical, abandoned.

"I think you'll not," Lambi's voice cut in, sharp, incisive—like the crack of a whip. "You'll drink that coffee and we'll get out of here at once. We're through!"

ENDA was horrified at the face of her father when she rushed into the drawing-room. It was white as a wall. Perspiration stood out cold on his forehead like dank moisture in a crypt. The features were set in a mask of lines like scars.

"Father!" she gasped.

He turned round to her and looked at her dully. Behind her Lambi stood, erect, tense, on guard—like a sword in a fencer's hand.

"Come," she told him. "You'd better be getting away. There's not a moment to lose."

"Who is this?" Strong was looking at Lambi, disregarding her.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Come," she went on, "you must get out of town until things are settled a little."

"Who is this gentleman?" Strong seemed to sense in Lambi a big new personality entering the equation.

"Come!" she pleaded.

"I insist on knowing who this is." Strong stood up.

"If you want to know," Lambi said, "I am the man who's going to marry your daughter."

The words came out in a cold statement of fact, not boastfully, not inimically, not ingratiatingly, but as a sheer fact. "My name is Rocco Lambi, and I want to help you now."

Strong looked dazed. He questioned Enda dumbly. For answer she went and stood beside Lambi, erect, dignified and uncompromising as he.

"When did you meet this man?" Strong demanded.

"He gave me a lift one day in the rain," Enda told the truth simply, "and I have been meeting him ever since."

"Rocco Lambi? Rocco Lambi?" the pastor was saying, trying to remember. "Rocco Lambi?" A nervous tremor shook him. "Not ——"

"Yes," Lambi nodded coolly.

"Get out of my house!" Strong shouted in rage. "Get out of my house! And Enda, go up to your room!"

"But father ——" She went toward him.

"Go up to your room!"

"No!"

"Go up to your room!"

"I will not!"

Strong walked about an instant in a circle, like a stricken man about to fall. "Oh, my God!" he cried half hysterically. He turned to Enda with his eyes dilated. A great savageness took possession of him.

"After all I have done for you!" he shouted toward her. "After all my care and teaching, to be following this scoundrel like a fancy woman ——"

He advanced toward his daughter with his hand raised as though to strike her.

"I think that will be all!" Lambi stepped before her. He had become very white for all his coolness, and that was a bad sign with Rocco Lambi. "If you call 'care' leaving your daughter alone while you sell the offal of the Stock Exchange; if you call 'care' teaching your little tricks with the widows and orphans ——"

"Rocco!" Enda touched his arm, and he said no more.

"Get out of my house!" Strong roared again.

"Father ——" the daughter was pleading.

"Get out! Do you hear? Get out!"

"If Rocco Lambi gets out of this house I go with him." Enda's tones came clear and defiant.

"And you, too, with him!" Strong's eyes were bloodshot and foam was showing on his lips. "This is the way you besmirch my fair name ——"

"Come!" Lambi called to her.

She waited an instant longer, hesitating. Strong's anger went on like a torrent.

"I am coming, Rocco Lambi," she answered. She looked at her father searchingly for another moment and turned on her heel.

He watched her stupidly move toward the door from him, and for an instant it seemed to him that he was in another phase of a terrible delirium. In an eye's twinkling, he knew, she would pass through that door and the former phase of it would return to him, and again he would be alone in a wilderness of terrible shapes—of goblins and demons and visions of horror such as people the nine arenas of hell. A great grayness came over his face and it set into a stonelike mold like the immobility of a death mask. At the door she turned for an instant. She looked at him again.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned.

He could utter no word, so paralyzed did he seem to himself to be. It might have been a mere flicker of his finger; it might have been the dreadful look in his eyes that stopped her. She hesitated. She looked agonizedly at Lambi and back to her father again. Strong nodded in surrender.

She ran forward to him and caught his hand. "Come!" she pleaded. "Come! Father, for God's sake, hurry!" Her tones rose into a half shriek.

Strong was standing rigidly erect. The muscles of his arm had tensed and resisted her pulling like an athlete resisting easily the clawing of an importunate child.

"Come!" she pleaded again.

She felt a light touch on her shoulder. Lambi was standing beside her, watching something dawn in Strong's face.

"Can't you see, Enda?" There was a note of exultation in the Italian's voice, a faint thrill to it, as of spirit aroused by the sight of something big and powerful. "Can't you see? He's not going. He'll stay. Can't you see it? He'll stay!"

XII

THROUGH the whole church, unseen, tangible, was the atmosphere of expectation mingled with a sort of dread. The congregation, rank on rank, assembled for prayer, were like the onlookers at an execution. Their heads lowered, they seemed each one to regard Strong intensely from under curious, yet frightened eyebrows.

" . . . We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." The rector's voice had lost its unctuousness, but was more resonant than ever. It suggested somehow the sight of an open wound, every exposed nerve and cut tendon shrieking for relief. "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts."

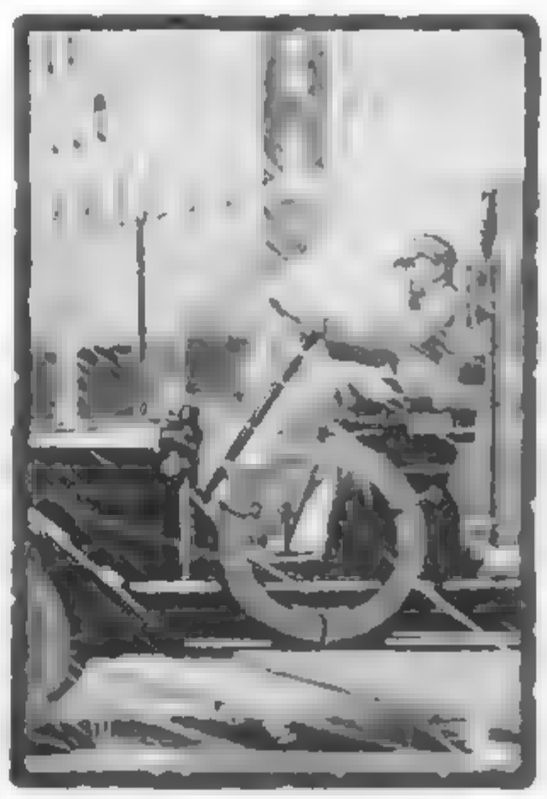
He leaned over at the Declaration of Absolution, bent like a repentant prisoner listening to an almighty and just judge's sentence.

" . . . so that at the last we may come to his eternal joy. . . . "

Even the organ, that misty Sunday, seemed to hurry through, expectant of something to come. From every part that morning had come the throng that flowed into St. Mary's, eager to hear the clergyman who was the central figure in the great business scandal, to see how he would take it, to hear what excuses he would make if he should allude to it at all. They had all been rather afraid he would not appear, deputing one of his curates to conduct the morning service. But he was at his post, after all, very gray, very haggard, but with no sign of shamefacedness or of slinking on his features. A faint movement went through the church, subdued, rustling, like

(Concluded on Page 55)

Industrial America Approves Kissel's ALL-YEAR Cab



Without the ALL-YEAR Cab

With the ALL-YEAR Cab

Increases Driving Efficiency Insures Economical Maintenance

HERE is complete protection for truck drivers in wet and stormy weather, increasing their efficiency by improving driving conditions. Motor truck buyers everywhere are now turning to Kissel Trucks with the **ALL-YEAR *Cab;*** that removes the necessity of lay-ups—keeps trucks in operation the year around regardless of weather—discourages speeding—diminishes possibilities of accidents and excessive wear and tear.

Its summer form provides drivers with a cool, open housing. In winter the **ALL-YEAR *Cab*** is quickly changed into a warm, dry, closed cab—weather-proof, draught and leak-proof—by adding the winter attachments.

The* ALL-YEAR *Cab

is an exclusive Kissel feature found only in

KISSEL TRUCKS

A Truck for Every Purpose

IN no other line of trucks is found the Kissel combination of perfected worm-drive rear axles, superior front axles, scientifically constructed chassis and frame, the reliable Kissel-built Engine and double external brakes.

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Chassis capacity including body 3400 lbs.

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100 per cent Value

Reliable Silverware
AT LOW PRICES

Guaranteed for
TEN YEARS

IT is the Purpose of PAR PLATE to fix the standards of wearing quality in the lower price ranges of silverware—and to make these standards just as unmistakable as the standards of COMMUNITY SILVER. So that you can go into the store of any dealer anywhere in America, and be sure that you are getting *hundred per cent value* for every dollar of your purchase money.

PAR PLATE
100 per cent Value

PAR PLATE bears the good old-fashioned A-1 plate. It is guaranteed for *ten years' wear* by the ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and it is the first silverware in this grade ever backed by *a definite quality and time guarantee.*

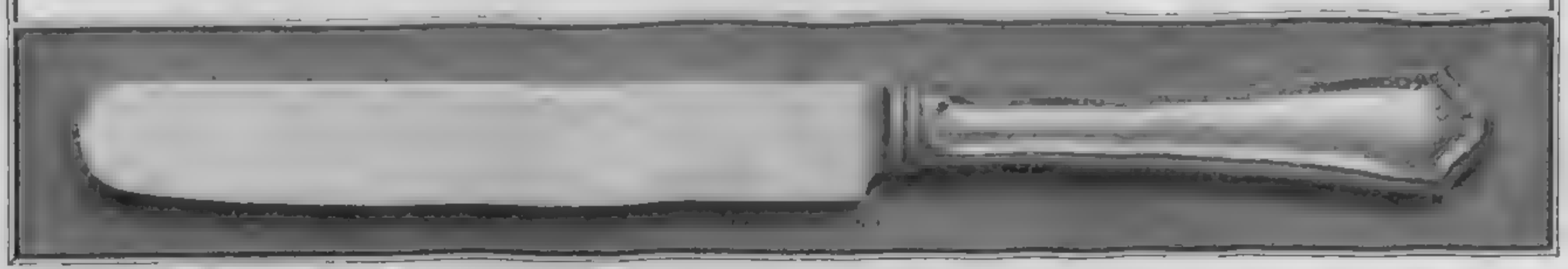
The PAR PLATE patterns, originated by the same artists who created the exquisite COMMUNITY PLATE designs, are more pleasing to the eye than anything else in their price class. They set a more distinctive table, are more appealing to live with. Ask your dealer to show you the beautiful PAR PLATE patterns.

Go to your Dealer and see what a Dollar will Buy

Made in the factories of the ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Ltd.*

Also makers of the famous COMMUNITY PLATE

Among PAR PLATE sets selling around the DOLLAR mark, which your dealer will be glad to show you, are a butter and sugar set, a set containing six teaspoons, a child's set, etc., etc



(Concluded from Page 53)

the afterswirl of surf. The congregation was getting ready to see and hear Strong under the torture that this occasion must be to him, or to admire, as they might admire a trick of vaudeville, the manner in which he would extricate himself from the blame.

The rector had mounted into the pulpit.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth"—his tones went on unfalteringly; he raised his head and looked at the congregation with a sort of haggard fierceness—"where moth and rust doth corrupt"—he paused for an instant and a certain savagery crept into his voice—"and where thieves break through and steal."

The text rang down the aisle like a bugle call, live, insistent, accusing. It caught unexpected corners and was thrown back in echo, savagely, like a blow recoiling from an object struck. It lifted to the roof like the dull rumble of a storm.

"There is a sacrament in a kindred faith that calls for the confession of sin," Strong went on quietly. The congregation rustled again. Strong's eyes regarded them half savagely, half cynically. "You have come here this morning, most of you, with curiosity in your hearts. There is a modern instance of the preachment before us now. And some of you are enemies—and some of you are friends, a very few."

A strange subconscious fear ran through the pews. The rector's gaze ran proudly over the congregation. He might have been a gladiator saluting an emperor half cynically, wholly proudly, before entering the arena to show how a man could die.

"Theologies move with the times," he smiled grimly. "There was once a hell fire to punish evildoers when they escaped the justice of the state. But we have no longer hell fire. We have only worse—the contempt and cowardice of all about us; the sneer of the safe sinner for the one who is discovered; the shunning by the ultra-righteous of the unfortunate man caught in a snare."

The nervous bustle of the hearers had ceased. A deathlike silence had fallen over the church. The pastor leaned forward in the pulpit. His tones became cool again as though discussing a controversial point:

"We escape this in many ways. There is the method of whining confession, and a man is received without penalty back into the bosom of his friends, even as the wanderer who strayed into a far country was received back by his father in spite of his crimes, and a fatted calf killed for his feasting; there is flight; and there is death. Judas, of Kerioth, you will remember, departed and went and hanged himself. There are three ways, my brethren."

He was standing erect now, his great jaw set, his head thrown back, the mane of graying hair tossed loosely about his brow. His eyes were biting into the congregation like acid. A queer electric thrill ran through his hearers. The morbid desire for humiliation had left them. Here was no broken man, no cringing figure, they told themselves in wonder. A great transformation seemed to have taken place in Strong, like the transformation of ore, which enters the furnace foul and emerges virgin gold.

"There are three ways, my brethren—and there is a man's way. There is the long task of repairing the corruption of the moth and the rust, and the replacement of every tithe of every penny of that unworthy treasure which thieves have broken into and stolen. There is the utter hell that goes with that. There is little sleep in the night and little peace in the day. Years pass by and still the finger of scorn will be raised, and still the slight envious people will delight to remember this thing, and still there will have to be suffered the sneers of the cynical men. The hand to the plowshare and no turning back until the furrow be laid out straight and clean!"

The congregation was looking at him in a sort of dumb awe. He threw his shoulders back and gazed squarely at them. "And that will be my way. Amen!"

He closed the Testament with a snap and turned to go down the pulpit steps. For an instant there was a dead silence, and then suddenly, spontaneously, a queer humming sound rose from the congregation, a strong, unsubdued murmur, like the angry song the bees have when they rally loyally about the queen at time of swarming.

The Poets' Corner

A Change of Training

SHE didn't raise her boy to be a fighter;
But they went and took him from her just the same,
And they stripped his giddy garments off the blighter,
And they strapped a suit of khaki on his frame.

She didn't raise her boy to be a scrapper—
And, to do her training justice, he was none;
But they carried off her ukulele tapper
And they coached him in the technic of a gun.

She didn't raise her boy to be a stabber;
And she loudly called the Government a thief
When it took him off his regimen of clabber
And corrupted him with spuds and army beef.

She didn't raise her boy to be a killer;
But they got him when the country claimed its own,
And his body, soft and puffy as a pillow,
They whipped into a mass of brawn and bone.

She didn't raise her boy to be a shooter—
Nor anything, in fact, except a fool;
But they handed him a sergeant for a tutor
And they turned him out a credit to the school.

She didn't raise her boy as I have told yer
To live upon the military plan;
But they sent him back to her not just a soldier
But every single inch of him a Man!

—*W. E. Nesom.*

The Home-Coming

I HAVE come home again—
The damp sea fog climbs up the beach;
The crickets chirrup shrill;
And, faint and pale, the village lights
Flicker beyond the hill.
O kindly little village lights
That beckon in the gloam,
I follow you through fog and dew—
I have come home.

I have come home again—
And, stumbling through the seaweed coarse
And trailing purple vetch,
I gain the rise where I can see
The long, long roadway stretch.
O road I followed long ago
When I went out to roam,
I tread your way once more to-day—
I have come home.

I have come home again—
The hungry waves suck lingeringly
Against the patient shore;
The boat is fastened to the quay
Where I shall come no more.
O sea gull, crying out across
The dear white wastes of foam,
Call not to me so plaintively
I have come home!

—*Carol Haynes.*

SONNETS OF A GERMAN SPY

(Concluded from Page 11)

S O S P D Q 000
(KOLOSSALLY SECRET)

Herr Puppschen is arrested! All his books
Are taken by the secret-service men.
It seems that all the time that he has been
Serving the Kaiser, they—the wicked crooks—
Have known about it. Many of his clerks
Were Yankee spies who watched him every day.
That's why I couldn't blow up powder works
And why my plots have always gone astray.

And now my landlord tells me that the maid
Who did my work was secret service, too,
And that she had a lot of copies made
Of all my letters. Such a thing to do!
It wasn't fair of her. How could I know
She was a spy? She never told me so!

A M E N 30

I do not understand these Yankee ways;
I thought they'd stand me up against a wall.
But when the secret-service men did call
They looked at me with quite a smiling gaze
And simply said, "Herr Tannenwald, you gave
Our operatives quite a hearty laugh.
You are the prize peach on the Kaiser's staff.
So run along; but mind—you must behave!"

"What!" I exclaimed; "I shall not go to jail?"
"No, not a bit of it," they said, "old sport!
But keep piano makers off your trail.
The ivory crop is getting pretty short!"
They shook me by the hand and left my flat.
"The ivory crop"—what did they mean by that?

BATES

WAUKER Model
Vici Kid O'Sullivan Heel
Style 1932

SHOES

MANY shoe manufacturers can put a high degree of comfort into shoes. Many can give a shoe a great deal of endurance. But to put into a shoe that indefinable thing that is called style—that is a gift.

Starting with the same basic materials, following the same general lines of easy fitting, our designers catch a certain note of metropolitan fashion that makes Bates Shoes the natural choice of men in the largest cities.

And because this has been done so successfully each season for the past thirty-one years, an organization has been built which puts Bates Shoes within your convenient reach wherever you live.

Prices $6 to $8

BATEX

IN *certain models Bates Shoes may be had with the new Batex Sole.*

The Batex Sole wears long, is flexible, noiseless and damp-proof. It is a fibrous product of the laboratory, with springy resiliency. It won't slip on wet pavements, or burn or draw. With all its endurance and comfort it costs no more than leather.

Shall we send you "*Shoe Life*"?

It is a new Bates publication telling how to make your shoes last longer and look better. Now that shoes are costing more, applying this valuable information will be a real economy, because by giving added service to your shoes it reduces what you spend.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER MASSACHUSETTS

1 Caruso as Riadames in Aida
2 Farrar as Tosca
3 Garden Corner as Gilda in Rigoletto
4 Homer as Amneris in Aida
5 Melba as Marguerite in Faust
21 Garrison as Olympia in Tales of Hoffmann

Who wouldn' a Victrola

Surely your family will be delighted to world's greatest artists sing and play for t Christmas morning! And you can easily gi that pleasure.

With a Victrola they can enjoy the ma voices of Caruso, Alda, Calvé, Culp, de G De Luca, Farrar, Gadski, Galli-Curci, Gluck, Homer, Journet, Martinelli, McCormack, Ruffo, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich, zini, and other famous singers. The exquisi Elman, Kreisler, Paderewski, Powell, Zimba other renowned instrumentalists. The en music of Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Conway

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized by our special processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect Victor reproduction.

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To insure Victor quality, a trademark, "His Master's V products of the Victor Te

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VICTOR

HIS MASTE
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t be glad to get for Christmas!

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Gogorza,
Hempel,
Melba,
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's Band,

Victor Herbert's Orchestra, and other celebrated musical organizations. The inimitable wit of Harry Lauder, Nora Bayes, Raymond Hitchcock, and other leading stage favorites. What a splendid Christmas that will be!

It isn't a bit too early to see about *your* Victrola to-day. Victor dealers will tell you there are never enough Victrolas to supply the holiday demand. Better place your order now. You want to be sure of getting a genuine Victrola, for the world's greatest artists make records for the Victrola exclusively.

There are Victor dealers everywhere, and they will gladly play your favorite music for you and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400. Ask to hear the Saenger Voice Culture Records.

alking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
er Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only. The use of the word Victrola upon or in the promotion or sale of any other Talking Machine or Phonograph products is misleading and illegal.

Supremacy

es of the
ola, $10 to $400

Victrola XVII, $250
Victrola XVII, electric, $300
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

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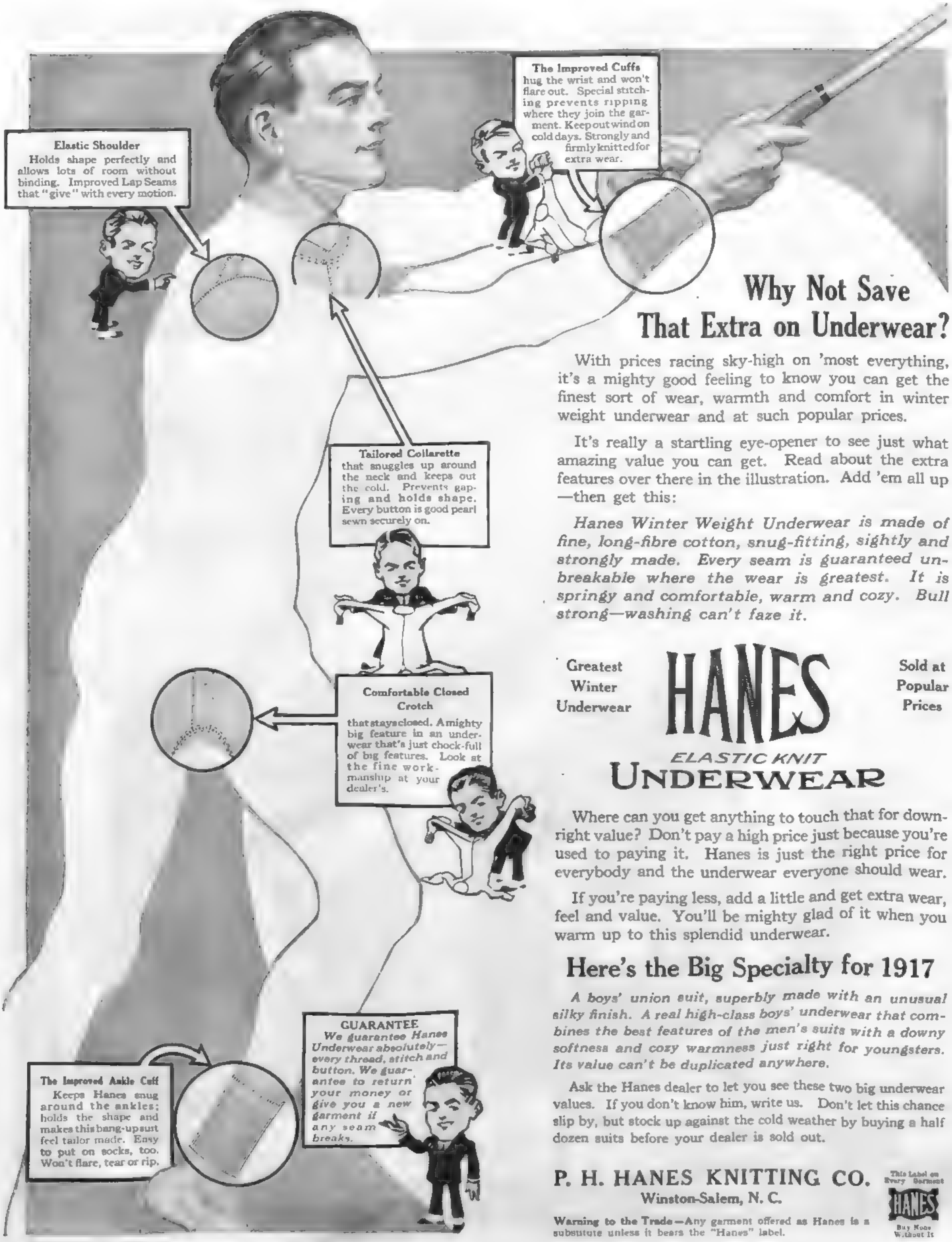
Elastic Shoulder
Holds shape perfectly and allows lots of room without binding. Improved Lap Seams that "give" with every motion.
The Improved Cuffs
hug the wrist and won't flare out. Special stitching prevents ripping where they join the garment. Keep out wind on cold days. Strongly and firmly knitted for extra wear.
Tailored Collarette
that snuggles up around the neck and keeps out the cold. Prevents gaping and holds shape. Every button is good pearl sewn securely on.
Comfortable Closed Crotch
that stays closed. A mighty big feature in an underwear that's just chock-full of big features. Look at the fine workmanship at your dealer's.
The Improved Ankle Cuff
Keeps Hanes snug around the ankles; holds the shape and makes this bang-up suit feel tailor made. Easy to put on socks, too. Won't flare, tear or rip.
GUARANTEE
We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Why Not Save That Extra on Underwear?

With prices racing sky-high on 'most everything, it's a mighty good feeling to know you can get the finest sort of wear, warmth and comfort in winter weight underwear and at such popular prices.

It's really a startling eye-opener to see just what amazing value you can get. Read about the extra features over there in the illustration. Add 'em all up —then get this:

Hanes Winter Weight Underwear is made of fine, long-fibre cotton, snug-fitting, sightly and strongly made. Every seam is guaranteed unbreakable where the wear is greatest. It is springy and comfortable, warm and cozy. Bull strong—washing can't faze it.

Greatest Winter Underwear

HANES

ELASTIC KNIT

UNDERWEAR

Sold at Popular Prices

Where can you get anything to touch that for downright value? Don't pay a high price just because you're used to paying it. Hanes is just the right price for everybody and the underwear everyone should wear.

If you're paying less, add a little and get extra wear, feel and value. You'll be mighty glad of it when you warm up to this splendid underwear.

Here's the Big Specialty for 1917

A boys' union suit, superbly made with an unusual silky finish. A real high-class boys' underwear that combines the best features of the men's suits with a downy softness and cozy warmness just right for youngsters. Its value can't be duplicated anywhere.

Ask the Hanes dealer to let you see these two big underwear values. If you don't know him, write us. Don't let this chance slip by, but stock up against the cold weather by buying a half dozen suits before your dealer is sold out.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

This Label on Every Garment
HANES
Buy None Without It

Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

BACK TO THE LAND

(Concluded from Page 4)

protesting that it would be but a waste of his time and mine to take up the subject of fruit and shade trees and shrubbery, because, even though I might care to invest in his lines, I had at present no soil in which to plant them. But he seemed to regard this as a mere technicality on my part, and before I was anywhere near done with what I meant to say to him he had one arm round me and was filling my lap and my arms and my desk-top with catalogues, price lists, illustrations in color, order slips, and other literature dealing with the products of the house he represented.

I did my feeble best to fight him off; but it was of no use. He just naturally surrounded me. Inside of three minutes he had me as thoroughly mined, flanked and invested as though he'd been Grant and I'd been Richmond. I could tell he was prepared to stay right on until I capitulated.

So, in order for me to be able to live my own life, it became necessary to give him an order. I made it as small an order as possible, because, as I have just said and as I told him repeatedly, I had no place in which to plant the things I bought of him, and could not tell when I should have a place in which to plant them. That petty detail did not concern him in the least. He promised to postpone delivery until I had taken title to some land somewhere; and then he smiled his all-ivory smile and released me from captivity, and took his departure.

Two months later, when we had joined the landed classes, the consignment arrived—peach, pear, quince, cherry and apple. I was quite shocked at the appearance of the various items when we undid the wrappings. The pictures from which I had made my selections showed splendid trees, thick with foliage and laden with the most delicious fruit imaginable. But here, seemingly, was merely a collection of golf clubs in a crude and unfinished state—that is to say, they were about the right length and the right thickness to make golf clubs, but were unfinished to the extent that they had small tentacles or roots adhering to them at their butt ends.

However, our gardener—we had acquired a gardener by then—was of the opinion that they might develop into something. Having advanced this exceedingly sanguine and optimistic belief, he took out a pocket-knife and further maimed the poor little things by pruning off certain minute sprouts or nubs or sprigs that grew upon them; and then he stuck them in the earth. Nevertheless, they grew. At this hour they are still growing, and in time I think they may bear fruit. As a promise of future productivity they bore leaves during the summer—not many leaves, but still enough leaves to keep them from looking so much like umbrella handles with the crooks missing.

If Apples Should Go Out of Style

I sincerely trust the reader will not think I have been exaggerating along here in detailing my dealings with the artificers, agents and solicitors who descended upon us when the hue and cry—personally I have never seen a hue, nor, to the best of my knowledge, have I ever heard one; but it is customary to speak of it in connection with a cry and I do so—when, as I say, the presumable hue and the indubitable cry were raised in regard to our ambition to own a country place. Believe me, I am but telling the plain, unvarnished truth. And now we come to the home-seeking enterprise:

Sometimes alone, but more frequently in the company of friends, we toured Westchester, its main highways and its back roads, its nooks and its corners, until we felt that we knew its topography much better than many born and reared in it. Reason totters on her throne when confronted with the task of trying to remember how many places we looked at—places done, places overdone, places underdone, and places undone. Wherever we went, though, one of two baffling situations invariably arose: If we liked a place the price for that place uniformly would be out of our financial reach. If the price were within our reach the place failed to satisfy our desires.

After weeks of questing about, we did almost close for one estate. It was an estate where a rich man, who made his money in town and spent it in the country, had invested a fortune in apple trees. The trees were there—several thousand of them; but they were all such young trees. It would be several years before they would begin to bear, and meantime the services of a small army of men would be required to care for the orchards, and prune them, and spray them, and coddle them, and chase insects away from them. I calculated that if we bought this place it would cost me about seven thousand dollars a year for five years ahead in order to enjoy three weeks of pink-and-white beauty in the blossoming time each spring.

Besides, it occurred to me that by the time the trees did begin to bear plentifully the fashionable folk in New York might quit eating apples; in which case everybody else would undoubtedly follow suit and quit eating them too. Ours is a fickle race, as witness the passing of the vogue for iron dogs on front lawns, and for William Jennings Bryan as a presidential candidate, and for cut-glass vinegar cruets on the dinner table; and a lot of other things, fashionable once but unfashionable now.

Asset or Liability?

Also, the house stood on a bluff directly overlooking the river, with the tracks of the New York Central in plain view and trains constantly skihooting by. At the time of our inspection of the premises, long restless strings of freight cars were backing in and out of sidings not more than a quarter of a mile away. We were prepared, after we had moved to the country, to rise with the skylarks, but we could not see the advantage to be derived from rising with the switch engines. Switch engines are notorious for keeping such early hours; or possibly the engineers suffer from insomnia.

At length we decided to buy an undeveloped tract and do our own developing. In pursuance of this altered plan we climbed craggy heights with fine views to be had from their crests, but with no water anywhere near; and we waded through marshy meadows, where there was any amount of water but no views. This was discouraging; but we persevered, and eventually perseverance found its reward. Thanks to some kindly souls who guided us to it, we found what we thought we wanted.

We found a sixty-acre tract on a fine road less than a mile and a half from one of the best towns in the lower Hudson Valley. It combined accessibility with privacy; for after you quitted the cleared lands at the front of the property, and entered the woodland at the back, you were instantly in a stretch of timber that by rights belonged in the Adirondacks. About a third of the land was cleared—or, rather, had been cleared once upon a time. The rest was virgin forest running up to the comb of a little mountain, from the top of which you might see, spread out before you and below you, a panorama with a sweep of perhaps forty miles round three sides of the horizon.

There were dells, glades, steep bluffs and rolling stretches of fallow land; there were seven springs on the place; there was a cloven rift in the hill with a fine little valley at the bottom of it, and the first time I clambered up its slope from the bottom I flushed a big cock grouse that went booming away through the underbrush with a noise like a burst of baby thunder. That settled it for me. All my life I have been trying to kill a grouse on the wing, and here was a target right on the premises. Next day we signed the papers and paid over the binder money. We were landowners. Presently we had a deed in the safe-deposit box and some notes in the bank to prove it.

Over most of our friends we had one advantage. They had taken old-fashioned farms and made them over into modern country places. But once upon a time, sixty or seventy years back, the place of which we were now the proud proprietors had been the property of a man of means and good taste, a college professor; and, by the somewhat primitive standards of those days, it had been an estate of considerable pretensions.

This gentleman had done things of which we were now the legatees. For example, he had spared the fine big trees, which grew about the dooryard of his house; and when he had cleared the tillable acres he had left in them here and there little thickets and little rocky copses which stood up like islands from the green expanses of his meadows. The pioneer American farmer's idea of a tree in a field or on a lawn was something that could be cut down right away. Also, he had planted orchards of apples and groves of cherries; and he had thrown up stout stone walls, which still stood in fair order.

But—alas!—he had been dead for more than forty years. And during most of those forty years his estate had been in possession of an absentee landlord, a woman, who allowed a squatter to live on the property, rent free, upon one unusual condition—namely, that he repair nothing, change nothing, improve nothing, and, except for the patch where he grew his own garden truck, till no land. As well as might be judged by the present conditions, the squatter had lived up to the contract. If a windowpane was smashed he stuffed up the orifice with rags; if a roof broke away he patched the hole with scraps of tarred paper; if a tree fell its moldering trunk stayed where it lay; if brambles sprang up they flourished unvexed by bush hook or pruning blade.

Buried in this wilderness was an old frame residence, slanting tipsily on its rotted sills; and the cellar under it was a noisome damp hole, half filled with stones that had dropped out of the tottering foundation walls. There was a farmer's cottage which from decay and neglect seemed ready to topple over; likewise the remains of a cow barn where no self-respecting cow would voluntarily spend a night; the moldy ruins of a coach house, an ice house and a chicken house; and beside these, piles of broken, crumbling boards to mark the sites of sundry cribs and sheds.

The barn alone had resisted neglect and the gnawing tooth of time. This was because it had been built in the time when barns were built to stay. It had big, hand-hewn oak sticks for its beams and rafters and sills; and though its roof was a lacework of rotted shingles and its sides were full of gaps to let the weather in, its frame was as solid and enduring as on the day when it was finished. This, in short and in fine, was what we in our ignorance had acquired. To us it was a splendid asset. Persons who knew more than we did might have called it a liability.

All our friends, though, were most sanguine and most cheerful regarding the prospect. Jauntily and with few words they dismissed the difficulties of the prospect that faced us; and with the same jauntiness we, also, dismissed them.

Suggested Improvements

"Oh, you won't have so very much to do!" I hear them saying. "To be sure, there's a road to be built—not over a quarter of a mile of road, exclusive of the turnround at your garage—when you've built your garage; and the turn in front of your house—when you've built your house. It shouldn't take you long to clear up the fields and get them under cultivation. All you'll have to do there is pick the loose stones off of them and plow the land up, and harrow it and grade it in places, and spread a few hundred wagonloads of fertilizer; and then sow your grass seed. That old horsepond yonder will make you a perfectly lovely swimming pool, once you've cleaned it out and deepened it at this end, and built retaining walls round it, and put in a concrete basin, and waterproofed the sides and bottom. You must have a swimming pool by all means!

"And then, by running a hundred-foot dam across that low place in the valley you can have a wonderful little lake. You surely must have a lake to go with the swimming pool! Then, when you've dug your artesian well, you can couple up all your springs for an emergency supply. You know you can easily pipe the spring water into a tank and conserve it there. Then you'll have all the water you possibly can need—except, of course, in very dry weather in midsummer.

"And after that, when you've torn the old house down and put up your new house, and built your barn and your stable, and your farmer's cottage, and your ice house, and your greenhouses, and your corncrib, and your tool shed, and your tennis court, and laid out some terraces up on that hillside yonder, and planned out your flower gardens and your vegetable garden, and your potato patch and your corn patch, and stuck up your chicken runs, and bought your work stock and your cows and chickens and things—oh, yes, and your kennels, if you are going in for dogs—— No? All right, then; never mind the kennels. Anyhow, when you've done those things and set out your shrubs and made your rose beds and planted your grapevines, you'll be all ready just to move right in and settle down and enjoy yourselves."

I do not mean that all of these suggestions came at once. As here enumerated they represent the combined fruitage of several conversations on the subject. We listened attentively, making notes of the various notions for our comfort and satisfaction as they occurred to others. If anyone had advanced the idea that we should install a private race track, and lay out nine holes, say, of a private golf course, we should have agreed to those items too. These things do sound so easy when you are talking them over and when the first splendid fever of land ownership is upon you!

Had I but known then what I know now! These times, when, going along the road, I pass a manure heap I am filled with envy of the plutocrat who owns it, though, at the same time, deploring the vulgar ostentation that leads him to spread his wealth before the view of the public. When I see a masonry wall along the front of an estate I begin to make mental calculations, for I understand now what that masonry costs, and know that it is cheaper, in the long run, to have your walls erected by a lapidary than by a union stonemason.

Landscape Dentistry

And as for a bluestone road—well, you, reader, may think bluestone is but a simple thing and an inexpensive one. Just wait until you have had handed to you the estimates on the cost of killing the nerve and cleaning out the cavities and inserting the fillings, and putting in the falsework and the bridgework, and the drains and the arches—and all! You might think dentists are well paid for such jobs; but a professional road contractor—I started to say road agent—makes any dentist look like a perfect piker.

And any time you feel you really must have a swimming pool that is all your very own, take my advice and think twice. Think oftener than twice; and then compromise on a neat little outdoor sitz bath that is all your very own.

But the inner knowledge of these things was to come to us later. For the time being, pending the letting of contracts, we were content to enjoy the two most pleasurable sensations mortals may know—possession and anticipation: the sense of the reality of present ownership and, coupled with this, dreams of future creation and future achievement. We were on the verge of making come true the treasured vision of months—we were about to become abandoned farmers.

No being who is blessed with imagination can have any finer joy than this, I think—the joy of proprietorship of a strip of the green footstool. The soil you kick up when you walk over your acres is different soil from that which you kick up on your neighbor's land—different because it is yours. Another man's tree, another man's rock heap, is a simple tree or a mere rock heap, as the case may be; and nothing more. But your tree and your rock heap assume a peculiar value, a special interest, a unique and individual picturesqueness.

And oh, the thrill that permeates your being when you see the first furrow of brown earth turned up in your field, or the first shovel-load of sod lifted from the spot where your home is to stand! And oh, the first walk through the budding woods in the springtime! And the first spray of trailing arbutus! And the first copperhead! And the first mortgage! And the second mortgage! And the first time you tread on one of those large slick brown worms, designed, inside and out, like a chocolate éclair!

After all, it's the only life! But on the way to it there are pitfalls and obstacles and setbacks, and steadily mounting monthly pay rolls.

As shall presently develop.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Cobb. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Most Wonderful Shoe-Sole In the World—Neōlin

THE children skipped into the room and their mother followed. There was no thumping though you could hear the soft patter of the little foot-steps. Their father looked up enquiringly while mother laughed.

"Our new shoe-soles," she announced. Father was interested.

"Some new kind of leather?" he asked. Mother shook her head.

"Rubber then?" Mother shook again. "Different from leather, different from rubber—and with qualities possessed by neither," quoted she triumphantly. Father looked more perplexed than ever.

"They are Neōlin Soles," mother proclaimed. She was full of the subject now. She lifted a sole on her pretty new shoes. It resembled leather. Then she flexed her foot. "Comfortable—and pliant as the human sole itself," she smilingly announced.

Father became enquiring.

"But how do they wear?" he asked suspiciously—for he'd worn leather soles for a lifetime, and habit is strong.

Neōlin Soles

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better than Leather

"Twice as long as ordinary leather," mother smiled—"And waterproof into the bargain."

* * *

That was the introduction of Neōlin Soles into this little family. What is the end of that story? Just what it is in millions of similar homes.

Here is a father, striving against pitilessly rising prices, with an income that does not grow.

Here is a wife, thrifty and always hopeful, but a little solemn as she thinks of the flying days, and the many needs, and the slow, slow saving—if saving at all there be. And she looks at the shoe-bills of her little brood, and sighs.

And then on some one, ever-memorable shopping day—Neōlin Soles! What they have meant to her and her husband both! Where they'd paid more for quickly-wearing shoes, they now paid less for longer-wearing shoes; while with Willie, and Cora, and Nellie, and Joe the saving was more noticeable yet. As for what waterproof Neōlin saved them all in colds and doctors' bills, it would be difficult to say!

This is the end of our little story.

Millions of American families know its truth. They too recognize how Neōlin Soles mean a personal service in saving—in addition to making possible a duty to the nation. They too are grateful for Neōlin Soles. And so, one day, will you be, too.

* * *

Neōlin Soles are of a new sole-wear material invented by Science. They show tremendous wear-margins over ordinary shoe-sole leather. They are for all-season, all-weather wear. In all sizes for all ages, on new shoes or as re-soles. The same in quality on any price of shoe. In black, white, tan. Be sure you get Neōlin. Without the name "Neōlin" underneath you have not bought Neōlin. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: **Neōlin**—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

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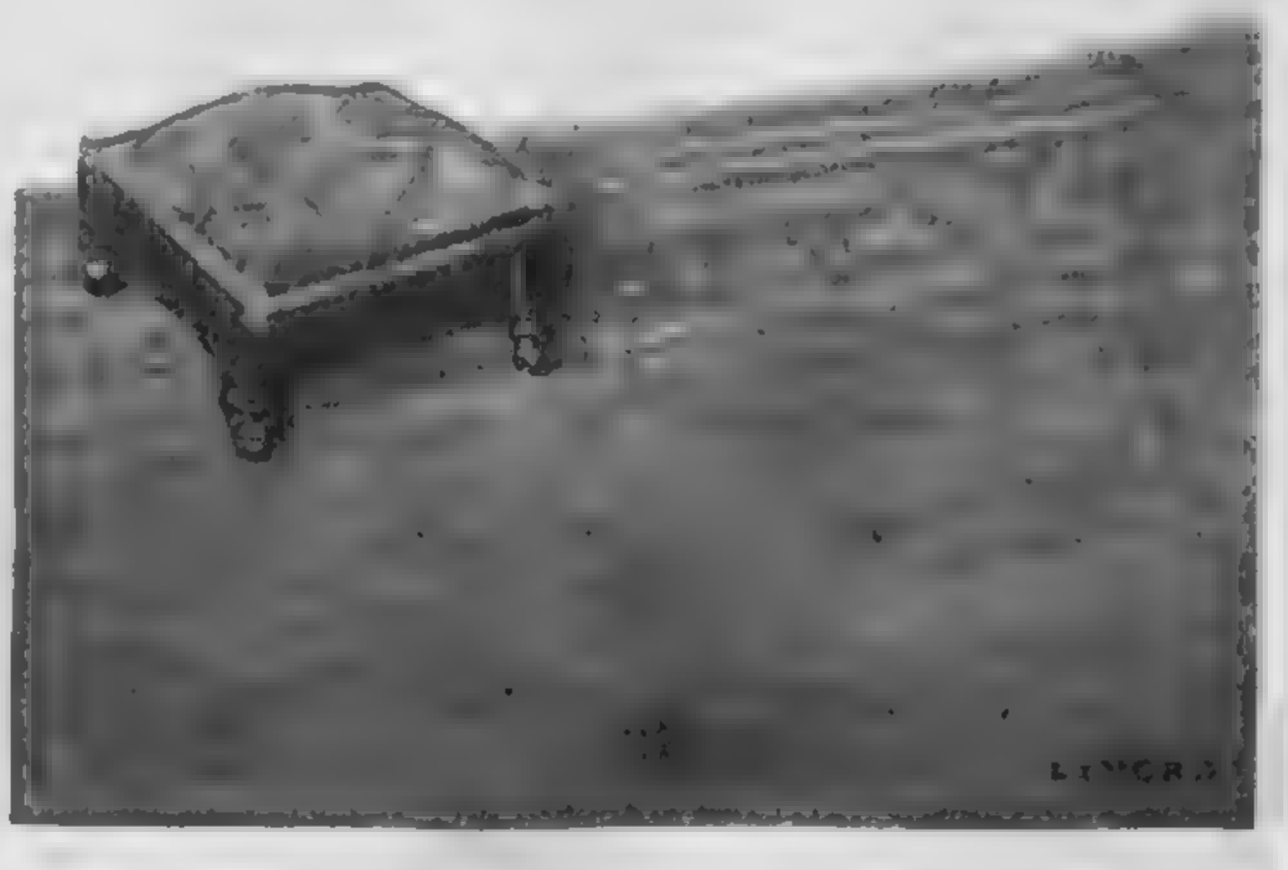

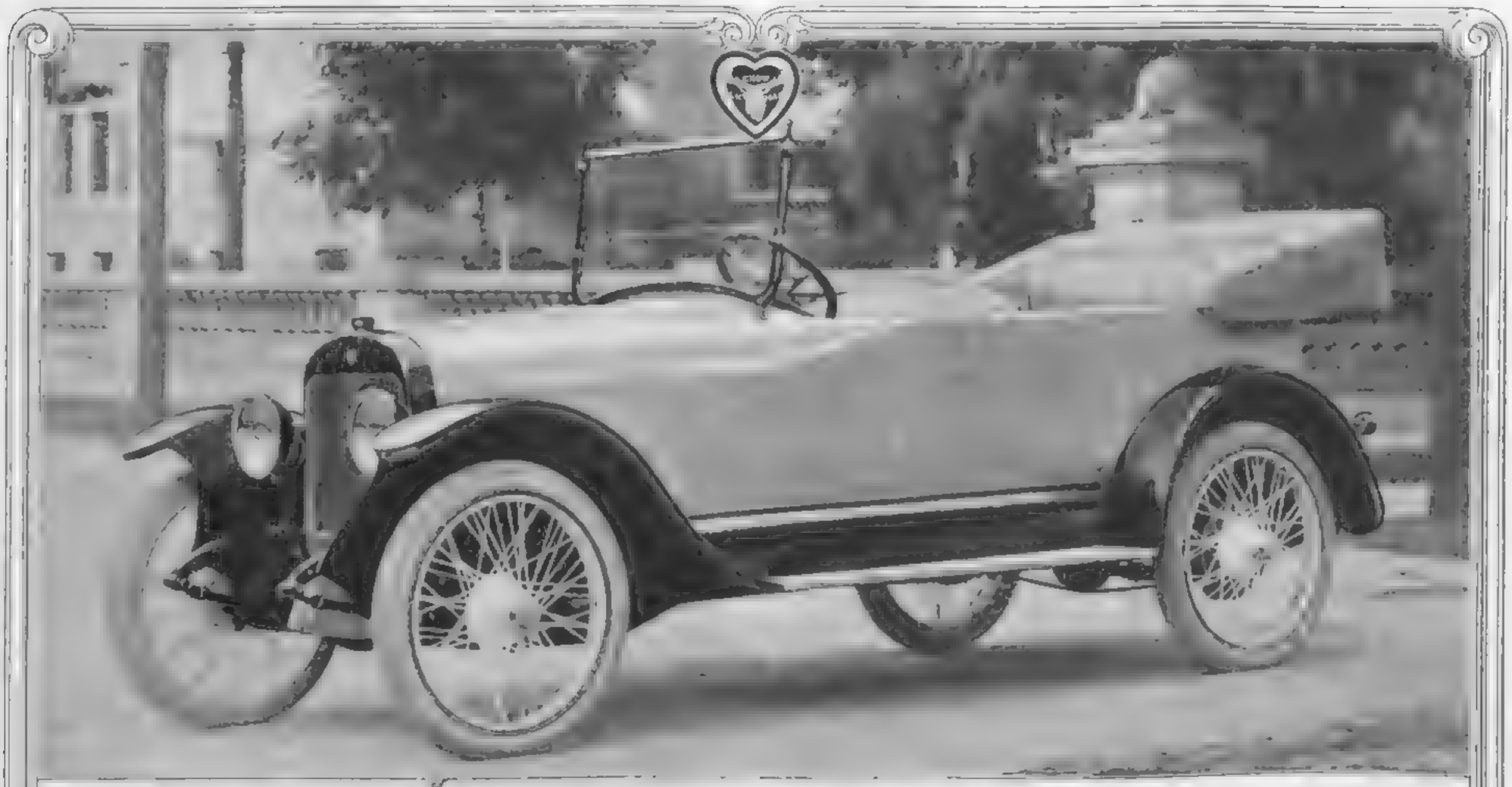

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Great Achievement of the Year in "Under $1200" Cars

NOW for 1918 we announce the greatest value advance in all motordom. A large beautiful car of ultra-distinctive lines and 114-inch wheel base—as large and handsome a car as some selling for $200 to $300 more. By reason of owning our own coach shops, building our own motors and being partners with factories that create our parts—we can offer you the astounding motor car value of the year.

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Famous Multi-Powered Motor

You get the surprising performance of the multi-powered motor with unit power plant—a motor that gives you silky operation of multiple cylinder cars and light car economy.

This Is the Thrift Car

Every model is a rich man's car in everything but price and upkeep, for each has been created in the Crow Elkhart coach shops. The car is light in weight—2295 pounds—which insures *economy*.

In addition to the size and luxuriousness it embodies the wonderful Hotchkiss Drive, a feature of much higher priced cars, wider and deeper seats and [illegible] It is remarkable in balance for [illegible] insignificant difference between the weight on front and rear wheels, gasoline tank is at the rear of the car. Stewart Vacuum [illegible]

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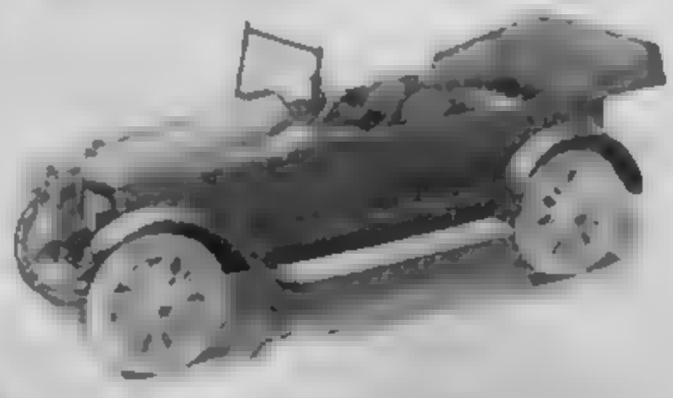
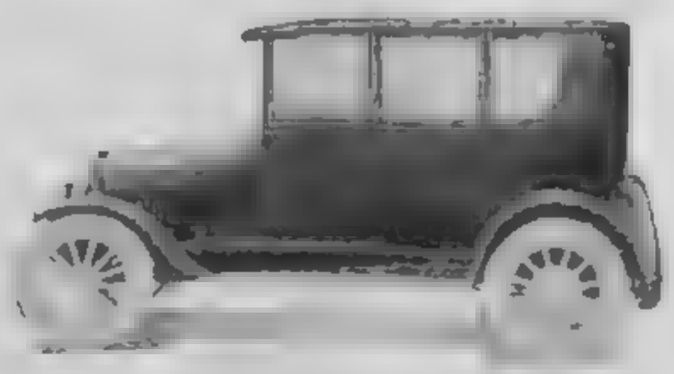
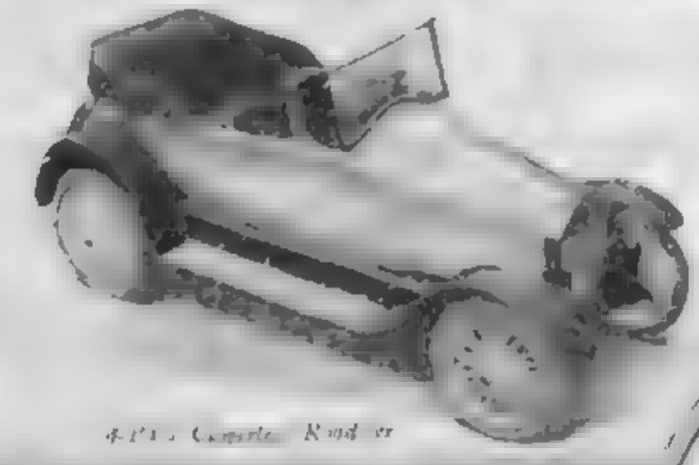


DeLuxe Touring Car



Convertible Sedan



4-Pass. Coupelet Roadster

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY BONDS

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

FEW if any financial subjects will interest more people from now on than the market price of Liberty bonds. These bonds are being sold directly by the Government to the people at a fixed price of one hundred per cent; but, once a bond has passed out of the hands of the Government to any subscriber, he is free to sell it for less or more than he paid for it. At noon on June fifteenth last the first sale of Liberty bonds by the Government came to an end. Whistles blew and bells rang, and before the sound had died away brokers on the Stock Exchange began to trade in the new bonds. Thus the market value of property held by millions of people began to be subject to daily fluctuations, and will continue so subject until they are finally paid off, years hence.

Nor is it any reflection upon the patriotism of people that they should sit up and take notice when their property is becoming more or less valuable. People are led to buy government bonds by two motives, so inextricably mixed that no effort to separate them will ever succeed—patriotism, and a desire to make their savings work for them. To take away from the owner of a Liberty bond the comfortable feeling that the bond may become a little more valuable than when he bought it—this would be like depriving him of bread and water. It is a fundamental human motive—this desire for profit.

Speakers and writers who have assisted in floating the two Liberty loans, and who have been impressed with the necessity of putting the facts in simple language, have dwelt upon the idea that a bond is not a gift, like a subscription to the Red Cross, but a loan upon which the subscriber draws interest. "You lend your money at interest; you do not give it," they repeat. If this be true, and of course it is, confidence in the soundness of the investment depends upon being able to collect the loan when one desires.

One bids a gift good-by forever; but not so with a loan. The very essence of lending is to give the temporary use of something, with the condition, expressed or implied, that it shall be returned. And it is not enough that the Government should return the money in fifteen years. One may desire his money in ten years, five years or one year. And, unless the bond can be sold for at least as much as was paid for it, the loan does not prove safe and sound and good. If the price falls far below what was paid originally, the investment then turns out very badly indeed.

Increasing Interest Rates

There would be no advantage, of course, in forbidding the purchase and sale of Liberty bonds on the stock exchanges. Such a course would not prevent the price from going either up or down. It would merely conceal what was going on elsewhere, or, at the most, postpone inevitable readjustments. To forbid or prevent the open, public buying and selling of such a widely held investment as Liberty bonds would force their private purchase and sale at much greater differences in price, and so cause far greater loss to some and gain to others.

What, then, is the likely course of Liberty bond prices? Prediction is always a rash business unless one has the cards stacked. But in this case they are practically stacked. In other words, so long as the Government maintains its present financial policy—a policy that is most unlikely to be altered—Liberty bond prices are almost certain to stay up close to what subscribers originally paid, and in time go still higher.

The Government policy is to sell bonds at not less than par—that is, one hundred per cent—and to allow the owners of each issue to change them over into the next issue, having a higher rate of interest. For all practical purposes this measure means that the price of all Liberty bonds will be automatically kept at one hundred per cent as long as the war continues. Moreover, this policy guarantees that the early subscribers shall receive just as high a rate, in course of time, as those who come in at the very last or darkest period of the war, when rates will necessarily be high. This means that whenever you subscribe for a Liberty bond you will always receive a rate of interest which, at the moment, is the fair rate on capital as measured by the markets of the world. This is unique in the whole history of investments.

It is true that between Liberty loans the price of the last issue may fall somewhat; but it will come up again as soon as the next issue approaches and the period for converting or exchanging the old into the new bonds comes near. That is exactly what happened between the first and second loans, and probably will occur again between the second and third.

In England the Government has set aside a small sum each month to buy up any of its bonds offered for sale below par; and in that way prices have been maintained. Our Treasury has no such provision; but, on the other hand, England has not provided for the conversion of each of its loans into the next. Our policy would seem the broader and more certain.

The Appeal to Rich Men

The first Liberty bonds are further bound to stay up in price because of their extremely attractive appeal to rich men, being free from all taxes. This will insure them a certain and ready market. The second bonds are not free from all Federal taxes; but their total freedom from all state and local taxes adds enormously to their value and will tend to keep them up in price.

Future issues of bonds may naturally be expected, likewise, to have some special attractive feature.

A third reason why all Liberty bonds will tend to keep to a good price level is the oversubscription that attended the first loan. If more people ask for bonds than there are bonds to give them, there are sure to be buyers to keep prices up. Of course nothing is known about the third loan at this writing, but if there is a third loan, and it, too, is oversubscribed, the upward pressure will continue.

Probably the great mass of investors did not buy their Liberty bonds with any idea of immediately selling them, and are more interested in what will happen after the war than in any temporary price changes. History may not repeat itself; but there has been a striking uniformity in the course of government bonds during the last hundred years—which is the only period of history in which enough of them existed to make comparison possible. Government bonds have, in nearly all cases, violently fallen during wars and recovered to a great extent afterward. Even where a nation has been defeated—as in France after the Napoleonic wars and in Russia after its conflict with Japan—the bonds have moved upward. Of course, when the Southern Confederacy ceased to exist its bonds became worthless.

In this country, after the wartime need has passed, government bond prices have always risen. This fact is generally familiar to all and can be traced from the Revolution to the Spanish-American War, though the most striking gains were made after the Civil War. But the same facts appear to be true of England, France, Russia, Japan, and even of several of the less civilized countries. Sometimes it has taken long periods of time for bonds to recuperate from a war strain. On other occasions the period of recovery has been short, but practically always the recovery has ultimately taken place. The advance of both French rentes and British consols after the Napoleonic wars, and of rentes after the Franco-Prussian War, was especially striking.

It is the firm conviction of nearly all bankers that Liberty bonds will go well above par after the war. Of course economic conditions may be so altered as to make all precedents worthless. On the other hand, many of the upward movements in government bonds of this and other countries, following wars, have been in the face of changed social and economic conditions that probably seemed, at the time, disastrous and revolutionary.

There are four great market places where Liberty bonds may be sold—the stock exchanges in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Though the turnover in all these markets has been large and steadily on the increase, New York is the primary market. More than forty-five million dollars of Liberty bonds were bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange in September; and usually more of them find a market there in one day than on the three other exchanges together in a week.

No doubt large blocks are handled by brokers and bankers privately, outside the exchanges; but it is the effort of the various exchange authorities to make their floors the chief markets, and probably, as time goes on, the trading will be steadily heavier, especially in New York. If the war should continue long it is probable that operations in Liberty bonds will practically monopolize the bond market, and in time even almost put a stop to the buying and selling of stocks.

The ordinary investor who, for any reason, desires to sell a Liberty bond should put in his order either directly through a member of the stock exchange in one of these four cities, or through some reputable broker or banker, who, in turn, will see that it is sold on one of the big exchanges. Only in rare cases is it wise to trade such a valuable investment as a Liberty bond for an unknown stock or other property, or to attempt to sell it through parties who have no connection with members of the stock exchanges where the bonds are listed.

At times when Liberty bonds sell a trifle below par, fakers are sure to spring up who, with a false show of generosity, offer to take them at par in exchange for some worthless stock they are seeking to peddle. Of course none but the most hopelessly unsophisticated would fall for this particular shell game.

Never has such an effort been made to create a continuous and liquid market for any security as for Liberty bonds. The usual practice on the New York Stock Exchange, and on nearly all other American markets, is to deal in bonds and stocks at price differences of one-eighth of one per cent. On a hundred-dollar share of stock this means twelve and a half cents variation. Probably in no other form of trading in the business world are price differences, either way, so relatively small. It makes possible the very slow and gradual adjustment of prices to changing conditions.

How the Bonds are Quoted

But the Stock Exchange decided to permit trading in Liberty bonds at price differences of one-fiftieth of one per cent. The result has been that great quantities of bonds change hands without any serious variation in price.

Though the basis of price changes was one-fiftieth, a sort of decimal system was employed for more than a month to report these changes, and considerable confusion resulted. A bond was reported sold at, say, 99.13; but this did not mean $99.13. It meant $99⅓, or $99.26. To avoid the inevitable confusion, a new and very simple method of reporting was then adopted, which gives the exact price in dollars and cents. A reported price of 99.90 now means $99.90 for a hundred-dollar bond, and $999 for a thousand-dollar bond.

Despite minor and temporary newspaper alarms, it should be recognized that Liberty bonds have really varied remarkably little in the five months or so during which they have been subject to public buying and selling. From June fifteenth to the end of the first week in October the price of the first issue—the three-and-a-half per cents—has shown an extreme variation of exactly one point, or one per cent. A newspaper sensation occurs every time they go up a tiny fraction or fall at the same rate.

Such changes in price as take place in these bonds, or are likely to occur, are of insignificant importance to the small investor. On the small bonds they amount to practically nothing. One must own tens of thousands before he becomes richer or poorer by a hundred dollars from any price movement that has occurred thus far.

Curiously enough the bonds fell below par the first day they were put on the Stock Exchange. There was talk of German raids; but it was found that an individual who was described by the governing committee of the Stock Exchange as repentant and willing to contribute one hundred thousand dollars to the Red Cross had thoughtlessly sold his bonds below 100. Then for a few weeks everyone was afraid to sell many bonds and there seemed to be a pegged market, or at least a sentimental and tacit understanding that no bonds should sell below 100. Finally Governor Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, poohpoohed the prevailing fears; since which time there have been no restrictions. Bonds have at times fallen slightly below 100 without any suggestion of German influence; and likewise they have gone above 100 for various reasons.

One movement of Liberty bond prices that might appear curious to those unfamiliar with such maneuvers was the heavy buying of the three-and-a-half per cents just before October first. This was done by residents of New York State who desired to have nontaxable securities in their lists over October first, which is tax day. It is a usual thing for all nontaxable securities to take a boom just before tax day, and the first Liberty bonds will share this sort of popularity from now on.

The Normal Unit

Of course a person who has bought a Liberty bond from the Government at par and sells it for a little less might expect to lose, considering the fact that he also pays some brokerage commission. In a number of such cases, however, there has been an actual gain on the money invested, because the accrued interest coming to the investor has more than offset his market loss and commission charge. This is a commonplace to those accustomed to bonds, but often comes as a surprise to a new investor.

Without wishing in any way to discourage the purchase of small bonds of fifty-dollar and one-hundred-dollar units, I cannot too strongly recommend to those who subscribe to the Liberty loans to the extent of a thousand dollars or more to take thousand-dollar units. It is true that there has been very little buying and selling of the so-called baby bonds since the whole issue was listed on the Stock Exchange; and, in a sense, the baby bonds have stayed sold better than the larger units. Also it is true that at least one broker has been willing to buy at the regular price all baby bonds offered for sale.

But the regular normal unit of buying and selling on the Stock Exchange for bonds is one thousand dollars; and year in and year out there is more likely to be a steady, dependable market at only slightly varying prices for the normal unit than for some unusually small one.

In other words, the normal workings of a market cannot, even in wartime, accommodate themselves to small units. The seller of a small bond not only gets a shade less than for a thousand-dollar piece, but the buyer has to pay more—that is, the little bond suffers both ways. And this applies to those for five hundred dollars as well as for the very small denominations.

These price differences among the different units are very slight, and the losses sustained by small owners will no doubt prove insignificant. Of course it is generally recognized that many owners of very small bonds will never be obliged to sell; nor will they want to sell. Small bonds naturally stay lodged in a more permanent fashion than larger ones.

Persons unacquainted with Stock Exchange customs may be unable on occasions to understand these hieroglyphics alongside the report of a bond sale: 3½f. Or, instead of f the number may be 5, 20 or 30. These figures and letters mean that the seller of the bond may deliver it at any time he pleases within fifteen days, and that the interest is not accrued, but flat—f. Or, on still rarer occasions, a buyer may be in a great hurry for bonds and unwilling to wait until the next day for delivery. In that case he will buy for cash, and the letter c will appear. The vast majority of all Stock Exchange purchases and sales of Liberty bonds are in the regular way, and consequently have no peculiar signs to distinguish them.

Surprise him tomorrow with America's favorite breakfast

HAVE steaming Aunt Jemima pancakes, fragrant with goodness—pancakes a rich golden brown and so delicious they seem to melt in your mouth!

Thousands of other women find that Aunt Jemima pancakes always delight their families; always make breakfast a success. Last season over 60 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts were served! Aunt Jemima is the biggest-selling, most popular pancake flour in America today.

It is the flavor that makes Aunt Jemima pancakes so popular. They have all the wonderful flavor that makes the pancakes of the South famous. Your family will wonder how you learned the secret of the old-time Southern cooks!

The Aunt Jemima formula was worked out with one idea in mind—to make perfect pancakes—not bread nor pie, but pancakes as delicious as they could possibly be. Every ingredient is especially selected, is especially prepared—even the grain is especially ground—even the sweet milk is included.

Each ingredient is weighed and measured with scientific accuracy by a skilled chemist, every batch of flour is tested by a cook—a woman who uses the flour just as you use it yourself.

AUNT JEMIMA

As soon as you taste these pancakes, you will know why the formula has always been treasured for use exclusively in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. You will appreciate, too, the skill, the care, which enables you to have pancakes that are always so good your family asks for them over and over again.

Made in a minute

You will find it so easy, so quick, to make Aunt Jemima pancakes, that you will be amazed.

Every ingredient is already mixed in the flour—the baking powder, the salt, the milk. To save you the bother and cost of adding the sweet milk, without which no pancake is really delicious, the Aunt Jemima people evaporate all the moisture out of sweet milk. In this form the milk is ready-mixed right in the flour for you. Just add water, and the batter is ready.

Contrast this with the old-fashioned way of making pancakes, when you had to get together the flour, milk, baking powder, salt, had to measure and mix before the batter was ready. When you see how much trouble Aunt Jemima saves you, when you see how easy it is to have pancakes ready in half the usual time, you will say you wouldn't be without Aunt Jemima if you had to pay double its price!

Less than three cents, and they all love it

Nowadays when eggs seem worth their weight in gold, and meat is almost priceless, one of your greatest problems is how to plan breakfasts that are not too expensive, yet that satisfy—even delight—your family. Other women solve this problem with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

You will find that an Aunt Jemima pancake breakfast costs you less than three cents a person—about one-third the cost of meat or of eggs. In addition, it satisfies lively appetites, delights your whole family as no other breakfast does. With Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour you can laugh at the high cost of breakfasts.

Serve America's favorite breakfast often!

If you are not already one of the thousands of women who are serving Aunt Jemima pancakes often, order a package now. Your grocer has Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, so you can have the kind you love best. Don't deprive your family for another day of the pleasure Aunt Jemima pancakes give.

When you see how Aunt Jemima makes it possible for you to serve a delicious breakfast, how easily and how economically you can give your family the breakfast they always welcome with smiling faces, you will realize why Aunt Jemima is the favorite pancake flour in America. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri. Also makers of Red Top, Royal No. 10 and Fiddle and Bow Flour.

Buy the ingredients separately and mix them yourself and your pancakes cost you at least 25c. For only 8c you can have an Aunt Jemima breakfast. And Aunt Jemima pancakes have all the wonderful flavor that has made the pancakes of the South famous. Your family will wonder how you learned the secret of the old-time Southern cooks.

© 1917 Aunt Jemima Mills Company

PANCAKE FLOUR

KOTOW DE LUXE

By William Hamilton Osborne

WHEN you understand that it was I who introduced Henry Beegle to Amy's sister, Letty; that it was Amy who brought them together on every possible occasion; and that it was Amy and myself who furthered this match to the uttermost—when all that filters into your consciousness you will appreciate the jolt I got when I learned Amy had found out that Henry Beegle had turned yellow on his honeymoon. When I reached home that afternoon Amy met me at the door, her face gone gray with dread. "Tell me," she demanded, "everything you know about Henry Beegle—all his habits—everything. Has he lived a double life?"

"Tell me what you're driving at," I returned.

"Something," gasped Amy—"Something happened while they were away—something awful—on their wedding trip. They got back two hours ago. Letty's upstairs. Henry's gone down to his office. Letty—she —— It's been dreadful! Dreadful!"

With some degree of method in my madness I requested some degree of enlightenment; inquired, with pardonable impatience, what dreadful thing had happened on this wedding trip. Dreadful things can happen on wedding trips, but usually they don't. What had Beegle done?

There was the rub. Letty hadn't told. She had arrived that afternoon with Henry, worn, nervous, exhausted, but outwardly blithe and happy. So long as Henry hung round she went, as brides will do, into raptures over the glory of that trip. The moment his back was turned her forced gayety dropped from her on the instant. Amy said she seemed to shudder.

"It's been awful—awful!" she kept crying. "You don't know what I've been through in the last three weeks."

That's what Letty, the bride, kept repeating to her sister. That—and nothing more.

"Well," I finally suggested to Amy, "what has she been through? It's up to us to find out. She won't tell me, but she must tell you. If Beegle's a bad lot, the sooner we know it the better. I'll have it out with him. I'm not afraid of all the Beegles in the universe. So don't you be afraid of Letty."

Fear of asking questions is not one of Amy's overwhelming weaknesses. Like Rikki Tikki Tavii of the mongoose family, she feels the eternal impulse to run and find out—and she obeys it. She was ashamed of herself at her ill success so far. She returned to the charge; and, under pretense of helping Letty into her fetchingest new dinner gown, she did her level best to worm her way into Letty's confidence. What she may have learned I could not ascertain, for unfortunately, before I could waylay her and find out, Henry Beegle turned up for dinner, glowing with outrageous health and happiness. Letty submitted to his caresses with a multitude of dutiful little smiles and blushes. But, nevertheless, I could see that her last hour with Amy had eaten into her.

As Henry tucked his bride into her chair at dinner, mussing her hair up as he did so, Letty sighed with unutterable relief.

"Oh, but I'm glad to get home!" she cried.

Henry Beegle glanced about our neat and cozy premises with lordly disdain.

"You don't call this home!" he returned, sniffing, with his nose in the air. "Wait till I fix up a real homey home for tootums—I'll show you what a home is like," said Henry Beegle.

An eager note crept into Letty's voice.

"The sooner we get into it, the better!" she exclaimed. "Home home! I'll never want to leave it. I'll never want to go anywhere; just stay home—that's all!"

While she was uttering these sentiments I caught Amy looking at me—with her eyes she was advising me to listen, to listen hard. I listened, but there was nothing of significance—nothing that I could put a finger on; nothing to be nailed down. Letty acted just like any other bride back from a wedding trip. Henry made boisterous love to her, and kept lording it over us just because we'd been married so long ago that we'd forgotten all about it.

"Little Henry Beegle'll show you what home and married life can be," he kept assuring Letty, in an excess of elephantine playfulness.

Beegle is elephantine, and he knows it; it does no harm to him to say it here.

Through it all, however, I was peppering, as you may imagine, for a private interview with Amy. I wanted to know what she had discovered in that hour with Letty before dinner. It was not until after midnight that my opportunity arrived. Henry Beegle had made up his mind to trim Amy at a game of bridge, and that usually is an all-night job. As it was he gave it up at last, and I dragged Amy off upstairs.

"Tell me about it—quick!" I demanded.

"Pooh," returned Amy, with a yawn. "He had most of the cards—why didn't he play his hands?"

"Letty!" I reminded her.

Amy's face sobered in an instant and again turned gray. She shook her head.

"I can't make head or tail of it," she assured me. "Letty keeps saying it was awful! But she declines to go into details. She says she won't shame Henry to me—he's her husband."

"Give me," I demanded, "anything—a clew. Isn't there something she said that's significant?"

Amy nodded.

"You remember what she said at dinner—that she wanted to go home and stay there, and never leave it—never wanted to go anywhere but home?"

I remembered that and said so.

"That," Amy confided to me, "is important. Because the terrible thing that happened on their honeymoon—that thing can't happen in your home. It never can happen in your home."

"Can it happen on the street?" I queried.

"It can happen," breathed Amy, "in hotels and Pullman cars and taxicabs!"

"Out with it!" I demanded, almost savagely.

Amy shook her head.

"That's as far as I can get," she said hopelessly. "I don't know what it is."

"Hotels and Pullman cars and taxicabs," I mused. "Now what is it that can happen in hotels and taxis and Pullman cars—something awful—on a wedding trip, that can't happen in your home? I think," I finally suggested to Amy, "after considering the matter fully, that you had better spend another hour with Letty, and then another; and then some more. One night's loss of sleep will quite suffice for me."

The next morning, pale and haggard, I confronted my law partner, Gabriel Sims.

"Gabe," I demanded, "tell me this: What disgraceful thing can happen on a wedding trip in a hotel, a taxicab, or a Pullman car, that cannot happen in your home? You're familiar with all the court decisions and all the statute law in all the states of the Union. Kindly answer that."

"Come again," said Gabe.

I repeated my question carefully.

"I need a shine," said Gabe hastily, "and the Chevrier case is the first case on in jury term part two. I'm busy. I've got a great many matters on my mind. I'll make a note of it, however, and let you know first crack out of the box this afternoon."

He made a note of it—a mental note—I learned later that in his masterly cross-examination of Miss Letitia Chevrier that morning, the Honorable Gabriel Sims requested the witness, with great particularity, to inform the jury what, in her opinion, could happen, on a wedding trip, in a hotel, a taxicab or in a Pullman car, that couldn't happen in your home. It further reached my ear that the court thereupon glanced at Gabe suspiciously to determine what might have been his conduct on the night before, and a sympathetic court attendant procured a glass of water, and handed it to Gabe and whispered in his ear that he'd feel better soon.

None of these matters had percolated into my sanctum by half past four that day, however, and at that hour I invaded my partner's private office to remind him of my query.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," remarked Gabe, somewhat disconcerted, "I—I haven't given the matter much thought so far. But—I'll be the goat, old man. Come; tell me! What's the answer?"

The answer! No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the telephone bell rang and Amy's voice wafted in over the wire.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed in triumph. "Listen!"

I listened. A great light broke in upon me. Then I turned back to Gabriel Sims.

"Confrère," I assured him, "the hypothetical case put up to you is a real case. This message over the wire places the matter in a new light. The situation is more complicated than it seems. Do you recall the proposition?"

"Perfectly," returned Gabe, with a haunted look: "What is it that can happen in a hotel, a taxicab, or a Pullman car, on a wedding trip, that can't happen in your home?"

"Something dreadful," I reminded him.

Gabe nodded.

"All wedding trips are dreadful," he returned. Gabe has never taken one. "I get you," he went on; "but you said a new complication had set in."

"Ah," I returned, making for the door, "you may be the goat, Gabe. I've spent one sleepless night over this problem—suppose you spend another."

"The message over the wire," he insisted.

"Ah!" I returned blithely. "I discover that the thing which can happen in those places—and not in your home—isn't dreadful if it happens! It's only awful when it doesn't happen. On this wedding trip it didn't happen—that's the part which makes it so horrible to bear. You may be the goat, Gabe. Pleasant dreams, old man!"

I donned my hat, left the office, leaped nimbly upon a trolley car and rode down to the meadows where Henry Beegle works blithely at his ball-bearing plant.

"Henry," I said firmly, coming to the point at once and eying him severely—Henry and I long ago entered into a solemn compact permitting either of us to say anything he pleases—"Henry, will you tell me what you mean by going through a three-weeks wedding trip—a wedding trip—without once handing out a single tip?"

Henry's manner, hitherto somewhat constrained, immediately changed.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, his face wreathing suddenly in smiles. "My dear muff of a brother-in-law, I was afraid you were going to strike me for a loan. So Yerkes told you all about that little spat in Florida?"

Yerkes had told me nothing: in fact, I didn't even know Yerkes had met them on their wedding trip. Yerkes is a mutual friend of all of us—a particular friend of Letty's. Letty hadn't mentioned meeting him down South. But this let me out—I didn't have to let Henry know that Amy had wormed the secret out of Letty.

"You don't mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that one of these nontipping occurrences happened in the presence of Yerkes—an old flame of Letty's—and on her wedding trip?"

"Ah," returned Henry Beegle, still beaming, "he understood my point of view—instantly. More, he sympathized with it, once I had explained matters to him. I then told him what I now tell you. I am a man—the man who never tips. I am a man of principle," went on Henry, tapping himself upon the chest. "I never tip."

"But," I protested, "your wedding trip—lines of least resistance—custom ——"

Henry Beegle struggled to his feet.

"Man!" he cried, "shall a wedding trip overrule right principle? Custom—you're a lawyer; you know that a custom cannot be based upon a crime. Tipping is highway robbery—no custom can sanction it. I," repeated Henry Beegle, "am a man who never tips."

Now I began to understand why Letty craved for her home—her own home—began to understand why she never wanted to leave it; never wanted to go anywhere, just wanted to stay home.

"The ribald jeers of waiters ——" I began.

Henry Beegle held up his hand.

"I decline to argue the point," he interrupted; "and if you're thinking of Letty, as you may be, you will understand that when she married me she married a man of principle, who never tips. I refuse to discuss the question further. Let waiters, bell boys, Pullman porters, taxi drivers jeer and sneer—let bystanders smile—let Yerkes draw his own conclusions. I have preached and am preaching a gospel that will tear the tipping system wide open. In five years from now you'll find it on the wane—in ten years the evil will die the death. This brochure," went on Henry Beegle, taking down from a high shelf a small thin volume, "contains all the philosophy upon the subject. Doubtless you have read it—many other people have."

He handed it to me. It was labeled:

NO QUARTER!
BY I. M. WRIGHT

I nodded.

"I've seen it advertised," I conceded, "but I have not read it. It is, I take it, just one of those things. And who is I. M. Wright—a friend of yours?"

"I," exclaimed Henry Beegle proudly, "am the author of that monograph upon the tipping evil. I. M. Wright. I am I. M. Wright. Few of my friends know that I am the author of this well-known and much-advertised treatise. But it is so, and this book is eating its way slowly but surely into the consciousness of travelers. Mark my words! In five years you'll find the tipping evil flat on its back, yelling for help.

"Therefore," added Henry, waving his hand, "how, upon a wedding trip, or any other trip, could I do aught but practice what I preach?"

Upon his desk were two white canvas bags, securely tied up at the neck and sealed with sealing wax. They had attracted my attention on my entry. Henry Beegle now motioned to them.

"Those bags," said Henry Beegle, "do not contain ball bearings, as you may have supposed. They are filled with brand-new quarter-dollars. I procured them over at the subtreasury this morning. Lift them, please."

I lifted them. They were outrageously heavy.

"What about them?" I demanded.

"They contain," said Henry impressively, "the tips I did not give away upon my wedding trip. I am going to take them home to Letty to show her what the tipping evil means—or rather, in our case, what it doesn't mean."

I shook my head. This was rubbing it in, it seemed to me. I was thinking about Letty's terrible time and about the scene that Yerkes witnessed down in Florida—a scene reënacted possibly, for three weeks, day by day.

"If I were you," I suggested, "I would not give those bags to Letty. Give them—to me."

But Henry Beegle smiled and shook his head.

"No," he returned, "I'm afraid you would spend them all—in tips."

"Not all of them," I assured him; "not all—in tips."

He pressed the little book upon me as I departed. He had five hundred of them on his shelf.

"Read one page after every meal," he suggested; "particularly after partaking of hotel fare. And remember my prophecy—I give the tipping evil five years to live."

Five years passed. Several things occurred. The war entered the arena of events. Capital and labor combined to make big money. Henry Beegle, manufacturer of ball bearings, became outrageously prosperous, almost overnight. He and his young wife settled down into humdrum married life; they forbore to wander from their connubial fireside; Henry didn't have time. He held his nose to the grindstone—Big Business kept him at it night and day.

Gabe Sims and I, being lawyers, exercised our glorious privilege of becoming poorer than ever. We stayed at home because it was the cheapest place to live. The H. C. of L. hung, like the sword of Damocles, over everybody's head—except

(Continued on Page 69)

CALIFORNIA CANNED
FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Del Monte
BRAND
EXTRA
QUALITY

"I Recommend *Del Monte*"

"I would rather sell you DEL MONTE than any brand of canned fruits and vegetables on my shelves. I have handled them for years and I've never had a dissatisfied customer."

The grocer knows.

He knows that in recommending DEL MONTE he is doing you a good turn and helping his own business. He knows that his own recommendation is backed by the canner's absolute guarantee of quality, for the red DEL MONTE shield is not merely a label—but a guarantee.

Only the finest of fruits grown in the state of California are used in the DEL MONTE pack. They are "packed where they ripen the day they are picked", and their purity and goodness is assured by means of a rigid system of inspection conducted under the direct supervision of men and women who have devoted their whole lives to this one line of work.

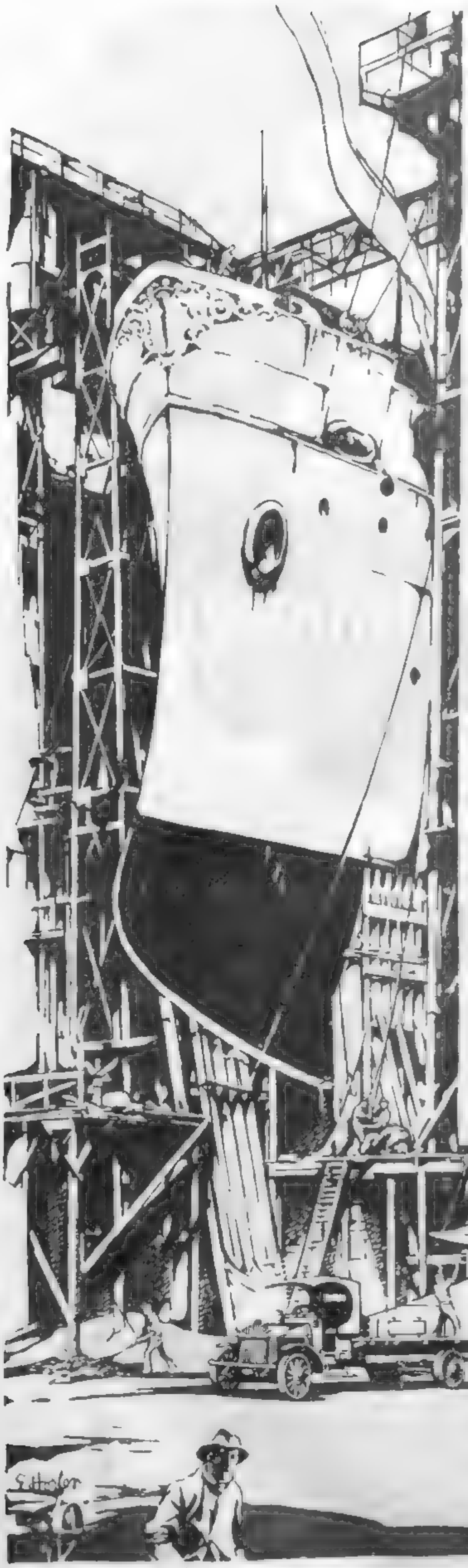
Try a can of DEL MONTE. You will say you never knew canned fruit to be so good.

And the goodness you find in one variety is the same throughout the entire line of canned fruits and vegetables, raisins and prunes, jellies, jams, preserves, catsup and every other variety packed.

Look for the red DEL MONTE shield on every can.

At leading grocers' everywhere.

California Packing Corporation
San Francisco, California



Speeding Up

Speed, efficiency and economy—that is the challenge to American industry today.

Above all, speed—but in modern industry no speed that has staying power is gained without efficiency.

Economy is needed, too, but it is economy of time, materials and labor—not mere hoarding of money.

Pierce-Arrow trucks are ready to do their share in the speeding-up process. They were doing it before the war. They have been doing it in increasing measure ever since. Relieving the shortage of horses, doing work that no horses could do, taking over traffic hopelessly delayed by freight congestion and embargoes, increasing practicable hauling radius, Pierce-Arrow trucks have enabled many of the country's largest manufacturers to speed up operation, increase output and make deliveries in record time.

Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.

PIERCE-ARROW
Motor Trucks

The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow Trucks are equipped with the worm-gear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective [illegible] under the most difficult conditions.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 66)

the heads of those who hung it there. The slogan of the hour consisted of a single word: Economize.

In the midst of all this peril there rose up a man by the name of Lafayette B. Quirk. He published a book—or his publishers did it for him—a book that made for economy. It was called: Tip Me No Tips. It was widely advertised in the daily papers. The betting fraternity and the Wall Street gang, mistaking its nature, bought it up eagerly, only to fling it into the discard in disgust. It was not for them—it dealt with matters that happen in hotels and Pullman cars and taxicabs—but never in the home.

It was a diatribe—a new one—against the tipping evil. Henry Beegle read the advertisements, bought the book, and spluttered.

"A weak imitator," said Henry to me. "I've had this man Lafayette B. Quirk looked up. He's a nobody. He hasn't got a dollar to his name. He's never traveled in his life. What he doesn't know about the tipping evil would fill the Congressional Library at Washington. I'll fix him at once."

Henry wrote his publishers a check, instructed them to issue a new edition of No Quarter!—by I. M. Wright—and to push it hard. They pushed it hard, and were able to append this footnote to their press notices and their advertisements:

"It will be clear to the reader that the name I. M. Wright is purely a nom de plume—or, in view of his vigorous treatment of the theme, we might say, nom de guerre. For obvious reasons the author's real name must be withheld. Suffice it to say that, being one of the nation's men of money, he is a traveler de luxe, and knows whereof he writes. No Quarter! is the only authoritative work upon the deleterious system that is so rapidly wrecking our financial life."

"A traveler de luxe," mused Henry as he handed me the clipping. "By George, old boy, I'll make that good! If I'm not a traveler de luxe to-day, I'll be one to-morrow, you can stake your bottom dollar."

He opened up his ledgers and audibly computed his present worth—audibly, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction. When I heard the figures I at once removed my shiny coat sleeves from his seven-hundred-dollar flat-topped mahogany desk.

"By George!" he sighed again. "I haven't had a trip since I was married. Neither has Letty. Couple of stick-in-the-muds. Too busy, old boy! But now—traveler de luxe! Sounds right, doesn't it? I'll be one." He leaned over the desk eagerly and caught me by the hand. "And so, by George, will you, old boy! You and Amy. Letty and I. The four of us—and no more of us. We'll take a three-months jaunt and do America—a travel jaunt de luxe!"

I smiled feebly.

"All very well for you," I protested; "but as for me ——"

"Tut, tut, old boy!" cried Henry Beegle. "We'll take this jaunt on ball bearings, don't you understand?"

Which meant, as I explained to Amy later, that he was going to foot the bill.

"Oh!" cried Amy, quivering, and pushing the telephone transmitter into my hand. "Call him up and tell him yes before he can change his mind—quick! Quick!"

I got Henry's house; but Henry wasn't there. I got Letty on the wire. I told her that we were accepting Henry's handsome invitation to take the grand tour.

"The what?" asked Letty.

I told her all about it. I could hear her sigh through the telephone.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "And we've been so happy here at home!"

But she was game, and acquiesced. Why she momentarily objected had not been clear to Amy or to me. We thought of nothing save three months of pure, unadulterated joy—at somebody else's expense. We gloated; so did Henry Beegle.

"But look here, old scout," said Henry in my ear; "remember that this invitation is an invitation and de luxe. I pay for everything—everything. Understand? Not once do you put your hand in your pocket. It's my treat to the limit. Let's have that understood."

I assured Henry that, even were I inclined to put my hand in my pocket on this tour, he would be safe. There was usually nothing there, and there would be considerably less after Amy got her outfit. Henry even wanted to pay for Amy's outfit; but I balked instantly. I can abase myself gracefully, so far as accepting an invitation to travel is concerned; but no man can buy gowns for my wife except myself. I even pay for them at times.

"And now," said Henry Beegle as our train pulled out of the Grand Central, "let there be one thing understood! We've started on a trip that'll take us through the Yellowstone and all the National Parks, Salt Lake City and the Grand Cañon, San Francisco, Alaska and the Canadian Rockies. We finish when we finish, and not before. Let there be no reniging—no backing out."

He paused and wiped his brow. His face beamed with pleasure, but his eyes shone with a high resolve. He still held up his hand for silence.

"I have had," he continued, "two well-defined reasons for embarking on this trip. One of them is that I desire to make good the boast of my publishers that I am a traveler de luxe. The other," said Henry Beegle, eying us sternly, "is due to my desire to establish to the satisfaction of everybody concerned the fact that a traveler and his companions can go from one end of America to the other without handing out a single tip. I'M. Wright in this," said Henry Beegle firmly. "No quarter! You watch. I'll make 'em stand round."

Letty leaned back, drooping, and hid her face. Henry Beegle tapped her on the knee.

"You look romantic, chickadee," he gurgled. "What are you thinking of, my dear?"

Letty shivered and sighed soulfully.

"My wedding trip," she said.

Two hours later we rose from our first meal in the dining car. The waiter brought Henry the change that was left from Henry's twenty-dollar bill. Henry swept the change into his pocket.

"Good dinner, Louis," said Henry genially to the waiter—all waiters on this trip were named Louis, as far as Henry Beegle was concerned. Louis bowed and smiled, and whisked away his empty platter without the flicker of an eyelid.

"Thank you for saying so, sir!" he returned.

He went about his business. We went about ours. That's all there was to it; no fuss—not even a wondering glance.

"That's what it means," said Henry to us as we settled back into our Pullman seats—"to know the ropes. That's what it is to be a traveler de luxe. That's me!"

Letty shook her head.

"Surely," she said, "he'll expect a tip the next time we take a meal, or the next. That's why he was decent this time—but wait and see."

We waited and she saw. And she was wrong. Henry Beegle, the traveler de luxe, lived up to his new title. He forced down our throats the most delicious and the most expensive viands to be had. He paid the bill. He pocketed the change—and all the change. And not a word was said. There was no tip—but there was no trouble.

"George," whispered Henry Beegle to the porter, half an hour before we reached our destination—to Henry all the porters naturally became George—"you'll just casually and enthusiastically juggle our baggage off in shape. You're an A1 porter, George."

"Yessuh," returned George. "Thank you for them kind words, suh."

When we left the train George juggled our baggage and juggled us to our hearts' content—and to his own. And again he thanked us for kind words. He beamed upon us as we stalked off—without a tip.

"You remember what I told you about the tipping evil five years ago," said Henry Beegle. "I'M. Wright now—I was right then. It's flat upon its back."

I was puzzled—just a bit. But I smiled to myself. I tapped him on the arm.

"We haven't scratched the surface of America as yet," I reminded him; "better wait and see."

"Scratch!" he repeated. "We'll do more than scratch it. We'll bite it if it even barks. Watch out."

At the hotel in Chicago, Henry almost took a bite out of the service. After we had concluded a sumptuous meal the waiter followed Henry to the door.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he faltered, "but you forgot ——"

Henry swung upon him in an instant.

"Forgot!" he cried sternly. "What have I forgot?"

He looked the waiter full in the eye; the waiter looked at him.

"Your glasses, sir," said the waiter, producing them; and he slunk away.

Henry adjusted his glasses to his nose and glared through them at the retreating form.

"They've met their match in me," he assured us.

It seemed a pity to me, too. That waiter was a crackajack—his service had been perfection.

"We're paying for it—it's on the bill," said Henry.

And so we crossed the continent. At times Henry blustered—at times he was excessively genial. His bluster was effective—so was his good nature. Everywhere we went we got service in the highest sense. Whether Henry issued orders in the tone of a Czar or with the crisp businesslike accent of an American citizen, or made requests with the air of a philanthropist, he got what he wanted and got it when he wanted it—and he kept wanting something mostly all the time.

As luck would have it, in the Yellowstone Park we met Yerkes—a genuine traveler de luxe. For three days he followed on our trail. On the first of these days Henry Beegle invited him to dinner. Yerkes declined at first. He told me privately the reason. He hated a fuss himself, and he couldn't bear to see Letty in the midst of squabbles.

"I'm on a pleasure trip," he said; "no principle in mine."

"Better take a chance," I suggested. "You may be resting under a mistake."

He was game and took a chance. He dined with us twice. Over our cigars—Yerkes' and mine, since Henry wasn't smoking—Yerkes stared at me in wonderment.

"How the devil does he do it?" he demanded. "I've watched him right along. Watched him for the last two days. Not a sou marqué does he cough up—not a cent, by Gad! And yet they all kotow to him as though he were the Emperor of China. How does he do it? I cough up my little ten per cent, fifteen per cent; and even more. And the dubs don't know I'm living. But Beegle—by Godfrey, you'd think he was the President! What's the answer? I'd like to know, for sure."

Beegle tapped him on the shoulder. He had been behind us, listening.

"Try my system for yourself—see how it works," he said to Yerkes. "Try it—just once."

"I'll do anything once," returned Yerkes. "You dine with me to-morrow. I'll put it to the test."

We dined with him twice. And twice Yerkes failed to tip. He gave orders at the top of his voice—he blustered—he found fault. The result was astonishing; he found himself instantly obeyed. It worked like magic.

Yerkes stared at Henry Beegle quite aghast.

"Well, I—swan!" he choked.

Yerkes left us and went on; but the Beegle luck didn't desert us. The best was none too good for us—the best was ready for us everywhere we went.

"And yet," said Beegle, "look! Look at these poor boobs who don't know the ropes; who aren't travelers—let alone de luxe. Coughing up their fifteen per cent and more, as Yerkes says, and getting less attention than we get. I tell you I'M. Wright. No Quarter! 'Ask, and ye shall receive. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

Everywhere we went it was the same. No matter where—in all the big hotels en route—we were treated with the utmost consideration on the part of all the powers that prey, as Henry called them. It is not too much to state that on all occasions, in all places, Henry Beegle's wishes came first—he was first served, best served.

"Who is this guy?" a grumbling guest complained to me on a trip through the Yosemite. "Does he own all the parks? I'm some punkins and I'm liberal enough myself; but this Beegle's got me going. He's the main guy. At the entrance to a dining room, by gosh, or pushing his way through to a tallyho, you can feel 'em hustle up: 'Make way for Beegle there!' And the more he cusses 'em, the more they seem to like it. He acts like the Grand Duke of the Pacific Coast."

If Henry's triumph had this effect upon our fellow travelers, you can imagine the effect it had upon us. We trod on air. The Beegle party had the right of way.

Until we got to 'Frisco. We put up at an expensive hotel. In that gorgeous hostelry, on the evening of our second day there, the dining room was crowded to the limit—there was no table for the Beegle party. The Beegle party had to wait. This made Henry furious, for he had spoken for a table in advance.

"Why this discrimination against me?" he demanded; and sent for the manager of the hotel.

The manager appeared. His name was Blivens. In Blivens, Henry Beegle met his match. He glared at Henry—quite politely and Henry glared at him.

"Explain!" insisted Henry, red of face, spluttering with anger.

The manager explained. He politely informed us, eying Henry carefully the while, that we were entitled to the same attention as any other guests, and would get it—he could promise us no more. There were three other parties waiting to be seated in the dining room—they were all ahead of us. We must take our turn.

Henry blustered; but this time to no purpose.

Blivens was through. He kept on looking Henry steadily in the eye; his glance seemed almost defiant. Then he left.

"Outrage!" cried Henry.

However, as he assured us later when his good nature had been restored by a wonderful meal, exceptions of this character proved the rule. We should have no further trouble he felt sure. He was quite right. In a whirlwind of No Quarter! we rounded the loop and made for home by way of Canada. And our path was strewn with favor.

"Now," said Henry suddenly, as our trip drew toward its close, "let me make a demonstration of quite another sort. At the next big stop I'll tip. Watch—and see the service we get."

At one of the big sumptuous hotels he dropped his blustering manner. He made no demands. He conferred a tip of ten per cent. The change was instantaneous.

"You perceive," he said to us, "the inattentive manner, the overdone steaks, the underdone roasts, the cold coffee, the hot iced tea—the mistakes. For why? I'll tell you. Now we belong to the obsequious rabble. Instead of ruling, we are ruled. This," he said to the waiter as he laid down a meager ten per cent of the check in front of that functionary, "is the last tip I hand out to this house. We'll be here three days more. We want service from you—and we'll get it, or we'll know the reason why. But not another sou marqué in tips."

And, running true to form, the Beegle party galloped down the home stretch in its tipless glory.

When we reached home, Letty and Amy and myself drew long breaths and looked one another in the eye. We held a conclave during Henry's absence.

"I can't understand it," I assured the sisters. "Of course I handed those guys their ten per cent all along, and tipped the porters and the bell boys too; and told 'em to keep it quiet and do anything he said; and ——"

"Dear me!" interrupted Letty. "Did you tip them ten per cent? I—I gave them fifteen. I was afraid —— I told them not to mind his fuss. It—it worked."

Amy stared at us in amazement.

"Worked!" she cried. "Twenty-five per cent! It ought to work—no wonder we swept across in triumph!"

The doorbell rang.

"Henry!" whispered Letty. "Not a word!"

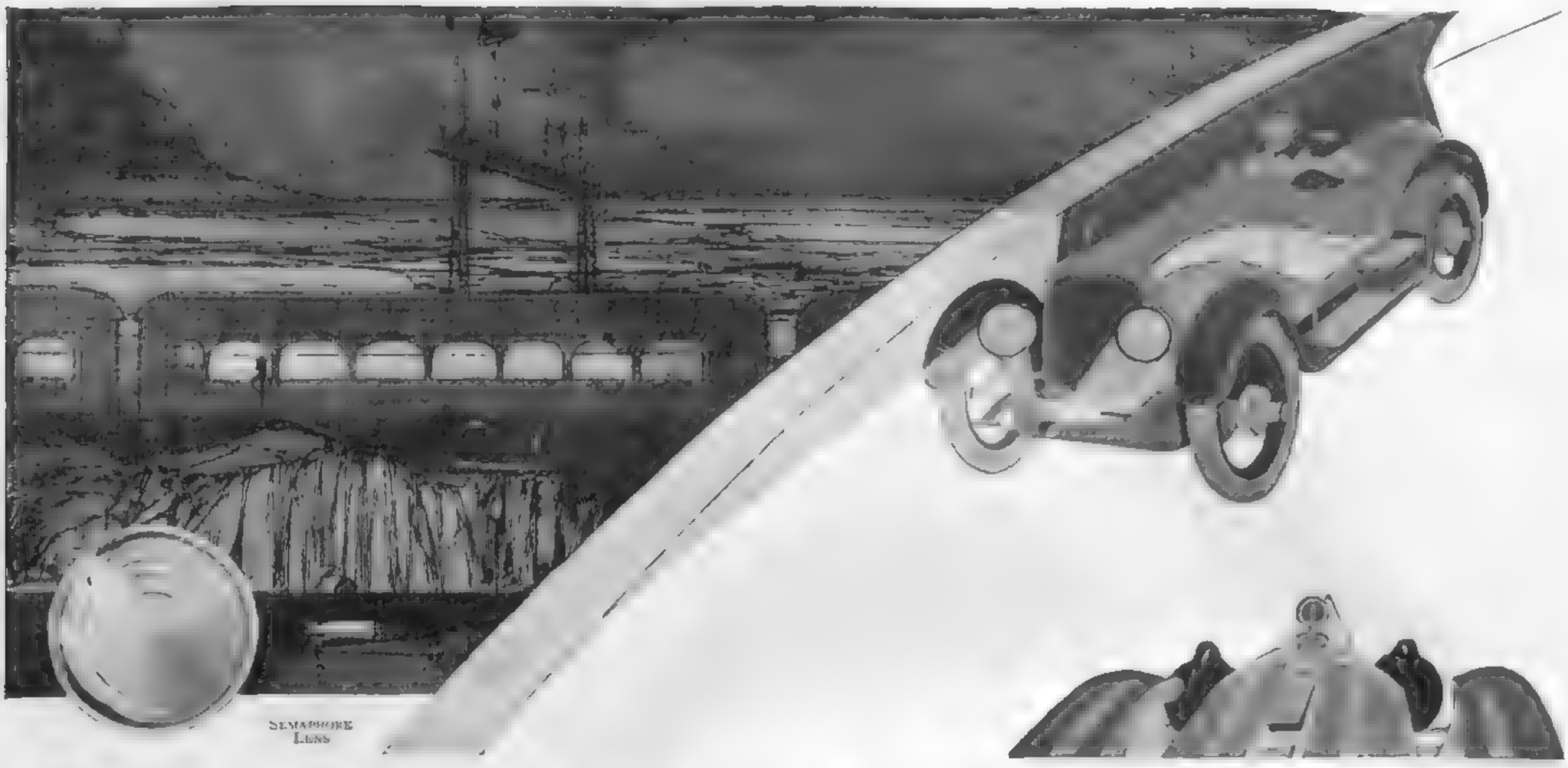
It wasn't Henry. It was Yerkes. He had been back a month—had been waiting for us. He wanted to know.

"What I want to know is, How did Henry buffalo those chaps? He had me buffaloed for a time. I thought he was right—that the tipping system had gone to the bowwows. When I tried it on myself I found that it was able to sit up and take notice, just the same as usual. But I want to know the secret of those two meals I blew you to. Different waiters each time; but those ducks tip each other off. And I hadn't tipped either one of them before. And I'm only a moderate tipper anyway. I don't get any more than's coming to me. And yet—I followed Henry's dope—and it was the right dope. By Gad! You'd have thought I was a prince."

I looked at Letty. She shook her head. She hadn't tipped. I shook my head. I hadn't tipped. So we sat and looked at one another. No one could explain.

"Mystery to me!" said Yerkes.

(Concluded on Page 72)



THE MYSTERY OF GLASS

GLASS—what does it mean to you? Do you realize that the most durable substance made by man—the most essential to our safety and comfort—is the least understood? Glass was made before the days of Pharaoh, but only in recent years have men begun to discover its marvellous possibilities. Modern skill has found ways to dissolve even the most unyielding metals in the molten sand, and so to produce new glasses just as different as the many kinds of iron, steel or alloy.

Today there is hardly an industry which does not look to the leaders in the art and science of glass-making for help in solving its problems; there is scarcely a home without some form of technical glass in daily use.

Helping to Guard America's Commerce

Railroad signalling has reached its highest development here in America, guarding the traffic on 300,000 miles of track. Underlying this progress has been the patient study of the laws of light in a laboratory where glass and its uses are the sole thought of every worker.

Special signal colors, which today are the American railroad standards, were developed after years of research. Lenses of wonderful efficiency have been devised to meet every condition—lenses so efficient as to make possible the new "daylight color signals" on transcontinental lines and the famous "position-light signals" on the Pennsylvania.

Corning signal glass is known and used wherever great railway systems run—here at home, in Canada, in England, in Manchuria, in Africa, in Australia, and "somewhere in France" with our American engineers. Wherever our Navy and merchant marine sail, side-lights and masthead lamps carry Corning lenses.

First Heat-Resisting Glass in America

When all other warnings fail, the railway trainman's lantern is the one essential signal. Constant usage in all sorts of weather formerly caused heavy breakage of lantern globes, and every time a globe broke in service the risk of disaster was appalling. To end this danger, the first heat-resisting lantern globe ever made was produced at Corning ten years ago. Corning Nonex globes, standard today on all great American Railways, have stopped accidental breakage, giving the trainman a globe that he knows will never fail him at a critical moment.

One broken battery jar would put a railway signal at "stop," delaying all traffic at heavy loss. Because they do not break in service, Nonex battery jars are standard equipment.

First Electric Lamp Bulb

When Edison invented the incandescent lamp in 1879, the bulbs he used came from Corning Glass Works. Out of those epoch-making experiments has grown the great lamp industry of today. Year by year Corning has borne the responsibility of supplying ever-increasing quantities of bulbs and tubing; has devised new glasses and new machinery to further the art. Thus, unknown to the world, Corning glass has played a considerable part in the lighting of the whole Continent and is "doing its bit" in millions of American homes today.

New Glasses for Other Industries

Many other industries rely on Corning for glasses of special properties—such as *Noviweld* to protect the eyes in arc-welding; *Daylite* glass for the production of exact artificial daylight; *X-Ray Shields* for X-ray apparatus; and various tinted *Optical Glasses* for spectacles and goggles. Most wonderful of all these special glasses is the yellowish Noviol tint.

American thermometers, especially the clinical thermometers in constant use by every doctor and nurse, have long been known as more reliable than the foreign product. Practically all the tubing used by American makers comes from Corning, where generations of experience have brought this most difficult craft to a marvellous degree of accuracy.

CORNING GLASS WORKS

THE CONAPHORE

THE MASTERY OF GLASS

Pyrex Chemical Glassware, including all kinds of flasks, beakers and tubing, is recognized as superior to even the best foreign ware formerly used and has become standard in the great industrial and educational laboratories. Our Army and Navy, as well as the big powder works, rely on Corning for certain essential equipment, not mentioned "for military reasons."

First Glass Baking Ware Without glass, modern chemistry would be impossible. The chemist requires glass because it means absolute cleanliness, transparency and chemical durability. For the same reasons, and especially because of amazing fuel economy, Corning laboratories have discovered that glass is the ideal cooking ware. Pyrex—the first glass baking ware ever made—is the result of their research.

Heat expands; cold contracts—that is why any ordinary glass would break in the oven. Even at high heat, Pyrex expands so slightly that sudden cooling cannot break it. Unlike the delicate flasks and beakers of the laboratory, Pyrex baking dishes stoutly withstand all ordinary abuse. Pyrex dishes cannot wear out, since they never flake nor corrode. Cooking is done in plain sight and no contamination is possible. Heat which other utensils reflect, is absorbed by Pyrex, and so *less than half the fuel is needed to bake in the usual time.* In these days of strict economy every careful housewife realizes what this means, especially when she remembers that all foods are cooked better in the oven than on the stove.

Of graceful design, Pyrex is made for the table no less than for the oven. Since one dish takes the place of two, pantry space, utensils, and drudgery of dish-washing are saved. More than two million Pyrex dishes have gone into daily household service since the first piece was sold less than three years ago.

Making the Highways Safe The glare of millions of automobile headlights has been widely recognized during the past few years as the most serious question of safety on the highways. Out of fifty years' experience in the mastery of glass and light, Corning studied and solved the problem.

Glare can be killed in two ways only—either put the light out, or divert the dangerous rays. Every motorist wants plenty of light ahead and on the roadside, but no light where it is a menace to safety. Safe night-driving requires long-range light to see past an approaching car and to maintain average speed.

Control of Light Not Guesswork Control of light rays is a matter of exact mathematical calculation. Guesswork schemes and devices stand no more chance of being effective than a blind man with a blunderbuss. Efforts to reduce glare by scattering the light promiscuously are doubly dangerous. Diffusion cuts down the range ahead so much that one cannot see past the other car, while a large part of the light is cast directly in the eyes of the opposite driver. Tilting the lamps downward is unsatisfactory, because most of the light is thrown on the road so close to the car that range is impossible. Corning experts designed the Conaphore to direct all the light where it is most effective, and to keep all the rays out of the danger zone. The Conaphore makes good because optics is an exact science.

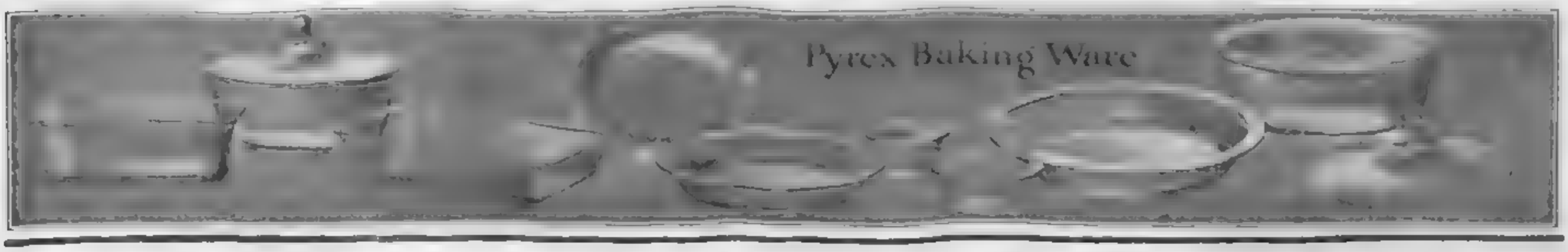
Correct design, however, cannot be the complete solution. It is impossible to produce perfect headlight illumination with any clear glass device, because there are few nights in the year when the motorist does not encounter weather which more or less interferes with vision. All ordinary light projected in fog, dust or snow, reflects into the driver's eyes a dangerous "back glare" of diffused light, mainly due to blue and violet rays. Corning laboratories developed a glass called Noviol which absorbs these rays so that one can always see far enough ahead to drive at average speed.

A Signal of Safety The instant a driver sees the yellowish Noviol lights he knows that they will not blind him—and feels perfectly safe. The soft mellow light is easy on his eyes and helps him to see past the oncoming car. So, by a slight change in the tint of the beam, ideal headlight illumination is obtained.

Thus for half a century a great manufacturing plant has been growing up around the one fully equipped laboratory of glass chemistry and physics. Thus glasses have been discovered with properties never found in glass before.

Thus, science and skill have worked their marvels in glass, bringing safety and comfort on land and sea, in homes and shops, on highways and byways, by night and day.

Corning, New York, October 9, 1917



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Large handy cake 5c

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Provide yourself with the best, strongest and cheapest cold-weather garment made. A wool lining and wind-proof exterior. Wears like iron, washes, won't rip, tear or ravel. Styles—vest, jacket without collar, and jacket with collar. Ask your dealer to show you

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(Concluded from Page 69)

And a mystery to me—until I met Blivens in New York. Blivens, you remember, was the manager of the hotel in Frisco—the man who failed to yield to Beegle's bluster; who looked Beegle steadily in the eye. I met him by accident. I thought at first that Beegle had had him fired. But no; he said he'd come to New York on a vacation—come East to see his folks. He recalled the Beegle incident.

"The point is here, Mr.—er—er ——" he confided to me. "It's chaps like Beegle—get-rich-quick guys that've never traveled in their lives before—that get our hotel service all through the country into disrepute. They demoralize our force of servants. It's all well enough—and it always will be well enough, I s'pose, for it looks like it's going to stick—it's all right and proper to hand out tips of, say, ten per cent or so; but when it comes to twenty-five per cent it's criminal."

"That wasn't Beegle ——" I began.

"That," he returned steadily, "was Beegle—he personally! He himself! I'm not talking about anybody else. It's Beegle that I'm talking about. He slipped it to the waiters on the sly—and to everybody else—in gobs! Did it for some reason of his own. It was inside gossip all along the line. Beegle thought he owned the place. And the waiters acted like he owned it too. It don't help—it hurts; you can see that for yourself. That's criminal—a thing like that. Don't you agree with me?"

I did agree with him, but kept my counsel. One day Henry Beegle walked into my office. I thrust under his nose a clipping from a newspaper advertisement. It was an advertisement puffing a certain book—not Henry's.

"Read it—infamous!" I said.

Henry read it. This is what it said:

"It is authoritatively stated that the author of a certain so-called treatise on the tipping evil recently toured the continent with a private party; and that this party, headed by the unnamed author, conferred tips all along the line—tips; not of the customary ten per cent, not fifteen, not twenty-five, but tips of fifty per cent at every place the party stopped! *Verb. sap. Res ipsa loquitur!* Our own talented author, Lafayette B. Quirk, author of that valuable work, Tip Me No Tips, may not be a traveler de luxe. He, at least, is proud to practice what he preaches. What has the traveler de luxe to say?"

Henry Beegle looked at me; I looked at Henry Beegle.

"Sue 'em—libel!" he exclaimed. "I never coughed up more than twenty-five!"

"No," I returned; "we won't sue 'em not just yet. It might make talk."

"No talk!" eagerly responded Henry Beegle. "I did it—but I had to prove to Letty I was right, even if it cost me money. Not a word of this to her. I just naturally had to keep up the bluff I started on my wedding trip."

My partner, Gabriel Sims, entered the arena of events. He was looking worn and old.

"Beegle!" he cried warmly. "Just the man! Solve this problem. It's got me beat:

"What dreadful thing can happen—that don't happen—on a wedding trip ——"

But Henry Beegle had taken his departure. Gabe Sims wandered into his own room, with the riddle still unsolved.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONSCRIPT

(Continued from Page 10)

rescue the boys sang Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag. The French displayed unforgetable hospitality. As soon as they took our wounded on board they improvised beds and stripped themselves almost bare so that English and German alike might be comfortable. Hot refreshments were provided and cigarettes distributed, and as the ship headed for an English port our fellows, with great gusto, joined in the chorus of When We've Wound Up the Watch on the Rhine."

Then my friend told me this story. "I have been informing myself about this horrible business," he said. "The whole world should know about it."

On March 17, 1916, the Russian hospital ship, Portugal, was lying off Rizeh on the Turkish coast of the Black Sea. She was on her way from Batum to Ofi with a string of flat-bottomed boats in tow, destined for the conveyance of wounded from the shore to the ship. One of these boats had become water-logged, and was being pumped clear while the Portugal lay to. The Portugal carried no wounded at the moment, but the Red Cross staff and the full crew were on board. The weather was clear.

Suddenly the lookout man saw a periscope approaching the vessel, but the ship's officers explained to all hands that they were immune from attack. When the Portugal had been first commissioned for Red Cross work—she belonged to the Messageries Maritimes, and still kept her French officers and crew—the Russian Government had notified the Turkish and Bulgarian Governments of the fact, and had obtained from them a recognition of her status. In the clear weather her distinguishing marks could not be unobserved. The only things now necessary, the captain and the mate explained, were to keep calm and to take no precautionary measures which might rouse the submarine commander's suspicions.

More German Treachery

The submarine approached the Portugal quietly and discharged a torpedo, which missed its aim. Then it circled round and discharged a second at the other side of the vessel, from some thirty or forty feet away. This second torpedo struck the Portugal amidships, in the engine room. There was a violent explosion; the hull broke in two, and most of those on board were precipitated into the whirlpool between the two halves. With a still more violent explosion the boilers blew up, and the bow and stern fragments of the Portugal went down simultaneously.

Forty-five of the Red Cross staff were lost, twenty-one of whom were nurses; twenty-one men were lost out of the Russian crew, and nineteen out of the French. Thus eighty-five of those on board perished altogether.

Here is an account of the outrage by one of the survivors—Nikolai Nikolaevitch, secretary to the Russian Red Cross Society's Third Ambulance Detachment with the Army of the Caucasus:

"At about eight o'clock in the morning somebody on board shouted out: 'Submarine boat!' At first this news did not produce any panic; on the contrary, everybody rushed on deck to be the first to see the submarine. It never entered anybody's head to suppose that a submarine would attack a hospital ship sailing under the flag of the Red Cross. I went onto the upper deck and noticed the periscope of a submarine moving parallel with the steamer at a distance of about one hundred and seventy or two hundred feet. Having reached a point opposite to the middle of the Portugal the periscope disappeared for a short time, then reappeared, and the submarine discharged a torpedo.

"I descended from the upper deck and ran to the stern with the intention of jumping into the sea. When, however, I noticed that most of the people on deck had life belts I ran into Saloon Number Five, seized a life belt and put it on; but then I fell down, as the Portugal was sinking at the place where she was broken in two, while her stem and stern were going up higher all the time. All round me unfortunate Sisters of Mercy were screaming for help. They fell down, like myself, and some of them fainted. The deck became more downsloping every minute, and I rolled off into the water between the two halves of the sinking steamer.

"I was drawn down deep into the whirlpool, and began to be whirled round and thrown about in every direction. While under the water I heard a dull, rumbling noise, which was evidently the bursting of the boilers, for it threw me out of the vortex about a sagene, or seven feet, away from the engulfment of the wreck.

"The stem and stern of the steamer had gone up until they were almost at right angles with the water, and the divided steamer was settling down. At this moment I was again sucked under, but I exerted myself afresh, and once more rose to the surface. I then saw portions of the Portugal go down rapidly and disappear beneath the flood. A terrible commotion of the water ensued, and I was dragged under, together with the Portugal. I felt that I was going down deep, and for the first time I realized that I was drowning. With the swiftness of lightning all my past life flitted through my brain. I remembered my relatives, and it seemed as if I could see their grief and tears at the news of my death.

"My strength failed me, but I kept my mouth firmly shut and tried not to take in the water. I knew that the moment of death from heart failure was near. It so happened, however, that the disturbance of the water somewhat abated, and I succeeded in swimming up again. I glanced round. The Portugal was no more. Nothing but broken pieces of wreck, boxes which had contained our medicaments, materials for dressing wounds and provisions were floating about. Everywhere I could see the heads and arms of people battling with the waves, and their shrieks for help were frightful. It is impossible to describe the horrors of that scene, and the remembrance of it will remain with me for the rest of my life.

"Eight or nine sagenes away from where I was I saw a life-saving raft, and I swam toward it. Though my soddened clothes greatly impeded my movements I nevertheless reached the raft, and was taken onto it. About twenty persons were on it already, exclusively men. Amongst them was the French mate who assisted the captain of the Portugal, and he and I at once set about making a rudder out of two of the oars which were on the raft, and we placed an oarsman on each side of it. We had been going about eight minutes when we saw the body of a woman floating motionless, dressed in the garb of a Sister of Mercy. I ordered the oarsmen to row toward her, but they said it was only a corpse and we should do better to save some of the people who were still keeping themselves alive on the surface of the water. I seized hold of an oar, and as the woman floated nearer I caught her with it and dragged her toward us. I pulled her out of the water as far as her waist and listened to her heart, which I found was still beating, though very slowly. We then raised her onto the raft. She was unconscious, quite blue, and with only feeble signs of life. We began to rub her and bring her to her senses. She at last opened her eyes and inquired where she was. I told her that she was saved. Soon, however, she turned pale, said she was dying, and gave me the address of her relatives, to inform them of her death. She began to spit blood and was delirious, but gradually a better feeling returned and she was soon out of danger."

No Possibility of Mistake

"We went on rowing toward the shore for a considerable time, as we did not wish to accept offers to go on board the motor launch and trawler, and we asked the men in those two craft to hurry up to the scene of the wreck and save those who were perhaps still surviving. As a matter of fact the motor boat saved several other persons. At last a launch, towing a boatful of the rescued, took us also in tow, and we reached the shore in safety. The hospital ship Portugal was painted white, with a red border all round. The funnels were white, with red crosses, and a Red Cross flag was on the mast. These distinguishing signs were plainly visible and there can be no doubt whatever that they could be perfectly well seen by the men in the submarine. The conduct of the submarine itself proves that the men in it knew they had to do with a hospital ship. The fact of the submarine's having moved so slowly shows that the enemy was conscious of being quite out of danger."

I began to discover that the meaning of the war had penetrated the consciousness of all these sedate citizens now donning khaki and the trappings of soldiers. It had become the uppermost thing in their minds and their lives. They had shed their daily pursuits and the accumulated personal interests of a lifetime. In some subtle way I found them all changed. Musicians and writers follow two of the gentlest and most engrossing pursuits in the world, yet I found two musicians and half a score of writers of assured reputation and distinction

(Concluded on Page 74)

The AEOLIAN VOCALION

The phonograph made by the world's greatest music house

The above is a composite picture of the sales-rooms and factories of The Aeolian Company, makers of the Aeolian-Vocalion. This organization, greatest in the music industry, maintains fourteen factories here and abroad with headquarters in New York and London and branch houses in twenty-one of the principal cities of the world.

SOME time ago, a gentleman connected with the music trade was asked the relative merits of the Aeolian-Vocalion and another phonograph.

Best of All Phonographs

He said of the Aeolian instrument, "In all respects the Vocalion is the best phonograph—and it is the best because its makers, The Aeolian Company, are the most expert builders of high-grade musical instruments in the world."

And this is true. For there are no commercial methods whatever by which The Aeolian Company could have become the "Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World" did they not know best how to *build* musical instruments.

The Aeolian-Vocalion differs from other phonographs in a number of important respects.

To both the casual observation of the layman and the critical scrutiny of a musician, these differences are apparent.

There is first the design and finish of the cases. These exhibit a greater refinement than phonographs have hitherto expressed.

True Musical Tone

There is the Vocalion tone—of true musical rather than *phonograph* quality—a tone of richness, depth and body and of startling realism in sounding the distinctive notes of different instruments and voices.

And above all there is the simple though revolutionary feature by means of which *personal expression can be added to the playing of the record.*

The Wonderful Graduola

By using the Graduola (as this new expression device is called) a new quality of spontaneity and *livingness* may be imparted to the music. The possibility of records becoming monotonous is eliminated. And most important of all, there is provided a means by which anyone may voice the instinctive musical emotions which all in some degree possess.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that the Aeolian-Vocalion, though almost a new instrument, should mark so radical an advance in phonograph development. The explanation, however, lies in the record and the reputation of its makers.

World's Leading Music House

During the past quarter of a century no musical instrument concern has contributed so largely to the production of new instruments or to raising the standard of the old. And no concern in the music industry has so completely come to dominate the markets of the entire world, through the sheer merits of its products.

* * *

The Aeolian-Vocalion is made in a variety of models priced from $100 to $350. Models without Graduola, $35 to $75. Beautiful Art Styles at moderate cost. Interesting catalogue upon request. Address 29 W. 42d St., New York, Dept. B 11-1.

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(Concluded from Page 72)

who had put away their lifelong interests to become unconsidered units in the immense national machine now being erected for the conduct of the war.

My own experience began while I was still absorbing these new impressions. In my blindness I thought I was in the war current; that I was playing a full share. I had seen the war. I knew what it was like and what it was about and what it meant to the United States. I was in Europe when it began. I had seen France and England go to the war. The story of Belgium I knew at first hand. I did not need to be roused. The participation of the United States was inevitable, and I was among the increasing number who urged it from the beginning. I had written and talked about the war, and had contributed out of my means to war funds—the Belgians, the Red Cross, hospitals, Serbian relief, and what not. I subscribed to Liberty Bonds. I was not unaware of the tumult in the world and of the great spiritual crisis we citizens of the United States have been passing through since the Germans violated Belgium. The war was in my thoughts; I was doing what other men of my age were doing, but somehow it didn't satisfy. I was acting on my own volition; I was not a part of the great organization that is carrying out the national purpose.

Now all this is changed. I am at a loss to describe the comfort and satisfaction I take out of being incorporated in the armed forces of the country. I have made the team! I am to have an actual part in the business at hand. The bronze insignia on my collar and the President's commission are—well, the real right thing. I have the quick and tingling consciousness of being in the service of the state—something I never had before. It means subordination of self. What I may be able to do will not mean fame or honor or glory or profit for me. I, as an individual, am lost. I am merely a unit of man power, but my stature is not reduced by this submergence of self; it is, on the contrary, increased. My new condition has brought with it a flood of new emotions and recognition of responsibilities and duties toward my fellows and my neighbors. The French have lived under an intolerable menace for forty years. The shadow of this menace was falling on these shores.

The right to live free is worth fighting for. My social relations have become real. I am brought closer to actualities and the real meaning of living in contact and association with other human beings. My interests are freshened and enlarged. The matter of my daily bread and other people's daily bread has come to have a significance and importance it never had before. Of course there is no more important worldly concern, but bread is one of the realities I had always taken for granted. I now see that it must be sweated for, and, if necessary, fought for.

We are in the way of arming and making soldiers out of two million three hundred thousand men. Within another year that number may be increased to five millions. Virtually all of these men will be taken from gainful pursuits; out of industry. They will pay no taxes or directly contribute to the support of the Government. In lieu they offer their persons and their lives. They must be fed, clothed, housed and taken care of by the workers. You see how that makes for solidarity of interest, for oneness, for unity of feeling and purpose. These young men who offer themselves as a sure shield and buckler against the fate of France, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro and Russia will suffer and endure much together. They will be different men when they come through the ordeal of fire. In one of Will Irwin's Letters From the War, printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few weeks ago, was a paragraph charged with meaning and significance. He was describing his entry into Switzerland from France:

"Soldiers there were on every platform, for sturdy little Switzerland is mobilized against all contingencies; but they were neat, peacetime soldiers. . . . Against them I found myself setting the streaked, faded uniforms, the dented helmets, the worn brown kits of the Poilus going home on leave, whom I had seen at the station in Paris only the night before. There was a contrast, too, in the faces. These were just young men, ordinary, though somewhat exceptionally sturdy, young men. Those others, there in Paris, had in their sunbaked, wind-streaked faces that look of gravity, of experience, of resolution, which war brings and which they will carry to their graves."

That change will come to our men too. It will be a misfortune if it does not. I know one of the wisest, soundest, clearest minds in the country, a man who has profoundly affected and is profoundly affecting the currents of public life and public thought among us, who thinks that.

We Will See It Through

"We must feel the shock of war," he says: "We must go through periods of depression. We must feel the pinch of war, curtailment of personal expenditure, learn to do without things, put a lower value and a truer value on material possessions. We must participate fully in this great emotional experience which has affected the very foundations of living on this globe. We cannot afford to do less. We must live on closer terms with the French and English than we ever have before. We must know the Russians better, and they must know us. We cannot do this unless we have gone through this experience with them, and shared all its depressions and elations. The war must become a reality to us if we are to derive anything from it."

Do you know that the men who are going into the new National Army are talking that way too? They want to see it through. And they are watching the purveyors of war supplies. I have heard them talking. It runs like this: "We must all share alike in this thing. Nobody must make anything out of it. If we who are taken into the army give up our jobs and our homes to do the fighting the men who stay at home mustn't get rich out of our necessities. If we give ourselves they must give their money. Of course business men have got to make a profit, and business must be kept going. We shall all want jobs again when this war is over, but there must be no great fortunes made out of the war. The Government must find a way to stop that."

That feeling is growing and hardening. It isn't making itself heard loudly, but one has only to listen to the talk of men who have been called to service to know how widespread it is. We discuss these things among ourselves. The change in our daily walk has brought with it a clarity and simplicity. We see how we have been cumbered with unessentials, with material things, with possessions. In my own case I find that my new estate has stripped me of all the shock absorbers I have contrived to put between me and the starkness and actualities of life. I see the real meaning of things.

Some of us were talking the other night about the part women are playing in this war; how they are doing the work of men in England and France, and even fighting in Russia. There is no brighter chapter in the war than the stories of what women are doing in the Allied countries. A newly made major of reserves broke out: "They say the women of this country aren't playing up now that we are in; that the mothers are opposed to sending their boys to camp under the selective draft. I don't believe a word of it. There may be such mothers, but I personally have never heard of one. Take my own case. I am an only son. We are Southerners. My mother endured the ordeal of having all the men of her family killed or wounded in the Civil War. She was in the path of Sherman's army, and her home was destroyed. She was a refugee, homeless and wandering for a time in her own country. She knows what war means. She hates war. Yet so clear and simple and direct are her vision and understanding that when we got into this war she wrote me at once simply and unquestioningly to ask when I should be sent abroad. Her grandsons had offered themselves and had been accepted. She took it for granted that I could not do less. I know that she is not the only one who has felt that way.

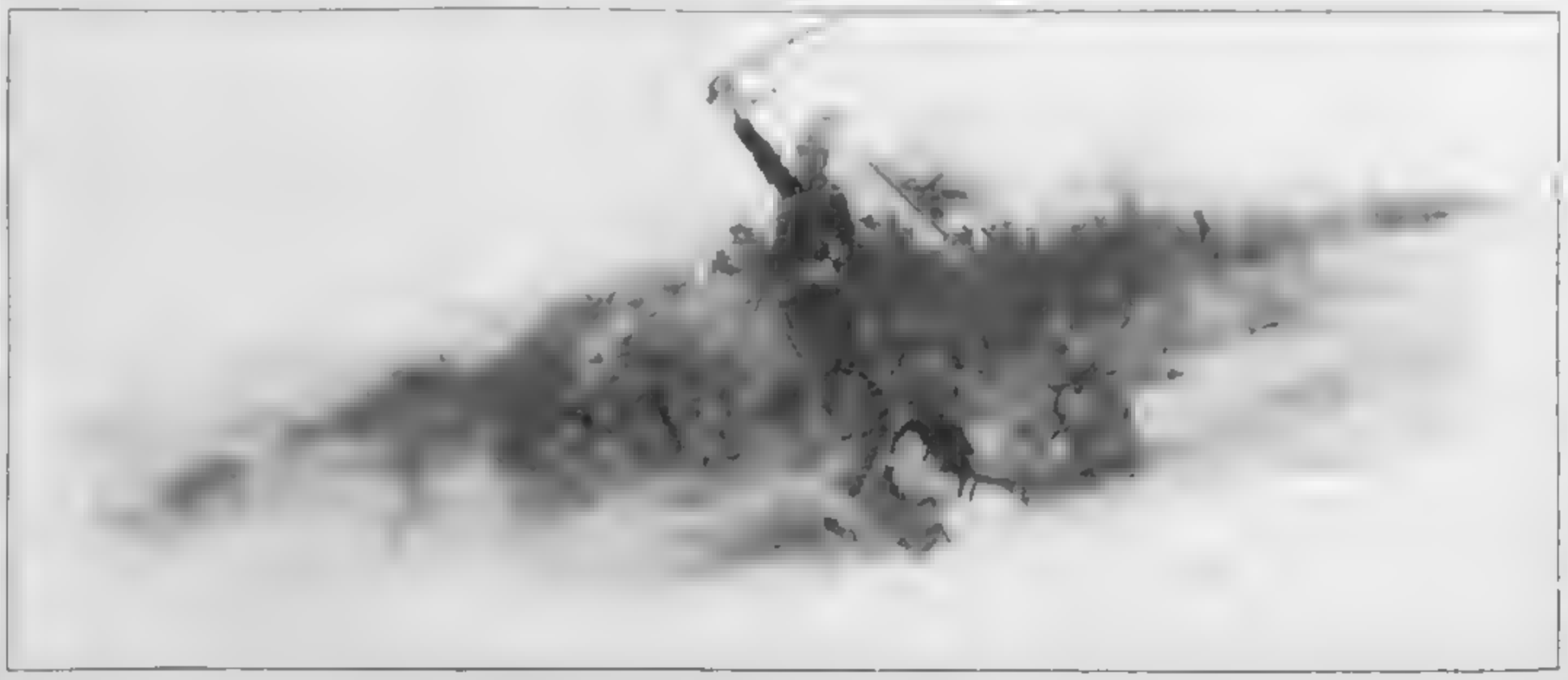
"I heard only yesterday of a father and mother who had five sons in the service. The youngest was in one of the training camps. He had written home in great alarm that some of the very youngest boys in the camp were being weeded out because it was feared that they were not mature enough for the responsibilities of command. He himself was one of so tender an age that he was afraid he might be among the next to go. His parents flew to his assistance. They went to those in command and urged that their Benjamin, though young, was mature beyond his years, and trustworthy. They cited examples of his steadiness. They clamored that he have his chance to serve. He got it, and his mother was content.

"Now that sort of thing I have seen in plenty, and I believe that most of the boys and men who have gone into the service have that invaluable moral backing."

What has happened to me has happened to thousands of others all over the United States. The experience has brought us together. That is what gives it significance and meaning. It is knitting bonds between men who had nothing in common. It is drawing us all closer to one another. We know we are doing the real right thing. We know what we are here for:

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

"God helping her, she can do no other."



"KKK" "Keep Kolynos in Your Kit"

Kolynos Dental Cream has a unique war record. For three years it has been in extensive use in various Armies in the Field, in the European War.

It has been a War of constant and severe emergencies. Soldiers have been serving under extreme conditions. It has been a period when any *extra efficiency* has stood out in the spotlight, and when any *flaw in equipment* quickly uncovered itself.

Here are ten proven facts of the *extraordinary war efficiency* ot Kolynos Dental Cream, disclosed by its use in the field and which have given it an undisputed position *among soldiers themselves.*

1. It cleans the teeth with unexampled completeness, and is also a valuable antiseptic and germicide. Soldiers have learned the tremendous importance of keeping the mouth and throat as free from germs as possible.

2. It is highly concentrated, weighing only 1½ ounces, tube included. A very little of it goes a long way.

3. It can be used, in emergency, without water.

4. Rubbed on the gums with the finger, it gratefully cools and refreshes the mouth and increases the flow of saliva—known to be extremely important on a long, dusty march.

5. In "trench gingivitis" it is most helpful. Do you know what "trench gingivitis" is? It is a very bothersome inflammation of the gums—and Kolynos alleviates it and reduces the inflammation.

6. Where other first-aid has been lacking, the soldiers have learned that the application of Kolynos to wounds has a cleansing, disinfecting influence.

7. In case of burns it gives relief, by excluding air and through disinfection.

8. Dissolved in water and used as a gargle it relieves a soldier's overstrained and inflamed throat.

9. Applied to the nostrils, it is helpful in the early stages of a cold.

10. In base hospitals, where complicated wounds and fractures of the mouth and jaws are treated, Kolynos has been found of great value by reason of its cleansing, antiseptic, deodorizing and disinfecting properties.

Bear in mind that, in addition to being used and recommended by over one-half of the Dental profession of the United Kingdom, Kolynos Dental Cream has been favorably passed upon and distributed by the War Office in London and the British Red Cross Society. Of the 45,000 American Dentists, most of whom have been preparing the teeth of the American soldier for the Stress of war, over 39,000 have recommended Kolynos.

Certainly no other dentifrice covers so wide a field of usefulness. You will make a good soldier better fit by placing Kolynos in his hands.

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If you have a son or an acquaintance who has entered the service, fill in his name and address in this Coupon and mail it to us so we may provide him gratis with a trial tube, as we provided soldiers of Great Britain and France.

If you already know about Kolynos, do him the great service of buying him a half dozen tubes, at thirty cents each, at the nearest druggist, and send them to him if he has already been called out. Don't neglect it.

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"My Indiana Truck paid for itself in six months, and it is earning at the rate of $6,000 a year. Upkeep is insignificant, and gasoline, oil, etc., are very low. It is entirely satisfactory in every respect, and my results with it are bigger than I expected. (*Signed*) George E. Atwater."

Other Indiana Records gleaned from 1,000 lines of business: Hauled as low as 6¾ cents per ton mile; earned $80 to $100 a day; a seven-truck fleet earned $50,000; the first Indianas built have paid back their purchasers Millions of Dollars in Earnings.

Worm Drive

INDIANA TRUCKS

Save owners *big* money because of 112% Reserve Strength in heavy duty motor—crankshaft—80,000-mile axles—frame—brakes—clutch. Save $100 to $1000 on prices: 1-ton $1550; 2-ton $2250; 3½-ton $3000; 5-ton $4000. Your Indiana dealer will let you pay *as the truck earns itself.*

Write for Operating Costs Book

giving detail figures "averaged" from records of many Indianas in service.

INDIANA TRUCK CORPORATION Dept. 25 MARION, INDIANA

A YOUNG MAN'S GAME

(Continued from Page 16)

another instant he would have left it behind. Yet something terrible was happening. Even as these thoughts flashed through his mind he emerged into sunshine and saw the mountain slope rushing up to meet him.

Then he understood. He understood the thing a young man's lightning-quick sensibilities would have explained to him on the instant of its happening. He understood that what to him had been confusion would have been to a youngster, who flew by feel, the feather-lightness of the seat, which meant that the machine was dropping down.

The engineer, feeling his age like a curse, drew the steering post toward him and raised the elevators. The machine did not respond. His body did not grow heavy with the sudden hardening of the seat beneath him. The descent continued with a sharpness that meant nothing less than complete disaster. The supporting quality had gone out of the air.

It was a situation in which young aviators flounder wildly; but this man, himself double the age of most flyers, was not given to floundering. Instead, he analyzed his danger. It was plain to him that he had entered a heavy downward draft. He had flown into it when he steered in toward the peak to cut the streamer short. He had ventured close to the mountainside. That was it! He had been caught by a current of air that flowed down the mountain like a waterfall.

Nature, he reasoned instantly, preserved a full law of compensation. Would there not be an equal component of air flowing upward on the opposite side of that mountain cone? He lowered the elevators so as to give least resistance to a movement straight forward and opened his throttle to the last ounce of driving power. He set rudder and aileron for a curving course.

The craft lost altitude more rapidly than before, but it drove ahead. It was describing a great spiral round the mountain a spiral so steep that nothing might descend it and live. When the machine had been caught in the air current it had been facing the sea. Now it was facing the north. At last it was facing away from the sea. It had come to the opposite side of the mountain; but it was so near to the forested cañon that the limbs stood out like warning arms. Then a sudden halting and shivering. To the engineer's imagination it was as though a power ram had struck beneath his seat—had struck up from below.

The machine hung there, stunned; then, with no change in its elevator planes, it began steadily and swiftly to rise. Nature was rewarding engineering faith with a countercurrent that swept straight up to the realms of safety. Even as he rode it the engineer's thoughts were busy with the palpable law of the thing—that air currents flow up one side of a mountain and down the other side, just as ocean currents flow up and down a peak sunk below the surface of the sea.

When Mr. Myden observed that the air spout was no longer lifting the machine his altimeter showed that he was four thousand feet above the peak of Tamalpais. He tasted the elation of a sailor who has escaped the fury of a storm by putting out to sea. Here, on high, he was safe in the element to which he seemed now to belong; it was only the earth that was dangerous.

"Jake Myden," he shouted, as though to make himself hear above the roar of the engine, "the worm has got his pin feathers, and don't you forget it!"

What the birdling felt was that he had proved his right to exist among airwise things. He was conscious of a desire to soar home on still wing, like a hawk that had made its kill in the open sky. Home was twenty miles away and Mr. Myden was nearly seven thousand feet above the water. He made a quick computation and told himself the thing could be done. He brought the machine to position and set a course by the glistening Ferry Tower and Oakland's skyscraping City Hall.

For half a minute he let the engine thunder at top speed; then closed the throttle entirely. With no sound but the screaming of the air against it, the craft drove through space like a stiff-winged duck ending its long migratory flight from the Arctic. The mountains, the redwoods, the towns, the Golden Gate, the toy shipping, skipped along below the flyer as on a moving-picture screen. The machine wheeled at the end of the mighty glide, and the propeller was set in slow revolution to steady a conqueror down to earth.

The flying boat sputtered up the runway into the hangar and the engine hushed at last on the turntable; but the man in the cockpit sat still. "Lute's right," he muttered reflectively; "dead right! This flying is a game of feel. And when a man's feelers are rusty—why, then ——" He leaped out with the animation of one who sees light on his problem. "Then, he must supplement his feelers with brains!"

A visitor arrived early at the Railroad Utilities office and asked for Mr. Myden. The visitor was a youthful person, whose checked clothes and easy smile expressed his confidence. Miss Scudder looked twice at his card and dropped her eraser.

"Who'd have thought it," she cried, "that I'd be meeting you face to face in this office, when a hundred times I've rubbered up at you from the window there! Oh, Mr. Ball, how does it feel to be the dare-devil of the air?"

"Cut it! Can it! Nix on that dare-devil stuff!" lightly exclaimed the hero of a hundred exhibitions. "It's not me I'm here to talk about. It's a cinch you haven't got the dope on that old boss of yours; and while we're waiting I'll slip you information."

Barry Ball kept his promise so well that had Mr. Myden come in during the next few minutes he might have found his stenographer without breath enough to say good morning. When he did arrive it was Mr. Ball who voiced a greeting.

"Aw, say now," he cried as he forced a handshake, "but you are the fine old thing! When you got to monkeying with Mount Tamalpais I buzzed right over there to see what would happen. I saw you slam into that downshoot and go slidin' round the mountain like a kid down a greased banister; and I said: 'Curtains for him!' Then I saw you come up from behind the peak, like you was shot out of a gun; and so I came in this morning to shake hands with the luckiest guy that ever flopped into bumpy air."

"Ah—ahem! Why, young man ——" Something had gone wrong with Mr. Myden's vocal controls; he looked at Miss Scudder's wonderstruck face, and his own took on the hue of a nicely boiled beet.

"If King George had eloped," murmured Imogene Scudder at last, "I'd have believed it sooner!"

"I got you all right," the dare-devil of the air went on. "You were trying to bunt that little cloud off the peak. Now take it from me, and don't ever monkey with another bunch of moisture so long as you live! Me now—I'd rather fly blindfolded than in a cloud. It fools you till it gets you feet up. Whenever the fog is coming in so you could slice it, then the little old sidewalk is good enough for me."

"Come in! Come in!"

Mr. Myden, having recovered himself, led briskly into his private office. Barry Ball obeyed; but, first, he said something behind his hand to Miss Scudder relative to his hope that they might meet again in the imminent future.

As Mr. Myden's visitors always departed by way of the reception room, it is not surprising that this hope was realized in about ten minutes. The resumption of the interview may have been due to Barry Ball's solicitude for the safety of others, for it ended with his begging the stenographer to urge her dotty old boss to lay off on clouds; to which she replied that after this she shouldn't be surprised to hear he was eating them raw for breakfast.

Mr. Myden had been on a distance cruise. He had bored steadily into the east and had not turned back until the Sierras stood before him like a moss-agate well. As he came homeward now he discovered that a gray invader had entered his familiar fields. A high fog was making conquest of the entire bay region. It had the form of a cloud a few hundred feet in thickness, and as he looked toward its advancing edge it was as though he gazed upon a cross section of two worlds. Below the horizontal partition lay the earth and all the works of men in a gloom of submission; above it a sea of white billows tumbled and frothed in sunshine.

The fog had spared the aviator's path. Moving at customary altitude he could

(Continued on Page 78)

Why the Manufacturer Likes it—Because of the system of Quality and Quantity backed by superior service.

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

Mail Order Service Everywhere—Quick

The better the service facilities *after* you buy it, the better is the product *when* you buy it.

Those who cry, "we put service into our product and therefore do not need service stations" fool no one. They do not even hide their own weakness.

Auto-Lite service stations dot the entire country as do no others. Yet not one half of one per cent of the hundreds of thousands of Auto-Lite systems in existence have ever required service repairs.

But when accidents, carelessness or uncontrollable conditions make service attention necessary, it is a great source of satisfaction to know that the Auto-Lite policy makes it quickly available—no matter where you live.

Our output of 1800 a day evidences our success and leadership. As we rank first in manufacture so do we lead in service.

See that the next car you buy is equipped with the Auto-Lite System.

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10 rib knitting

—Friend of your body
—Friend of your pocket-book

There's a tang in the air of mornings. Nights are getting chill. Leaves are turning golden brown. Soon Fall will be saying Hello to winter.

Now is the time to prepare for Jack Frost. Get *him* before he gets *you*. Now is the time to get your winter underwear. And these are the reasons why *your* underwear should be 10-rib Mayo Underwear.

10-rib knitting—10 ribs to the inch instead of 8—gives Mayo Underwear a cozy warmth that's downright friendly. For it's plain common-sense to see that a closer knit fabric is bound to be a warmer fabric.

And the same 10-rib knitting makes Mayo Underwear more elastic. Friend, when you get into Mayo Underwear, your body will thank 10-rib knitting for that easy Mayo stretch and "give". Your Mayo Underwear will never bind in *any* body movement. And Mayo says, "Away with scratch, away with itch, goodbye tickle."

Does 10-rib Mayo wear longer? Is 10-rib Mayo Underwear more economical? It is. That stronger Mayo 10-rib knitting *does* stand washboard rub and wringer strain.

No, friends, Mayo is not the *only* underwear knit with 10 ribs to the inch. But Mayo Underwear *is* the *only medium-priced* underwear knit with 10-ribs to the inch. Only in Mayo does friendly 10-rib warmth join hands with a friendly price.

Winter is just around the corner. So is a Mayo dealer. Will winter *get* you or will you *get* winter? Will you get 10-rib Mayo underwear? Today?

Mayo

Made from Mayo Yarn

WINTER UNDERWEAR for MEN and BOYS

The only medium-priced underwear that's "actually knit in the dollar way"

Men's winter Shirts and Drawers
Men's winter Union Suits
Boys' winter Union Suits

Any progressive dealer either has or will quickly get for you this 10-rib Mayo Underwear.

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

(Continued from Page 76

pass along under the cloud and arrive at his landing water. But everything within Mr. Myden rebelled against taking the under side of that cloud when at the upper side of it lay the most inviting region he had ever seen.

"Vapor," reasoned the engineer as he held the steering post in readiness to raise or lower the elevator planes, "is dangerous only when you attempt to maneuver in it. Now if a fellow were above a thin blanket such as this he could readily dive down through it whenever he got ready. Mr. Barry Ball says no clouds; but doubtless he would call a little stunt like this a pink-whiskered cinch!"

The steering post was pulled toward the flyer and the machine climbed to a new level. It had flattened out nicely once more when the great bowl of the earth, as constant from the air as the inverted bowl of the sky is from the ground, disappeared abruptly. The machine now pounded along a hundred yards above the billows of an ocean of mist. The dazzling sea stretched away to the horizon and its navigator was pleased to find that his sense of equilibrium adjusted as readily to its surface as to the wash of the bay. He was not going to upset just because the earth was hidden; but a new question presented itself: How was he going to keep from getting lost?

Then he discovered an island! It was brown and rugged and covered with scraggly trees. It was clearly mundane. His geographical instinct told him this island must be the knobby summit of Mount Diablo, the highest peak of the vicinity. It was vastly comforting to find one object of the known world upthrust into this *terra incognita*, and immediately he saw a way to make it serve him. A known object, he would use it as his homing buoy.

Mr. Myden opened the throttle and abandoned himself to the joy of a twenty-mile straightaway; then he circled and laid a fresh course, with no more than a glance at the distant island. In a new Atlantic he was a solitary but reassured Columbus. And what discoveries awaited him! All the fog clouds he had ever looked up at were gray. Now he knew grayness was only absence of light, for even through his amber-tinted goggles the surface below him, twisting lazily in the full flood of the sun, was transcendently white. When he chose a course away from the sun his shadow raced ahead of him on the cloud, an unbelievable apparition. This shadow, shaped even more like a bird than the machine that cast it, was nearly black; but the black had a border of purple, and the purple was edged with orange!

Mr. Myden made careful note of the phenomenon. He would carry it back, a glittering problem, to the physicists of the State University; and then he forgot the physicists, for this skipping rainbow, challenging him to race with it, added the final featherweight to his own enchantment. It detached him from every earthly fetter. For an unmeasured time it was not a human but an exulting eagle that flew up and down, up and down, sole lord of this shining kingdom.

A sudden danger brought Mr. Myden back to his engineering senses. He was being engulfed in an upheaval of his ocean. Columns and banks of mist rose about him. He pulled up sharply and soared above the danger. It pursued. It had already swallowed his guiding island and it seemed eager to swallow him.

His analytical mind supplied an explanation: There had been a change of wind. A vigorous current was causing the even cloud of fog to swirl and expand. It was chasing him now and it might chase him upward for a mile. There was no escape in that direction; he must go down. He must dive; dive sharply, and not venture to ease the dip until he had torn his way clean through the blanket. And what if the blanket was fluffing out on the under side as rapidly as on the upper? What if its fringe was already dragging the ground?

The engineer did not add to his danger by seconds of hesitation. He gave the steering post a forward shove. The machine, which had been climbing, hung a moment as though to get the drift of the pilot's intention, then dived like a turtle into the fog.

Mr. Myden was conscious of a rush of icy vapor that blinded, suffocated and drenched him. Down, down, down, down—down in the dark! How would it all end? He was conscious of approaching light; then light was upon him, as upon a passenger shooting out of a railroad tunnel. He snatched the steering post toward him; and when the machine had flattened out he looked down. Even through the moist blur of his goggles he could see that he was a safe six hundred feet above a grove of eucalyptus trees.

Mr. Myden knew the waving tops of that grove. They screened the powder mills. He was a twenty-minute flight from home. He swerved into his true course above the bay's margin and relaxed, with a tremendous sigh. He was safe now, as safe as any sturdy flapper of the marsh; but he was no longer what he had been for an hour—the very king-bird of the air. He was coming to earth once more and he was leaving his glory behind. He clutched the precious memory, as though to bind every part of it past all power to escape him; and as he clutched he sang strange words to a marching rhythm of his childhood:

"I'm an eagle; I'm an eagle; I'm a freckled old eagle, by gad!"

"The big boss—is he in his kennel?"

The grinning face of Barry Ball wedged through a narrow crack in the Railroad Utilities Company's door, just as it had wedged nearly every morning for a fortnight. Invariably Mr. Ball called half an hour before J. Bigler Myden was due to arrive; and never, since the first morning, had he been able to wait longer than twenty-five minutes.

"If I were a crippled rabbit," replied Imogene Scudder, "you are precisely the kind of greyhound I'd love to have on my trail."

"Meaning it's O. K. for me to ooze in?"

"Meaning that you ought to know by this time the big boss never honors the office before nine-thirty."

"Invitation accepted! I'll come in and stick, just to show that I'm not the impatient little thing you guessed me."

Barry Ball came in and stuck while they discussed, with the persiflage of youth, many things having little to do with safety devices for trains, and a great deal to do with their growing esteem for each other. Eddie Mix, the office imp, whistled in from an errand and was dispatched on another. Finally the talk revolved to Mr. Myden.

"He flaps regular," said the dare-devil of the air, "but he don't hang round in the impure ether over Market Street; so I don't lamp him very often. He's a wise old goose."

"But is he?" Miss Scudder quit playing with her eraser and grew serious. "Has any man in the grandpa class a right to take his exercise up where he has to swat the swallows out of his way to do it?"

"You're getting wiser every minute," Barry Ball commended. "Flying is strictly young-man stuff, you know. Tame air is all right for babies and boobs; but when the going is giddy and you've got to do every inch of your flying by feel —— Well, say, if ever your old lunatic of a boss climbs into a cloud, or stalls in a crazy north wind, we'll just have to fight the fishes off him at the bottom of the bay or dig him out of the subcellar of somebody's orchard. Take it from me, now ——"

But Miss Scudder was to take nothing further from Mr. Ball. They were simultaneously aware that J. Bigler Myden was with them and that there was no reasonable basis for assuming that he had lost his hearing. Miss Scudder thumped three meaningless keys on her typewriter. Barry Ball fumbled for a cigarette, smiled forgivingly, and said:

"The air now—I'll bet you are learning a lot about it."

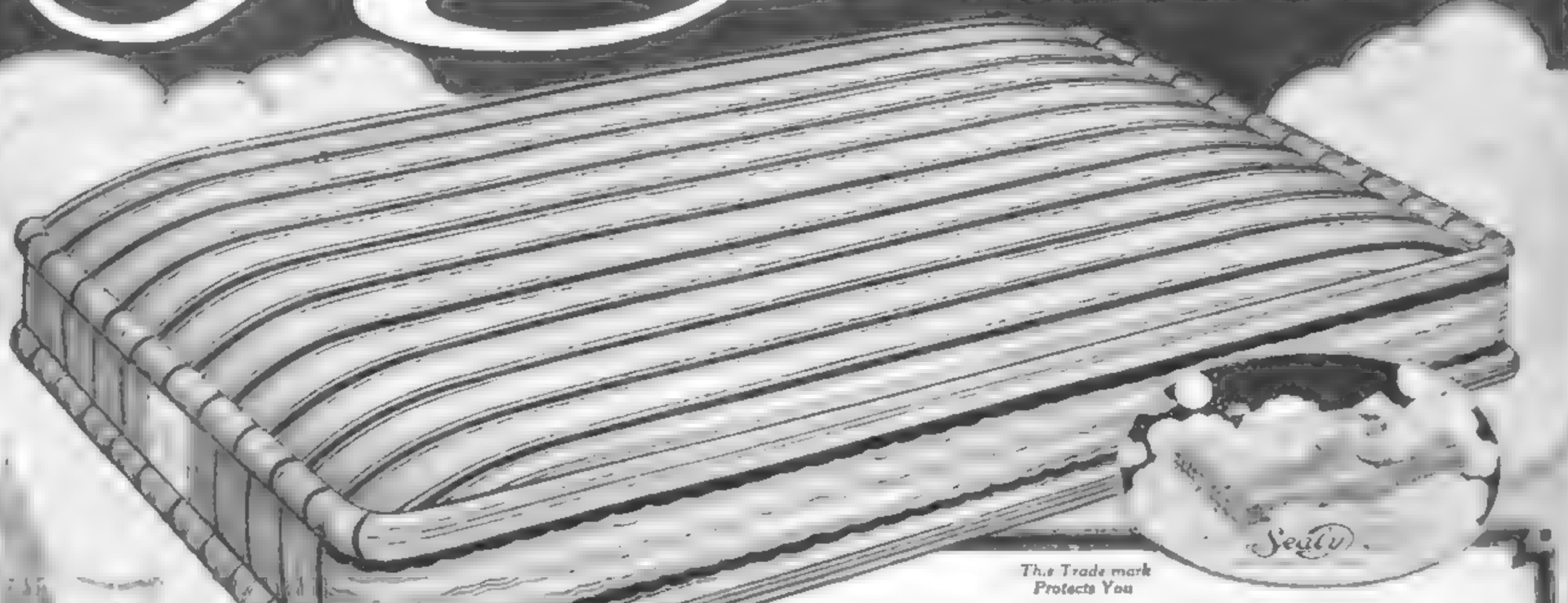
"Quite possibly," agreed the president of the Utilities Company as he opened the mahogany door of his private apartment. "But before I ventured into that element I knew that gravity is the most constant law of Nature, and that a fall is something which can be taken out of any of us—especially the young. Miss Scudder, when not engaged you may come in for dictation."

Mr. Myden had a fondness for architecture of the Mission type. Stanford University presented the finest example of it he had ever seen. He was fond of studying the Quad with loving eye, his point of view being usually about two thousand feet above the red-tiled roofs. The campus was forty miles south of his hangar and three-fourths of his route was above the bay.

The distance had never seemed so inconsiderable as on an afternoon about two

(Concluded on Page 81)

The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress



This Trade mark Protects You

The Sealy is Building an Army

An army of trim, fit, strong men and women—who arise each morning refreshed and energized. They greet each day full of vigor and confident in spirit—with mental and physical forces ready for every emergency.

For the Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress brings quick sleep and perfect rest. It banishes the sleepless nights that sap the strength of the nervous and overworked constitution. If you want to experience better sleep, rejuvenating rest, sleep on a Sealy and join the army that knows the Sealy as America's Standard Mattress—most comfortable for 35 years.

Luxuriously Comfortable—Economical

Each Sealy is filled with a single deep, springy batt of pure, new, long-fibre cotton. Made where the best cotton grows—with the fibres first blown apart and then inter-woven into an inseparable cushion by the patented Sealy air-woven process.

Holds its shape and resilience permanently, for the inter-woven fibres can never pull apart. No tufts are necessary, hence there are no uncomfortable lumps and hollows—no tabs to catch dust.

Each Sealy is sold under our written guarantee that it will neither pack, spread nor grow lumpy in twenty years. It is a permanent investment in comfort. Never needs re-making

Try a Sealy for Sixty Nights

We have authorized each of our dealers to sell the Sealy on sixty nights' approval. Order one sent home today, and learn why famous hotels are advertising the fact that their beds are equipped with the Sealy. It contains no linters, felt, animal hair or other substitutes—just pure, new, long-fibre cotton. Your money cheerfully refunded if it is not the most comfortable mattress you ever tried.

Write for name of the Sealy dealer and free miniature mattress museum with samples of different mattress materials.

SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Sugar Land, Texas

You *Sleep Soundly* on a *Sealy* — *ask any alarmclock*

Read Booklet for Complete Description of Substitutes Used for Cotton in Mattresses
MINIATURE MATTRESS MUSEUM
From SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY, Sugar Land, Texas

SUGGESTION:

Sealy Mattress Company S. E. P. 11
Sugar Land, Texas!

Send me free and without obligation on my part, name of Sealy Mattress dealer and box containing samples of cotton and [illegible] shown in Box to the left

Name

Street and Number

City and State

Clip This Coupon and Mail It Today

Winchester Model 12 hammerless Shotgun, 20, 16 and 12 gauge

Why the 20 Gauge is Gaining in Popularity

Back in the '90s the 10 gauge was the weapon that had the call among American sportsmen.

But as the game became scarcer, there came a better sense of sportsmanship. The 10 gauge yielded to the 12 gauge.

Today, hunters who are in it for "Sport's Sake" are taking to the light 20 and 16 gauges—the true sportsman's guns.

When you carry a 20 gauge, you're *playing the game* and you *earn* every bird you bring down.

Quicker action and better pattern with the 20 gauge

In the hands of a good shot, the 20 gauge has proved almost as effective a field gun as the 12 gauge. This is because in the first place, being lighter, it permits of quicker handling; you get onto your game faster.

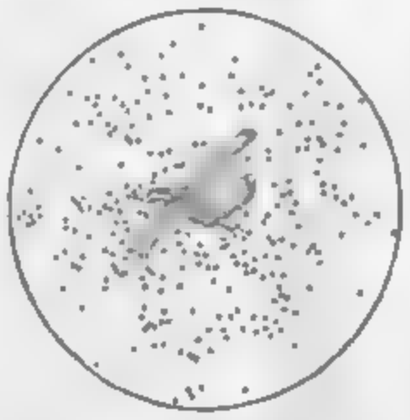
Then, too, if you're quick, most of your shots at quail, snipe and prairie chicken will be at from 15 to 25 yards; at these distances the properly bored 20 gauge makes its best pattern, while the 12 gauge does not open up so as to give the shooter the full benefit of its larger load of shot until close to 40 yards.

The 20 gauge then can give you as good a bag as a 12 gauge if you handle it fast and get onto your game quickly. It's a sportier gun to work with.

A gun that few sportsmen can resist

The nicely balanced model 12, Winchester 20 gauge with its slim, graceful barrel is a beautiful weapon and has a fascination about it few sportsmen can resist.

Quick feeder, sure ejector. Throws empty shell to the side, out of your way.



Dense, even, hard hitting, quick opening pattern of the Winchester 20 gauge.

It works smoothly in whatever position it is held.

A man who has used this Model 12, 20 gauge Winchester; or its duplicate in the model 97, 16 gauge—for those who prefer a hammer action gun—for a few days of shooting, finds it hard to go back to his heavier 12 gauge.

The barrel *is* the gun

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun lie in the barrel. On the quality of the barrel depends the quality of the gun. There is absolutely no difference in the standard of quality of the barrels on the highest or lowest priced Winchester guns. With Winchester the barrel *is* the gun and the single standard of quality has been attained only by the most unremitting attention to the boring, finishing and testing of the barrel.

The Winchester barrel

The barrels of the Winchester Models 12 and 97 have been scientifically bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern they are meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until the pattern proves up to Winchester standard, the guns cannot leave the factory.

The Nickel Steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

What (TPW) Means

This mark on the barrel means *Viewed and Proved Winchester*. This stamp stands for Winchester's guarantee of quality, with fifty years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

Every gun that bears the name "Winchester" and that is marked with the Winchester Viewed and Proved stamp has been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy, and with excess loads for strength. At every stage of Winchester manufacture machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. It is a *test and adjustment process*.

It is this care in manufacturing that has produced in these two light gauge models guns that have won the admiration of all true sportsmen who follow *Sport for Sport's Sake*.

Write for details of Winchester shotguns, rifles and ammunition

The Winchester catalog is an encyclopedia on shotguns, rifles and ammunition. Every hunter should have one. It gives detailed specifications of the Model 12 and describes at length the principles on which every one of the world-famous Winchester rifles and shotguns is built. Write today. We will mail you a copy free, postpaid.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
DEPT. 164 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Winchester Model 97 Hammer Shotgun. *Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge and 16 gauge. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer.*

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

(Concluded from Page 78)

weeks after Barry Ball's overpublic remarks. Mr. Myden traveled southward in the stream of an eager breeze; and then, as he wove great observation circles above the Quadrangle, he was aware that the velocity of the air current was increasing. Round half the circle the machine shot ahead of engine speed; round the other half it hung back.

As the flyer approached the bay on the homeward flight the sun was shining as brightly as an hour before, but the water told of a sharp atmospheric change. There were no whitecaps now, such as had raced down the bay with him; but, instead, there were foaming wind-driven billows, which appeared not to halt at the shore line, but to be picked up by the pitching white treetops of an orchard and sent rolling on to the south. Five miles ahead the Dumbarton treatle bridge stood out like a tarred skeleton. Not only was the piling hidden but a freight train dragging across presented the illusion of battling with the waves.

Dumbarton Bridge was a bewitched dead line that kept receding. The freight train had crawled off into a distant tunnel before the flyer could catch up with the black frame. While he poised there, as though the bridge had power to make its resistance felt two thousand feet in the air, he remembered the words of Barry Ball:

"If ever your old lunatic of a boss stalls in a crazy north wind ——"

That was precisely what he was doing! This wind was the blast that sometimes came tearing down out of Alaska to wither the grain, and to churn the air until the birds themselves found it a misery. Even now Mr. Myden could see far below him a score of gray gulls, each headed as he was, each beating the air with determined wing, and each stalled as he was at the bridge's black line. This was the emergency Barry Ball had said the older man could not go through alive.

The machine spurted forward—forward and down. It was as though the blast had aped on, leaving not enough air for buoyancy. The aviator grappled with his new situation. His eyes and the softened seat told him he was sweeping waterward, but he resisted the impulse to pull up the elevator planes. The blast would renew its fury, he reasoned, and the machine, if caught in a stiff climbing attitude, might be pitched onto its back. He was saving the elevators as his last dangerous resort.

Twice the machine caught and hung a moment before pitching on down. The third dive left it wabbling uncertainly two hundred feet above the bay. He studied the landing possibilities. No flying boat, he decided, could live in those billows. He must go the other way; must try that last resort. He drew the steering post toward him and shot the throttle to the limit of the reserve power.

The machine quivered, bounded—and began to climb.

When the altimeter showed fifteen hundred feet Mr. Myden flattened out with a feeling of satisfaction. He was in the zone of his choosing. Below him was the region of greatest local disturbance; above him the region of highest velocity. He had calculated that the middle ground would offer his fighting chance.

An hour and then another hour wore by. The hangar was thirty miles from Dumbarton Bridge. In coming down Mr. Myden had gone from one point to the other in twenty minutes. Now, after two hours of full engine speed, he was halfway between. Twice he had been thrown out of his fighting zone and twice he had won it back. It was the battle of a lifetime; but not merely a battle to save a life. The man had been fused into a zealot, a fanatic who, with no thought of individual consequences, fought to vindicate an efficiency principle of importance to the race.

Mr. Myden's right hand dropped from the wheel. He tried to clench his fingers, and could not. He had maintained a vise-like grip on the wood without knowing it, and the hand was benumbed. He beat the helpless member against the edge of the cockpit—beat the skin off until the needles began to burn through his fingers; and he knew life was coming back. Then when the right hand could grasp the wheel once more he beat circulation into the left one.

Every move now was a tactic, thoroughly though instantly considered. It was a splendid campaign that was in progress, an engineering campaign; and it was Engineer Myden rather than Aviator Myden who was carrying it on. No untrained man could have done it—no untrained stripling, such, for instance, as he who had slangily proclaimed flying to be the prerogative of youth. Back of what the engineer was doing was his full power of calculation, of resource, of calm fortitude—all the experience, in fact, of all his hard-spent years.

His years! Suddenly he remembered. This was his birthday. "Congratulations, Jake Myden!" he shouted. "To-day you are fifty years young!"

Commuters clutching their hats on the open decks of the Oakland ferryboat were treated to a spectacle that made them forget the extraordinary pitching of the boat. In the burnished evening sky, from which every particle of dust and smoke had been swept, they beheld a luminous aircraft breasting the gale. For them the sun had set, but the biplane was bathed in a golden flood. It was an unearthly creature that defied storms. For many seconds it would halt and struggle; then it would slip through the clasp of the wind. It appeared to move at the behest of a power that was calm, determined, irresistible.

The watchers broke their spell with a tumult of cries. The flyer was pitifully human, after all—he was pitching down! From the ferryboat it seemed as if the machine must bury itself in the soft earth of the marsh; but, instead, it flattened out a few yards above the tules and settled into the protected waters of Oakland Creek.

The morning newspapers gave most of the front page to the unprecedented feat of J. Bigler Myden in an unprecedented north wind. He had taken his place, they declared, among world-famous conquerors of the air. There was also a paragraph recording another aviator's adventure: Barry Ball, a dare-devil hero of innumerable exhibitions, had also been caught in the gale, though fortunately he was hardly higher than the housetops at the time. He had escaped with nothing more serious than the wrecking of his biplane and the double fracturing of his left arm.

Mr. Myden, embarrassed to stealthiness by much publicity, let himself into his private office through the hall door; but before he could open his desk Miss Imogene Scudder was with him. Miss Scudder had read the papers; but that was not all—she was a commuter and she had seen the thing with her own eyes from the ferryboat. As she stood before her employer now she was, for the first time in her life, perhaps, bereft of words. She laid a hand gently on each of his lapels and looked up into his freckled old face.

It was pure reverence; but J. Bigler Myden did not know that. He put his arms round the blooming creature and kissed her again and again. The world regarded him as having attained the plane of miracle on the previous day; but in his own thought he had never touched it until now. He saw himself as the accepted of this unresisting maiden, and twenty-five years slipped from him as though they had never been.

Barry Ball came into the room. His head was bandaged and his left arm swung stiffly in a sling. The look he gave the older man was the look the conquered gives the conqueror. Mr. Myden detached one arm and put it carefully about the young man's shoulders. Barry Ball began to cry.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the old eagle. "Your days in the air may be over; but what of that? You understand machinery and I'm going to make you a foreman in my plant."

Imogene Scudder squealed. She clasped her arms round her employer's neck; and this time it was she who did the kissing.

"It's just like you! Just like you!" she cried. "Now Barry and I can marry on the very day we had intended!"

Very late that afternoon J. Bigler Myden still bent over his desk. He was busy with the outline of a device the conception of which had come to him while he pitched with the gale; a device for reducing the hazards of travel in the sky. He laid down his instruments and allowed himself the luxury of living over in thought the unprecedented incident that had begun his day in this room.

"Love!" he muttered at length, as though making a conclusion of the whole matter. "I guess that is strictly young-man stuff!"

He picked up his pencil and went on with the device that was to make flying safer. And as it took form his face was more and more alight with the glory of an intelligence that knows not the fiction of age.

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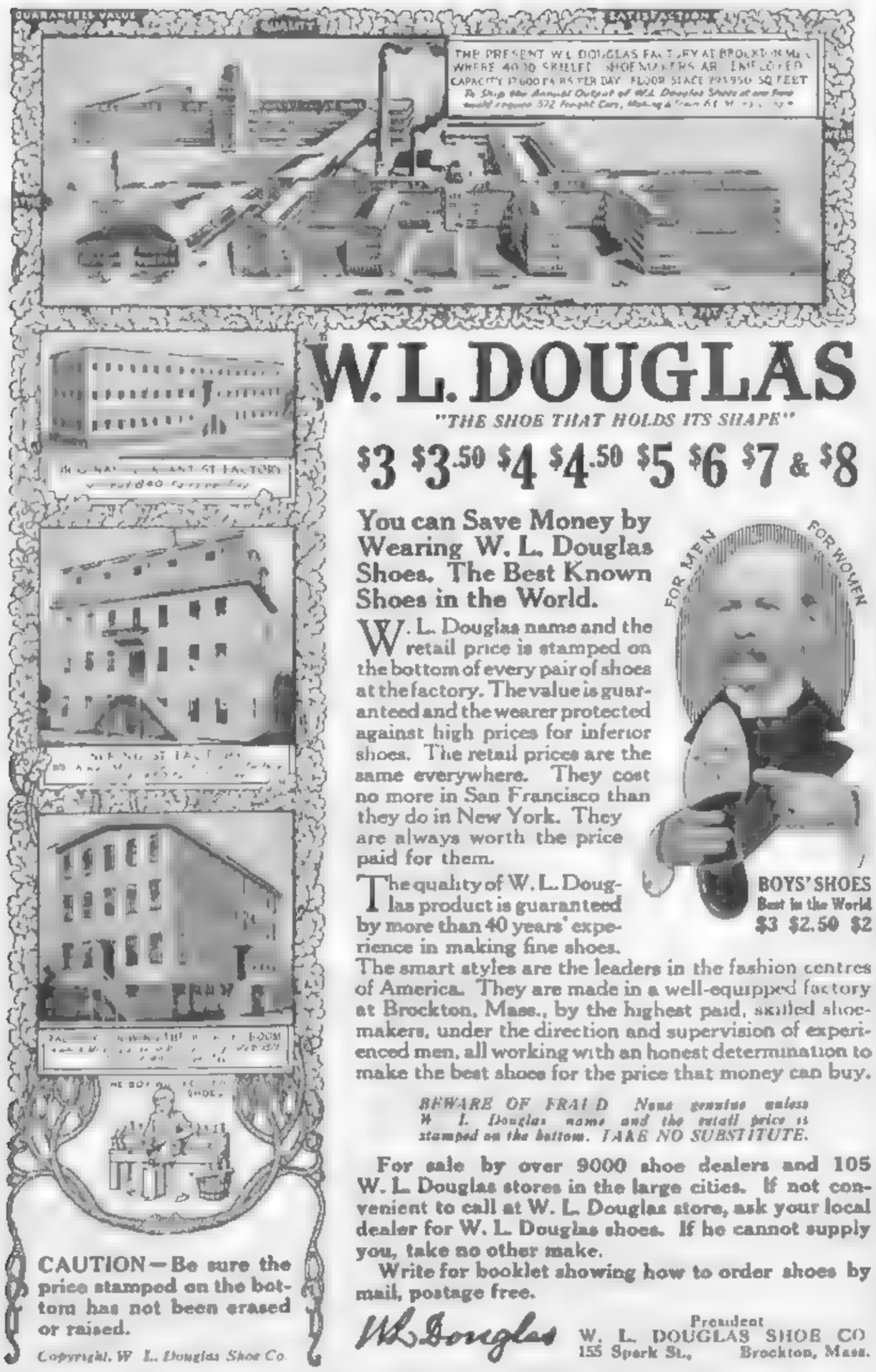
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THE MAN WHO QUIT

(Continued from Page 14)

could picture his wife's amazement and pleasure; he could hear himself saying something like this:

"Well, my dear, you've got your wish at last. After thinking it all over I've decided to cut out the golf and devote myself to the family. Yes; I'm through!"

In this highly commendable spirit he arrived at home, only to find the shades drawn and the front door locked. As Coyne felt for his key ring he remembered that his wife had said something about taking the children to spend the day with her mother. It was also the servant's afternoon off and the house was empty. Coyne was conscious of a slight disappointment; he was the bearer of glad tidings, but he had no audience.

"Oh, well," he thought; "it's been a long time since I had a quiet Sunday afternoon at home. Do me good. Guess I'll read a while and then run over to mother's for supper. I don't read as much as I used to. Man ought to keep up to date."

Then, because he was a creature of habit and the most methodical of men, he must have his pipe and slippers before sitting down with his book. Mary Coyne was a good wife and a faithful mother, but she abominated a pipe in the living room; and she tolerated slippers only when they were of her own choosing.

Now there are things which every woman knows; but there is one thing which no woman has ever known and no woman will ever know—namely, that she is not competent to select slippers for her lord and master. Bob Coyne was a patient man, but he loathed slippers his wife picked out for him. He was pledged to a worn and disreputable pair of the pattern known as Romeos—relics of his bachelor days. They were run down at the heel and thin of sole; but they were dear to his heart and he clung to them obstinately in spite of their shabby appearance. After the honeymoon it had been necessary to speak sternly with his wife on the subject of the Romeos, else she would have thrown them on the ash heap. Since that interview Mrs. Coyne—obedient soul!—had spent a great portion of her married life in finding safe hiding places for those wretched slippers; but no matter where she put them, they seemed certain of a triumphant resurrection.

Coyne went on a still hunt for the Romeos, and found them at last, tucked away in the clothes closet of the spare room upstairs. This closet was a sort of catchall, as the closets of spare rooms are apt to be; and as Coyne stooped to pick up the slippers he knocked down something which had been standing in a dark corner. It fell with a heavy thump, and there on the floor at his feet was a rusty old mid-iron—the first golf club Coyne had ever owned.

He had not seen that mid-iron in years, but he remembered it well. He picked it up, sighted along the shaft, found it still reasonably straight and unwarped, balanced the club in his hands, waggled it once as if to make a shot; then he replaced it hastily, seized the slippers, and hurried downstairs.

The book of his selection was one highly recommended by press and pulpit, hence an ideal tale for a Sunday afternoon; so he dragged an easy-chair to the front window, lighted his pipe, put his worn Romeos on a taboret, and settled down to solid comfort. In spite of the fact that the book was said to be gripping, and entertaining from cover to cover, Coyne encountered some difficulty in getting into the thing. He skimmed through the first chapter, yawned and looked at his watch.

"They're just getting away for the afternoon round," said he; and then, with the air of one who has caught himself in a fault, he attacked Chapter Two. It proved even worse than the first. He told himself that the characters were out of drawing, the situations impossible, and the humor strained or stale.

At the end of Chapter Three he pitched the book across the room and closed his eyes. Five minutes later he rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and went slowly upstairs. He assured himself he was not in search of anything; but his aimless wanderings brought him at last to the spare room, where he seated himself on the edge of the bed. He remained there for twenty minutes, motionless, staring into space. Then he rose, crossed the room and disappeared in the clothes closet. When he came out the rusty mid-iron came with him. Was this a sign of weakness, of deterioration in the moral fiber, an indication of regret? Perish the thought! The explanation Mr. Coyne offered himself was perfectly satisfactory. He merely wished to examine the ten-year-old shaft and ascertain whether it was cracked or not. He carried the venerable souvenir to the window and scrutinized it closely; the shaft was sound.

"A good club yet," he muttered.

As he stood there, holding the old mid-iron in his hands, ten years slipped away from him. He remembered that club very well—almost as well as a man remembers his first sweetheart. He remembered other things too—remembered that, as a youth, he had never had the time or the inclination to play at games of any sort. He had been too busy getting his start, as the saying goes. Then, at thirty, married and well on his way to business success, he had felt the need of open air and exercise. He had mentioned this to a friend and the friend had suggested golf.

"But that's an old man's game!" Yes; he had said that very thing. His ears burned at the recollection of his folly.

"Think so? Tackle it and see."

He had been persuaded to spend one

(Continued on Page 85)

"Why, There Isn't a Hole in It, My Dear"

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There are no grease cups in the Westcott chassis. Soft oil, from wick-fed oil cups, flows automatically to every bearing. The lubrication is as perfect on Christmas morning as on the Fourth of July.

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"John," said I, as we drove on, "wasn't it thoughtful of you to get those Pyrenes for our car and home!"

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You can insure your Pyrene against theft with the National Surety Company of New York —25c for a three year policy.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

(Continued from Page 82)

afternoon at the Country Club. Is there a golfer in all the world who needs to be told what happened to Mr. Robert Coyne? He had hit one long, straight tee shot; he had holed one difficult putt; and the whole course of his serious, methodical existence had been changed. The man who does not learn to play any game until he is thirty years of age is quite capable of going daft over tiddledywinks or dominoes. If he takes up the best and most interesting of all outdoor sports his family may count itself fortunate if he does not become violent.

Never the sort of person who could be content to do anything badly, Bob Coyne had applied himself to the Royal and Ancient Pastime with all the simple earnestness and dogged determination of a silent, self-centered man. He had taken lessons from the professional. He had brought his driver home and practiced with it in the back yard. He had read books on the subject. He had studied the methods and styles of the best players. He had formed theories of his own as to stance and swing. He had even talked golf to his wife—which is the last stage of incurable golfitis.

As he stood at the window, turning the rusty mid-iron in his hands, he recalled the first compliment ever paid him by a good player—the more pleasing because he had not been intended to hear it. It came after he had fought himself out of the duffer class and had reached the point where he was too good for the bad ones, but not considered good enough for the topnotchers.

One day Corkrane had invited him into a foursome—Coyne had been the only man in sight—and Corkrane had taken him as a partner against such redoubtable opponents as Millar and Duffy. Coyne had halved four holes and won two, defeating Millar and Duffy on the home green. Nothing had been said at the time; but later on, while polishing himself with a towel in the shower room, Coyne had heard Corkrane's voice:

"Hey, Millar!"

"Well?"

"That fellow Coyne—he's not so bad."

"I believe you, Corky. He won the match for you."

"Thought I'd have to carry him on my back; but he was right there all the way round. Yep; Coyne's a comer, sure as you live!"

And the subject of this kindly comment had blushed pink out of sheer gratification.

A pretty good bunch, those fellows out at the club! If it had done nothing else for him, Coyne reflected, golf had widened his circle of friends. Suddenly there came to him the realization that he would have a great deal of spare time on his hands in the future. Wednesdays and Saturdays would be long days now; and Sundays—— Coyne sighed deeply and swung the rusty mid-iron back and forth as if in the act of studying a difficult shot.

"But what's the use?" he asked himself. "I haven't got a shot left—not a single shot!"

He sat down on the edge of the bed, the mid-iron between his knees and his head in his hands. At the end of twenty minutes he rose and began to prowl about the house, looking into corners, behind doors, and underneath beds and bureaus.

"Seems to me I saw it only the other day," said he. "Of course Bobby might have been playing with it and lost it."

It was in the children's playroom that he came upon the thing, which he told himself he found by accident. It was much the worse for wear; nearly all the paint had been worn off it and its surface was covered with tiny dents. Bob Junior had been teaching his dog to fetch and carry and the dents were the prints of sharp puppy teeth.

"Well, what do you think of that!" ejaculated Mr. Coyne, pretending to be surprised. "As I live—a golf ball! Yes; a golf ball!"

He stood looking at it for some time; but at last he picked it up. With the rusty mid-iron in one hand and the ball in the other, he went downstairs, passed through the house, unlocked the back door and went into the yard. Behind the garage was a smooth stretch of lawn, fifty feet in diameter, carefully mowed and rolled. In the center of this emerald carpet was a hole, and in the hole was a flag. This was Mr. Coyne's private putting green.

"Haven't made a decent chip shot in a month. . . . No use trying now. All confounded foolishness!"

So saying, the man who had renounced Colonel Bogey and all his works dropped the ball twenty feet from the edge of the putting green. The lie did not suit him; so he altered it slightly. Then he planted his disreputable Romeos firmly on the turf, waggled the rusty mid-iron a few times, pressed the blade lightly behind the ball, and attempted that most difficult of all performances—the chip shot. The ball hopped across the lawn to the smooth surface of the putting green and rolled straight for the cup, struck the flag and stopped two inches from the hole.

"Heavens above!" gasped Mr. Coyne, rubbing his eyes. "Look at that, will you? I hit the pin, by golly—hit the pin!"

At dusk Mrs. Coyne returned. The first thing she noticed was that a large rug was missing from the dining room. Having had experience, she knew exactly where to look for it. On the back porch she paused, her hands on her hips. The missing rug was hanging over the clothesline, and her lord and master, in shirtsleeves and the unspeakable Romeos, was driving a single golf ball against it.

Whish-h-h! Click! Thud!

"And I guess that's getting my weight into the swing!" babbled Mr. Coyne. "I've found out what I've been doing that was wrong. Watch me hit this one, Mary."

Mrs. Coyne was everything that a good wife should be, but she sniffed audibly.

"I've told you a dozen times that I didn't want you knocking holes in that rug!" said she.

"Why, there isn't a hole in it, my dear."

"Well, there will be if you keep on. It seems to me, Bob, that you might get enough golf out at the club. Then you won't scandalize the neighbors by practicing in the back yard on Sunday afternoons. What do you suppose they'll think of you?"

"They'll think I'm crazy," was the cheerful response; "but, just between you and me, my dear, I'm not near so crazy right now as I have been!"

III

JASPER was cleaning up the locker room—his regular Monday-morning job. As he worked he crooned the words of an old negro melody:

"Ole bline hawss, come outen the wilderness,
Outen the wilderness, outen the wilderness;
Ole bline hawss ——"

The side door opened and Jasper dropped his mop.

"Who's that?" he asked. "This early in the mawnin'?" But when he recognized

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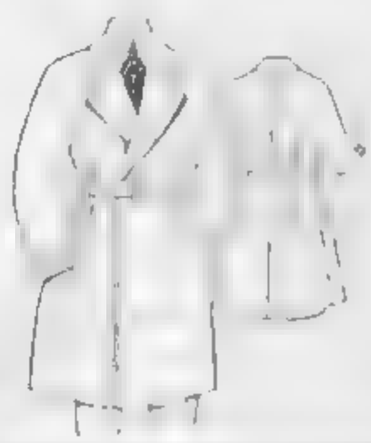

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the caller he did not show the faintest symptoms of surprise. Jasper was more than a perfect servant; he was also a diplomat. "Good mawnin', Misteh Coyne."

The caller seemed embarrassed. He attempted to assume a cheerful expression, but succeeded in producing a silly grin.

"Jasper," said he, "I was a little bit sore yesterday ——"

"Yes, suh; an' nobody could blame you," said the negro, coming gallantly to the rescue.

"And you know how it is with a man when he's sore."

"Yes, suh. Man don' always mean whut he say—that is, he mean it all right at the time. Yes, suh. At—the—time. 'N'en ag'in, he might change."

"That's it exactly!" said Coyne, and floundered to a full stop.

Jasper's face was grave, but he found it necessary to fix his eyes on the opposite wall.

"Yes, suh," said he. "Las' month I swo' off too."

"Swore off on what?"

"Craps, Misteh Coyne. Whut Bu't Williams calls Af'ican golf. Yes, suh, I swo' off; but las' night—well, I kind o' fell f'um grace. I fell, suh; but I wasn't damaged so much as some o' them boys in the game." Jasper chuckled to himself. "Yes, suh; I sutny sewed 'em up propeh! Look like I come back in my ole-time fawm!"

"That's it!" Coyne agreed eagerly. "I've got my chip shot back, Jasper. Last night, at home, I was hitting 'em as clean as a whistle. I—I ran out here this morning to have a little talk with you. You remember about those clubs?" Jasper nodded. "That was a foolish thing to do ——" began Coyne.

"No, suh!" interrupted Jasper positively. "No, suh! When a man git good an' sore he do a lot o' things whut awdinarily he wouldn't think o' doin'! Las' month I th'owed away the best pair o' crap dice you eveh saw. You givin' away yo' clubs is exackly the same thing."

"That was what I wanted to see you about," said Coyne with a shamefaced grin. "I was wondering if there wouldn't be some way to get those clubs back—buying 'em from the boys. You could explain ——"

Jasper cackled and slapped his knees.

"Same thing all oveh ag'in!" said he. "I th'owed them dice away, Misteh Coyne; but I th'owed 'em kind o' easy, an' I knowed where to look. So, when you tol' me 'bout them clubs I—well, suh, I ain' been c'nected with this club twenty yeahs faw nothin'. If I was you, suh, I think I'd look in my lockeh."

Coyne drew the bolt and opened the door. His clothes were hanging on the hooks; his shoes were resting on the steel floor; his golf bag was leaning in the corner, and it was full of clubs—the clubs he had given away the day before! Coyne tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"You see, Misteh Coyne," explained Jasper, "I knowed them fool boys would bust them clubs or somethin', an' I kind of s'pected you'd be wantin' 'em back ag'in; so I didn't take no chances. Afteh you left yestiddy I kind o' took mattehs in my own hands. I tol' them caddies you was only foolin'. The younges' ones, they was open to conviction; but them oldeh boys—they had to be showed. Now that light mid-iron—I had to give Butch a dollah an' twenty cents faw it. That brassy was a dollah an' a half ——"

Ten minutes later the incomparable Jasper was alone in the locker room, examining a very fine sample of the work turned out by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C. Across the bottom of this specimen were two words in large black type: Twenty Dollars.

"Haw!" chuckled Jasper. "I wisht some mo' of these membehs would quit playin' golf!"

THE FALSE FACES

(Continued from Page 25)

moved and had his being. Witness, according to Crane, the demoniac cleverness of the Brazilian in unmasking the Duchemin incognito.

Suspicion was taking form in Lanyard's reflections that he had paid far too little attention to Señor Arturo Velasco, of Buenos Aires, whose avowed avocation of amateur criminologist might easily be synonymous with interests much less innocuous.

Or why had Velasco been so quick to communicate recognition of Lanyard to an employee of the United States secret service?

It was altogether perplexing. Was one to esteem Velasco friend or foe? Lanyard could comfort himself only with the promise he should one day know, and that without undue delay.

Alighting in Grand Central Terminus late at night he made his way to Forty-second Street, and there, in the staring headlines of a Late Extra, read the news that the steamship Saratoga had suffered a crippling engine-room accident and was limping slowly toward port, still something like eighteen hours out.

Wondering whether it were presumption to construe this as an omen that the stars in their courses fought for him, Lanyard went west to Broadway afoot, all the way beset with a sense of incredulity. It was difficult to believe that he was himself, alive and at large in this city of wonder and space, where people moved at leisure and without fear on broad streets that resembled deep-bitten channels for rivers of light. He was all too well acquainted with nights of dread and trembling, with the medieval gloom that enwrapped the cities of Europe by night, their grim black streets desolate but for a few infrequent scurrying shapes of fright. While here the very beggars walked with heads unbowed, and men and women of happier estate laughed and played and made love lightly in the scampering taxis that whisked them homeward from restaurants of the feverish midnight!

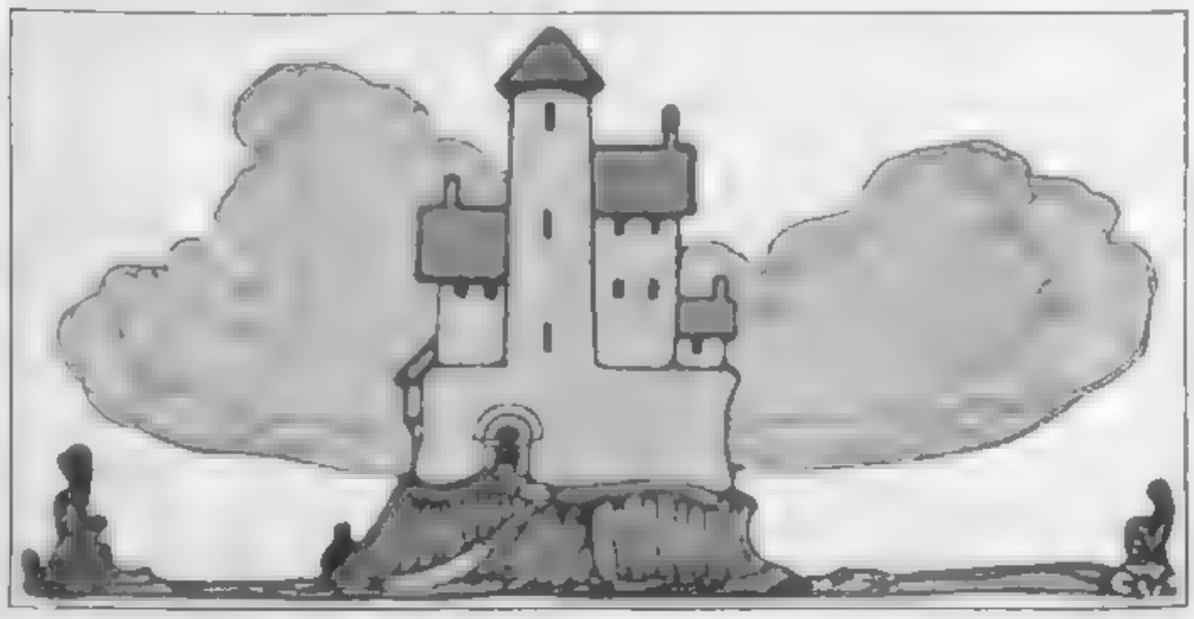
A people at war—actually at grips with the blond beast—arrayed to defend itself and all humanity against conquest by that loathsome incubus incarnate, a people heedless, carefree, irresponsible, refusing to credit its peril!

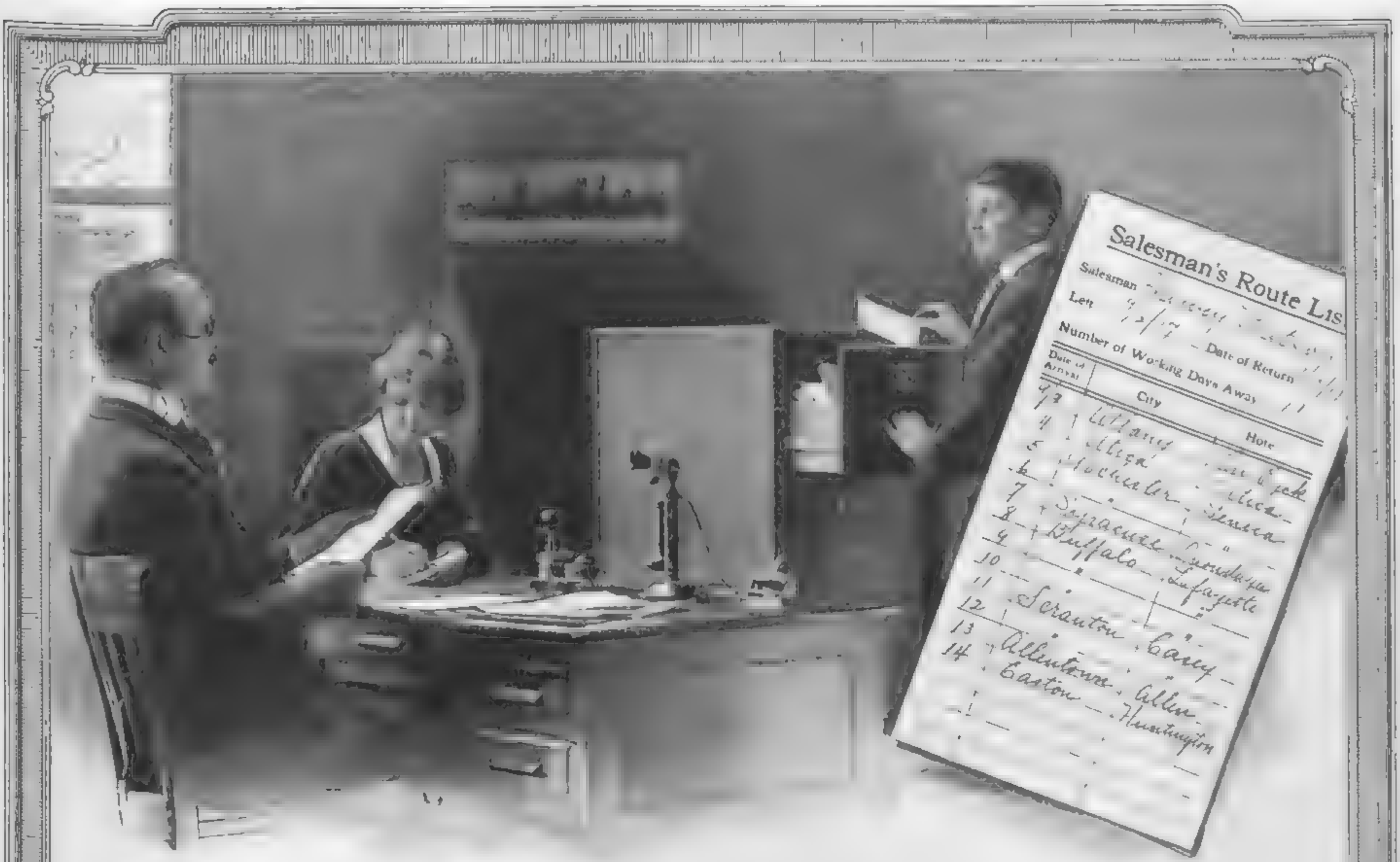
Here and there a recruiting poster, down the broad reaches of Fifth Avenue a display of bunting, no other hint of wartime spirit and gravity; Longacre Square a weltering lake of kaleidoscopic radiance, even at this late hour thronged with carnival crowds, not one note of sobriety in the night. . . .

Lanyard lifted a wondering gaze to the livid sky. Inscrutable!

Yet one could hardly be numb to the subtle, heady intoxication of those cool, immaculate, sea-sweet airs that swept the

(Continued on Page 89)





"Watson Will Be In Rochester Tomorrow"

A sudden increase in costs made it necessary that a new price-list be mailed to this salesman at once.

The "Route List" file was consulted, a telegram was sent to him at Utica, and the price-list mailed to him at Rochester.

A "Route List" form like the one shown above is absolutely necessary if a traveling man is to be reached quickly.

These forms should be made in triplicate—one copy for the office file, one which the salesman carries with him, and one which he leaves at his home. If he changes his schedule while he is away, he mails back a new route list.

These forms are easily filed and can be quickly consulted. They give the facts wanted by the home office and encourage the salesman to conform to his schedule.

When you have forms such as this printed, ask your printer to use Hammermill Bond. He knows Hammermill Bond and he can get it quickly for you. Hammermill Bond is obtainable in twelve colors and white and in three finishes which produce a bond, a ripple, and a linen surface.

This makes it possible for you to have each one of your business forms printed upon paper of a distinctive color.

In addition, Hammermill Bond is a strong, durable, high-quality paper. It has a handsome appearance and will prove satisfactory from every standpoint.

Its wide use is due to the combination it offers of reasonable price and a definite high standard of quality.

We have prepared a Portfolio for almost every general class of business. Each one contains samples of Hammermill Bond in all its colors and finishes, together with valuable suggestions as to labor- and time-saving office forms.

Let us send you the Portfolio that applies to your business. It will cost you nothing. Printers have the entire set, covering over thirty lines of business.

The above "Salesman's Route List" form you will find in our Portfolio, "The Signal System."

Ask us to send you this Portfolio, too. Then call in your printer and get the work started.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

Day and Night, Delco Dependability Adds to Automobile Satisfaction

The less you have to think about your starting, lighting and ignition system, the more you can enjoy your car. That is the Delco idea of satisfaction. Delco systems do their work so well that you are reminded of their presence only when you see the name upon the dash. Five hundred thousand automobile owners know the confidence that name inspires.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company

Dayton, Ohio U. S. A.

Delco

Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

(Continued from Page 86)

streets, instilling self-confidence and lightness of heart even in heads and bosoms heavy with the woes of war-worn Europe. Lanyard had not crossed the Avenue before he found himself walking with a brisker stride, holding his own head high.

On impulse, despite the lateness of the hour, albeit with misgivings justified in the issue, he hailed a taxicab and had himself driven to the residence of the head of the British secret service in America, an unostentatious dwelling on the northwest corner of West End Avenue at Ninety-fifth Street.

Here a civil footman answered the door and Lanyard's inquiries with the information that Colonel Stanistreet had unexpectedly been called out of town and would not return before evening of the next day, while his secretary, Mr. Blensop, had gone to a play and might not come home till all hours.

More impatient than disappointed, Lanyard climbed back into his cab and, in consequence of consultation with its friendly minded chauffeur, eventually put up for the night in an Eighth Avenue hotel of the class that made Senator Raines famous, a hostelry brazenly proclaiming accommodations "for gentlemen only," whereas it offered entertainment for both man and beast—and rather more for beast than for man. However, it served well enough; it was inconspicuous and made no demands upon a shabby traveler *sans* luggage, more than payment in advance.

Early abroad Lanyard breakfasted with attention fixed to the advertising columns of his newspaper, and by mid-morning was established as subtenant of a furnished bachelor apartment on Fifty-eighth Street, a tiny nest of few rooms on the street level, with entrances from both lobby and the street direct—an admirable arrangement for one who might choose to come and go without supervision or challenge.

Lacking local references as to his character, Lanyard was obliged to pay three months' rent in advance, in addition to making a substantial deposit to cover possible damage to the furnishings. His name, a spur-of-the-moment selection, was recorded in the lease as Anthony Ember.

At noon he brought to his lodgings two trunks salvaged from a storage warehouse wherein they had been deposited more than three years since, on the eve of his flight with his family from America, an affair of haste and secrecy forbidding the handicap of heavy impedimenta. Thus Lanyard became once more possessor of a tolerably comprehensive wardrobe.

But those trunks released more than his personal belongings; intermingled were possessions that had been his wife's and his boy's. As he unpacked, memories peopled those perfunctorily luxurious lodgings of the transient with melancholy ghosts as sweet and sad as lavender and rue. For hours on end the man sat idle, head bowed down, hands plucking aimlessly at small broidered garments.

And if in the sweep and turmoil of late events he seemed to have forgotten for a little that feud which had brought him overseas, he roused from this brief interlude of saddened dreaming with the iron of deadly purpose newly entered into his soul, and in his heart one dominant thought—that now his hour with Ekstrom could not, must not long be deferred.

In the street there rose an uproar of inhuman bawling. Lanyard went to the private door, hailed one of the husky authors of the din, an itinerant news vender, and disbursed a nickel coin for one cent's worth of spushul uxtry and four cents' worth of howling impudence.

He found no more of interest in the newspaper than the information that the Saratoga had been sighted off Fire Island and was expected to dock in New York not later than eight o'clock that night. This, however, was acceptable reading. Lanyard had work to do which were better done before Karl and his crew found opportunity to communicate directly with their collaborators ashore—work which it were unwise to initiate before nightfall lent a cloak of shadows to hoodwink the ever-possible adventitious German spy.

Nor was he so fatuous as to fancy it would profit him to call before nine o'clock at the house on West End Avenue. No earlier could he hope to find Colonel the Honorable George Fleetwood-Stanistreet near the end of his dinner, and so in a mood approachable and receptive. But there could be no harm in reconnoissance by daylight.

He whiled away the latter part of the afternoon in taxicabs, by dint of frequent changes contriving in the most casual fashion imaginable to pass the Seventy-ninth Street branch of the Wilhelmstrasse no less than four times. Little rewarded this ingenuity other than a fairly accurate mental photograph of the building and its situation—and a growing suspicion that the United States Government had profited nothing by England's lessons of early war days in respect of the one way to cope with resident enemy aliens.

The house stood upon a corner, occupying half of an avenue block, the northern half of which was the site of a towering apartment house in course of construction, and loomed over its lesser neighbors, a monumental monstrosity of architecture, as formidable as a fortress, its lower tiers of windows barred with iron, substantial iron grilles ready to bar its main entrance, even heavier gates guarding the carriage court in the side street. In all, a stronghold not easy for the most accomplished housebreaker to force; yet the heart of it was Lanyard's goal; for there, he believed, Ekstrom—under whatever *nom de guerre*—lurked; or if not Ekstrom at least a clear lead to his whereabouts.

Certainly that one could not be far from the powerful wireless station secretly maintained on the roof of this weird jumble of architectural periods, its aerials cunningly hidden by the crowning atrocity of its minaret—a station reputedly so powerful that it could receive Berlin's nightly outgivings of news and orders, and, in emergency, transmit them to other secret stations in Cuba, Mexico and Venezuela.

Yet the shrewdest scrutiny of eyes trained to detect police agents at sight, however well disguised, failed to espy one sign of any sort of espionage upon this nest of rattlesnakes. Apparently its tenants came and went as they willed, untroubled by and contemptuous of the government whose hospitality they had so long abused.

A handsome limousine car pulled up at its carriage block as Lanyard drove by, one time, and a pretty woman, exquisitely gowned, alighted and was welcomed by hospitable front doors that opened before she could ring: a woman Lanyard knew as one of the most daring, diabolically clever and unscrupulous creatures of the Wilhelmstrasse, one whose life would not have been worth an hour's purchase had she ventured to show herself in Paris, London or Petrograd at any time since the outbreak of war.

He rode on, deep in amaze.

Indications were not wanting, on the other hand, that enemy spies maintained close surveillance upon the movements of those who frequented the house on West End Avenue. A German agent whom Lanyard knew by sight was strolling by as his taxi rounded its corner and swung on down toward Riverside Drive.

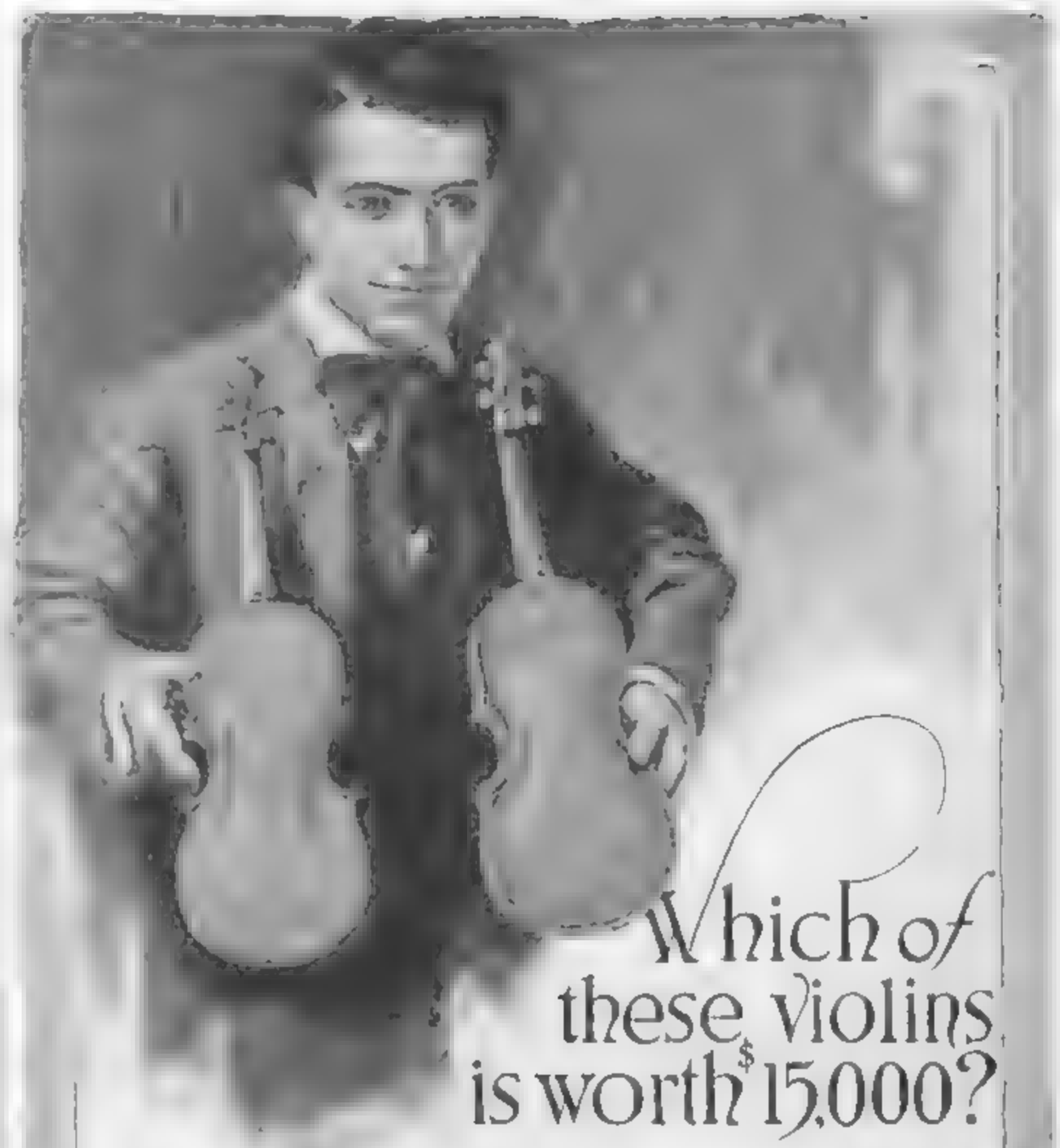
This more modest residence possessed a brick-walled garden at the back, on the Ninety-fifth Street side. And though the top of the wall was crusted with broken glass in a fashion truly British, it had a door, and the door a lock. And Lanyard made a note thereof.

And when he went home to dress for dinner he opened up the false bottom of one of his trunks and selected from a store of cloth-wrapped bundles therein one which contained a small bunch of innocent-looking keys whose true *raison d'être* was anything in the world but guileless.

Later he did himself very well at dinner, enjoying for the first time in many years a well-balanced meal faultlessly cooked and served amid quiet surroundings that carried memory back half a decade to the Paris that was, the Paris that nevermore will be.

At nine precisely he paid off a taxicab at the corner of West End Avenue and Ninety-fifth Street and approached the door of the corner house. While awaiting response to his ring he raked the street right and left with searching glances, and was somewhat reassured. Apparently he called at an hour when the Boche pickets were off duty. At the moment there was no pedestrian visible within a block's distance on either hand; nobody that he could see skulked in the areas of the old-fashioned brownstone houses across the way.

The neighborhood was, indeed, quiet even for an upper West Side residential quarter. A block over to the east Broadway was strident in the flood of its nocturnal traffic; a like distance to the west Riverside Drive hummed with pleasure cars taking advantage of the first bland



Which of these violins is worth $15,000?

ONE is a genuine Stradivarius that sold recently for $15,000. The other is a Stradivarius model priced at $15. They look alike. Measured by lumber standards, they are worth the same. But the Strad commands a fabulous figure because the genius of a master artisan has made it not merely a producer of sound but the faithful *interpreter* of the most exquisite musical feeling of the greatest violinists the world has known. So it is with player-pianos.

The Manualo

The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

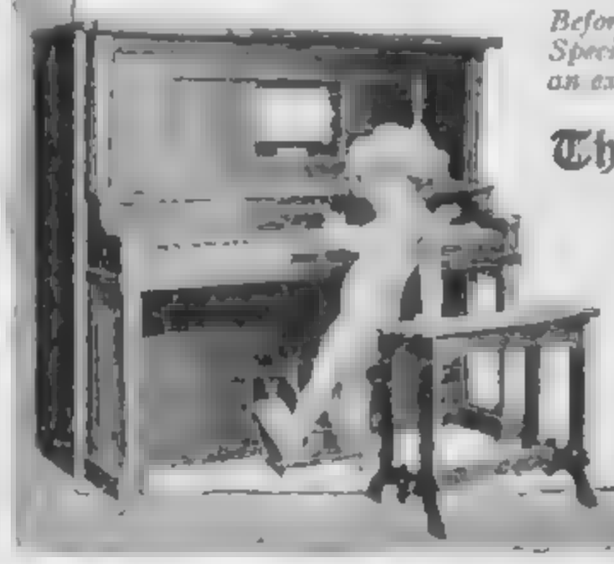
though it costs no more than the average player-piano is worth very much more to you because it is not merely an imitative reproducer of the effects cut into music rolls but a *sympathetic interpreter of your own musical feeling.*

The Manualo receives your subtlest musical wishes from its pedals as the fine violin receives Eddy Brown's musical messages from his bow.

The Manualo *instantly* and *accurately* translates these pedal impulses into ravishing tone of just the volume, accent and degree of light or shade to *satisfy your musical soul* just as the rare violin instantly translates the bow strokes into music expressive of the virtuoso's feeling.

The longer you have a Manualo, the more highly you value it because you *never* reach the limit of its possibilities. *Its ability to please you keeps pace with your own musical growth because, like a fine violin, it is always able to give you in its music whatever feeling you put into your playing.*

The Manualo is built into four standard pianos, the Baldwin, the Ellington, the Hamilton and the Howard, and may be had in a wide range of prices. Wherever you live we will arrange for you to try it without obligation to buy. Send today to nearest address for name of dealer in your territory and copy of the interesting book "The A B C of the Manualo".



Before you buy a player-piano investigate Special Hamilton Manualo No. 279. It is an extraordinary value.

The Baldwin Piano Co.

Cincinnati	142 W. Fourth St.
Chicago	323 S. Wabash Ave.
St. Louis	1111 Olive St.
New York	665 Fifth Ave.
Denver	1636 California St.
San Francisco	310 Sutter St.
Indianapolis	18 N. Pennsylvania St.
Los Angeles	311 S. Hill St.
Dallas	1911 Elm St.

[$7.50 to $12]

INVEST! *Don't Speculate*

BACK in 1912 Crossett Shoes sold at $4 to $6.

Today war prices prevail for labor and leather. Both calfskin and sole leather cost us over twice the sum we paid in 1912. The prices of the same high-quality Crossett Shoes must today be made—$7.50 to $12.

And remember this: Shoes of like quality *cannot be sold for less.* To get an adequate return for your money you should pay at least $7.50.

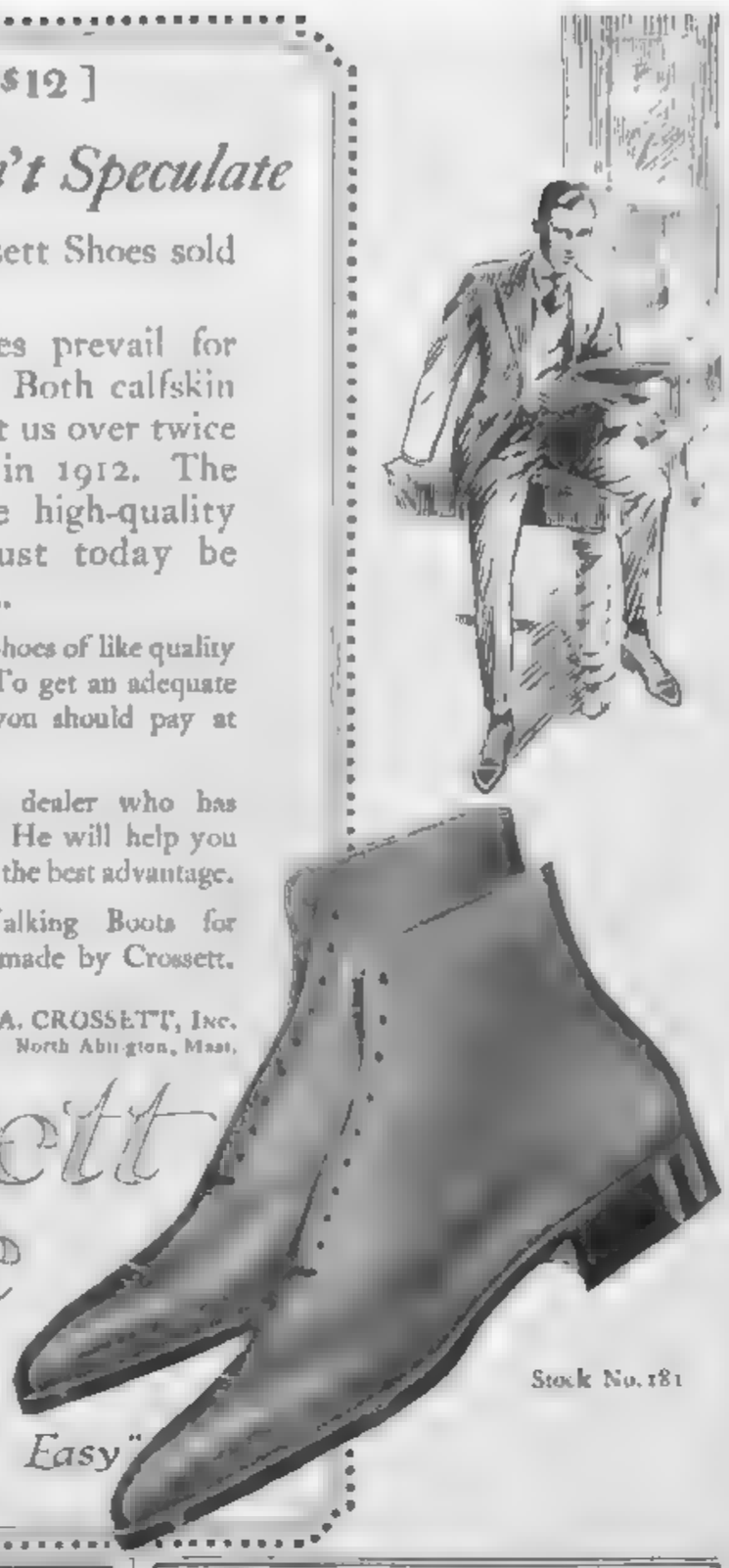
Look up the nearest dealer who has Crossett Shoes in stock. He will help you invest your shoe dollars to the best advantage.

NEW! Crossett Walking Boots for Women—designed and made by Crossett.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, INC.
Makers North Abington, Mass.

Crossett Shoe

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"



Stock No. 181

HOME GUARD ARMY BARGAINS

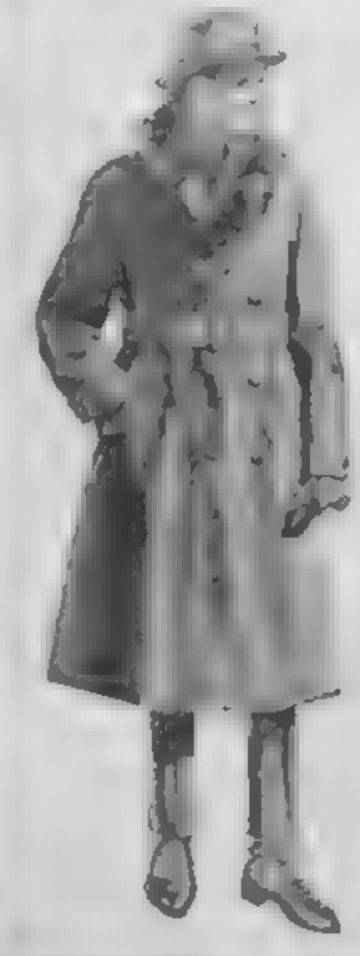
20,000 Rifles	200 Machine Guns
5,000 Revolvers	100 B. L. Field Cannons
5,000,000 Cartridges	50 B. L. Navy Cannons
500,000 Equipments	15 Revolving Cannons
40,000 Knapsacks	50,000 Explosive Shells
2,500 Tents	75,000 Uniforms Blue

We have supplied from our **largest in the world stock of army auction goods, the U. S. Government and many states and cities** with obsolete serviceable rifles and equipments, some of which were sold to us just prior to the U. S. Declaration of War.

High Army Officers say: **"Bannerman's stock is a Godsend to us."**

Six hours after receipt of order from State of Massachusetts 4,000 rifles and 6,000 equipments were en route. Gov't auction sale terms, cash with order. Examination and testing at our arsenals [illegible]

Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, N. Y.



SUMMIT
Trench Model
Overcoat

The striking lines of this handsome coat will please you. It has the stylish military appearance that well dressed men like.

The olive drab cloth outside and fine wool cloth inside, together with the genuine raccoon notch collar, give this coat a distinctively dressy tone. The inverted plait in back and full belt add to its stylish military appearance. This coat looks extremely well on both young and older men.

For sale at your dealer's

Write for free illustrated style book

Guiterman Bros.
Dept. F.
St. Paul, Minn.

night of that belated spring. But here, now that the taxi had wheeled away, there was never a car in sight or even a strolling brace of sidewalk lovers.

The door opened, revealing the same footman.

"Colonel Stanistreet? I will see, sir."

Lanyard entered and the footman closed the door. "If you will be kind enough to be seated," he suggested, indicating a small waiting room. "And what name shall I say?"

It had been Lanyard's intention to have himself announced simply as the author of the telegram from Edgartown. Obscure impulse made him change his mind, some premonition so tenuous as to defy analysis.

"Mr. Anthony Ember."

"Thank you, sir."

After a little the footman returned.

"If you will come this way, sir."

He led toward the back of the house, opened a door, introduced Lanyard to a spacious apartment, a library uncommonly well furnished, rather more than comfortably yet without a trace of ostentation in its complete luxury—a warm room, a room intimately lived in, a room, in short, characteristically British in atmosphere.

Waist-high bookcases lined the walls, broken on the right by a cheerful fireplace with a grate of glowing cannel coals, in front of it a great club lounge, upholstered, like all the chairs, in well-used leather. Opposite the chimney piece, a handsome thing in carved oak, a door was draped with a curtain that swung with it. In the back of the room two long and wide French windows stood open to the night, beyond them that garden whose wall had attracted Lanyard's attention. There were a number of paintings, portraits for the most part, heavily framed, with overhead picture lights. In the middle of the room was a table desk, broad and long, supporting a shaded reading lamp. On the far side of the table a young man sat writing, with several dockets of papers arranged before him.

As Lanyard entered, this one put down his pen, pushed back his chair, and came round the table—a tallish, well-made young man, dressed a shade too foppishly in spite of an unceremonious dinner coat, his manner assured, amiable, unconstrained, perhaps a little overtolerant.

"Mr. Ember, I believe?" he said in a voice studiously musical.

"Yes," Lanyard replied, vaguely annoyed with himself because of an unreasonable resentment of this musical quality. "Mr. Blensop?"

"I am Mr. Blensop," that one admitted gracefully. "And how may I have the pleasure of being of service?"

He waved a hand toward an easy-chair beside the table, and resumed his own. But Lanyard hesitated.

"I wished to see Colonel Stanistreet."

Mr. Blensop looked up with an indulgent smile. His face was round and smooth but for a perfectly docile little mustache, his lips full and red, his nose delicately chiseled; but his eyes, though large and eloquent, were cannily close together.

"Colonel Stanistreet is unfortunately not at home. But I am his secretary."

"Yes," said Lanyard, still standing. "In that case I'd be glad if you would be good enough to make an appointment for me with Colonel Stanistreet."

"I am afraid he will not be home till very late to-night. But ——"

"Then to-morrow ——"

Mr. Blensop smiled patiently. "Colonel Stanistreet is a very busy man," he uttered meekhously. "If you could let me know something about the nature of your business ——"

"It is the King's," said Lanyard bluntly.

The secretary went so far as to betray well-bred surprise. "You are an Englishman, Mr. Ember?"

"Yes."

And for all he knew to the contrary, so Lanyard was.

"I am Colonel Stanistreet's secretary," the young man again suggested hopefully.

"That is precisely why I ask you to make an appointment for me with your employer," Lanyard retorted politely.

"You won't say what you wish to see him about?"

A trace of asperity marred the music of those tones; Mr. Blensop further indicated distaste of the innuendo inherent in Lanyard's use of the word employer by delicately wrinkling his nose.

"I am sorry," Lanyard replied sufficiently.

The door behind him opened and the footman intruded.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Blensop ——"

"Yes, Walker?"

The servant advanced to the table and proffered a visiting card on a tray. Mr. Blensop took it, arched penciled brows over it.

"To see me, Walker?"

"The gentleman asked for Colonel Stanistreet, sir."

"Hm. You may show him in when I ring."

The footman retired. Mr. Blensop looked up brightly, bending the card between his fingers.

"You were saying your business was——"

"I was not," Lanyard replied with disarming good humor. "I'm afraid that it is something much too important and confidential to reveal even to Colonel Stanistreet's secretary—if you don't mind my saying so."

Mr. Blensop did mind, and betrayed vexation with an impatient little gesture that caused the card to fly out from his fingers and fall face uppermost on the table. Almost instantly he recovered it, but not before Lanyard had read the name it bore.

"Of course not," said the secretary pleasantly, rising. "But you understand my instructions are rigid. I'm sorry."

"You refuse me the appointment?"

"Unless you can give me an inkling of your business—or perhaps bring a letter of introduction."

"I can do neither. Mr. Blensop," said Lanyard earnestly, "I have information of the gravest moment to communicate to the head of the British secret service in this country."

The secretary looked startled. "What makes you think Colonel Stanistreet is connected with the British secret service?"

"I don't think so; I know it."

After a moment of hesitation Mr. Blensop yielded graciously. "If you can come back at nine to-morrow morning, Mr. Ember, I'll do my best to persuade Colonel Stanistreet ——"

"I repeat, my business is of the gravest importance. Can't you arrange for me to see your employer to-night?"

"It is utterly impossible."

Lanyard accepted defeat with a bow.

"To-morrow at nine, then," he said, turning toward the door by which he had entered.

"At nine," said Mr. Blensop, generous in triumph. "But do you mind going out this way?"

He moved toward the curtained door opposite the chimney piece. Lanyard paused, shrugged and followed. Mr. Blensop opened the door, disclosing a vista of Ninety-fifth Street.

"Thank you, Mr. Ember. *Good night!*" he intoned.

"Good night, I'm sure," said Lanyard.

The door closed with the click of a spring latch.

He stood alone in the street, looking swiftly this way and that, his hand closing upon that little bunch of keys in his pocket, his humor lawless.

For the name inscribed on that card which Mr. Blensop had so carelessly dropped was one to fill Lanyard with consuming anxiety for better acquaintance with its present wearer.

Written in pencil, with all the individual angularity of French chirography, the name was André Duchemin.

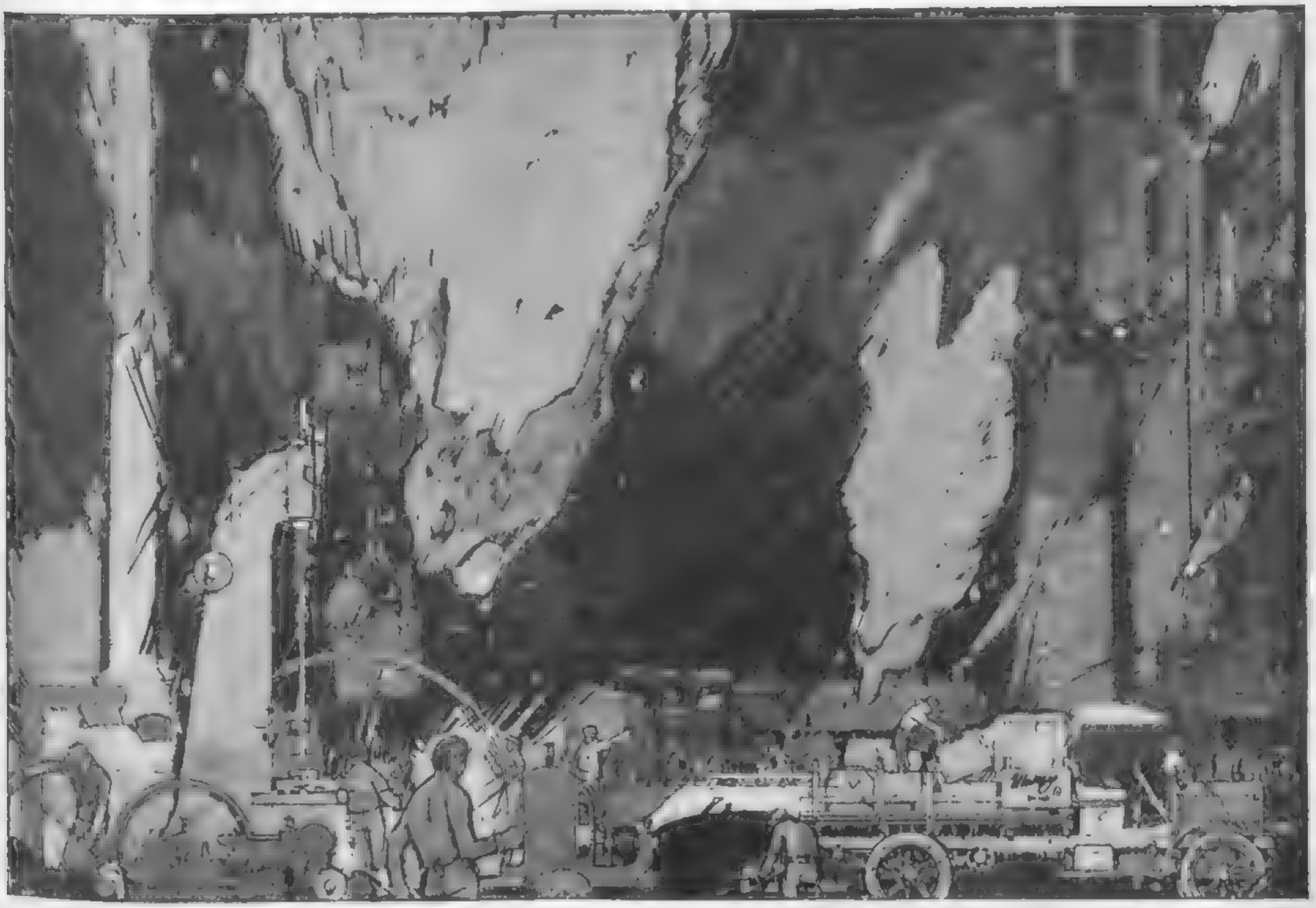
XIII

IT TOOK a little time and patience, but on his third essay Lanyard found a key that agreed with the lock. He permitted himself a sigh of relief; Ninety-fifth Street was bare; the door, set flush with the outside of the wall, afforded no concealment to the trespasser, while the direct light of a street lamp at the corner made his lonely figure uncomfortably conspicuous. Apparently, however, he had not been observed.

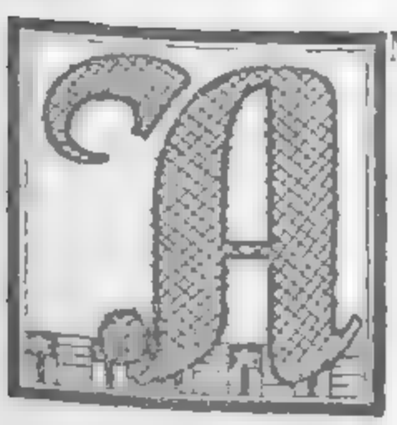
Gently pushing the door open he slipped in, as gently closed it, then for a full minute stood stirless, spying out the lay of the land.

Fitting precisely his anticipations, the garden discovered a fine English flavor; it was well kempt, modest, fragrant and, best of all, quite dark, especially so in the shadow of the street wall. Only a glimmer of starlight enabled him to pick out the course of a pebbled footpath. A border of deep turf between this and the wall muffled

(Continued on Page 93)



HAVING THE STAMINA FOR WAR



AMERICAN machinery, American railroads, American trucks will be put to as drastic a test as the man power of the nation. Their ability to accomplish and to endure will be a factor in winning the war. Production will rise to unheard-of levels—and men will be scarce. The war will absorb them. If more work is to be done, with fewer hands, *machinery will have to do it.*

In transportation, motor trucks will displace horse draft, to save drivers. For the same reason, larger, better, more efficient trucks will take the place of lighter and cheaper ones. Heavier loads, faster time, uninterrupted service will demand it.

Every operation must be adjusted to save men. They will be scarce and expensive. The truck which can do the most work and keep at it the longest is the best investment. The essential thing is performance—doing the work—handling the volume—at low cost.

Every experienced truck user knows what a mechanical strain truck service imposes under ordinary conditions. Rough going, heavy loading, overspeeding, careless driving—all have their effect. Only the best mechanism survives.

Under war conditions high pressure work will intensify the strain. Only the highest grade trucks will be able to work uninterruptedly.

Never before have the manufacturing standards always so rigidly maintained in building White Trucks appeared so vital. In normal service it takes time to demonstrate the low operating cost and high performance of a White Truck. Under the stress of wartime traffic they show up quickly. It takes White stamina to perform and endure.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

What Care Do *You* Take of Your Battery?

Are you one of the great and rapidly increasing number of car owners who *personally* see to it that their batteries are given proper care?

Or are you one of the other kind of owners—those who say, "I guess it's all right; it's never given me any trouble"?

Some day your battery will wear out—but *when* it wears out depends to a very large extent on how you have treated it.

It doesn't take much time, or trouble, to assure your battery of long life. It just means being *sure* of a few things, such as:

—That it is *regularly* filled with pure water.

—That it is *regularly* tested with a hydrometer.

—That you aren't taking out of it more energy than you are putting back.

Let Me Make it Easy for You

It's my business—to help you.

Stop at the Willard Service Station a few minutes twice a month and I'll give your battery the once-over, and make sure everything's O. K.

It costs you nothing, and means months more of life to your battery.

Besides, winter is coming nearer, and you want a pointer or two on how to keep the battery right up to top-notch efficiency for cold weather starting.

And, by the way, when you drop in, ask about the "Still Better Willard, with Threaded Rubber Insulation." It's the highest-quality battery Willard has ever built. It costs a little more, but it's worth it, in increased dependability.

The Willard Service Station Man

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Threaded Rubber Insulation

(Continued from Page 90)

his footsteps as he moved toward the back of the house.

The library windows, deeply recessed, opened on a low broad stoop of concrete, with a pergola effect overhead and a few wicker pieces upon a grass mat underfoot. Noiselessly Lanyard stepped across the low sill and paused in the cover of heavy draperies, commanding a tolerably full view of the library, though one somewhat unsatisfactory since the light within was by no means bright. Still, this circumstance had its advantages for him; with his dark topcoat buttoned to the throat and its collar turned up to hide his linen, he was confident he would not be detected unless he gave his presence away by an abrupt movement, something the Lone Wolf never made.

At the moment of his arrival there Mr. Blensop seemed to be engaged in the surprising occupation of discoursing upon art to his caller. The latter occupied that chair which Lanyard had refused, on the far side of the table. Thus placed, the lamplight masked more than revealed him, throwing a dull glare into the eyes of the third party. He sat in a pose of earnest attention, bending forward a trifle to follow the exposition of Mr. Blensop, who stood beneath a portrait on the wall between the chimney piece and the windows, his attitude incurably graceful, a hand on the switch controlling the picture light. Apparently he had just finished speaking, for he paused, looking toward his guest with a quiet and intimate smile as he turned off the light.

"And that's all there is to it," he declared, moving back to the table.

"I see," said the other thoughtfully.

Lanyard felt himself start almost uncontrollably; rage swept through him, storming brain and body, like a black squall over a hill-bound lake. For the moment he could neither see and hear clearly nor think coherently. For the voice of this latest incarnation of André Duchemin was the voice of Karl.

When the tumult of his senses subsided he heard Blensop saying "I'll write it out for you," and saw him pick up a pad and pencil and jot down a memorandum.

"There you are," he added, ripping off the sheet and passing it across the table. "Now you can't go wrong."

"I precious seldom do," his caller commented dryly.

"I think ——" Blensop began, and checked sharply as the man Walker came into the room.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Blensop ——."

There was an accent of impatience in those beautifully modulated tones: "Well, what is it now?"

"A lady to see you, sir."

Blensop took the card from the proffered salver. "Never heard of her," he announced brusquely at a glance. "She asked for Colonel Stanistreet or for me?"

"Colonel Stanistreet, sir. But when I said he was not at home she asked to see his secretary."

"Any idea what she wants?"

"She didn't say, sir; but she seemed much distressed."

"They always are. Hm. Young and good-looking?"

"Quite, sir."

"Dessay I may as well see her," said Mr. Blensop wearily. "Show her in when I ring."

Walker shut himself out of the room.

"It's just as well," Blensop added to his caller. "You understand, my dear fellow ——"

"Assuredly!" The man got up, but Blensop contrived exasperatingly to keep between him and the windows. "I'm to be back at midnight?"

"Twelve sharp; you'll be sure to find him here then. Mind leaving by this emergency exit?"

"Not in the least."

"Then good night, my dear Monsieur Duchemin!"

Was there a hint of irony in Blensop's employment of that style? Lanyard half fancied there was, but did not linger to analyze the impression. Already the secretary had opened the side door.

In a bound Lanyard cleared the stoop, then ran back to the door in the wall. But with all his quickness he was all too slow; already, as he emerged to Ninety-fifth Street, his quarry was rounding the avenue corner.

Defiant of discretion, Lanyard gave chase at speed, but, though he had not thirty yards to go, again was baffled by the swiftness with which Karl got about.

He had still some distance to go when the peace of the avenue was shattered by a door that slammed like a pistol shot, and with roaring motor and grinding brakes a cab swung away from the curb in front of the Stanistreet residence and tore off down the avenue.

Swearing petulantly in disappointment Lanyard pulled up on the corner. The number on the license plate was plainly revealed as the vehicle showed its back to the street lamp. But what good was that to him? He memorized it mechanically, in mutinous appreciation of the fact that the taxi was setting a pace with which he could not hope to compete afoot.

The rumble of another motor car caught his ear, and he looked round eagerly. A second taxicab—undoubtedly that which had brought the young woman now presumably closeted with Mr. Blensop—was moving up into the place vacated by the first.

In two strides Lanyard was at its side.

"Follow that taxi!" he cried. "Number seventy-six, three-eighty-five. Don't lose sight of it, but don't pass it; don't let them know we're following!"

"Engaged," the driver growled.

"Hang your engagement! Here"—Lanyard pressed a golden eagle into the fellow's palm—"there will be another of those if you do as I say!"

"Le's go!" the driver agreed with resignation.

Though the cab was moving before Lanyard could hop in and shut the door, the other had already established a killing lead; and though Lanyard's man demonstrated characteristic contempt for municipal regulations governing the speed of motor-driven vehicles, and racketed his own down the avenue like a Juggernaut gone mad, he was wholly helpless to do more than keep the tail lamp of the first in sight. More than once that dull red eye seemed sardonically to wink.

Still, Lanyard did not think Karl knew he was pursued. His conveyance had passed the corner before Lanyard emerged from the side street.

There being no reason that Lanyard knew of why the spy should believe himself under suspicion, his haste seemed most probably due to natural desire to avoid adventitious recognition, coupled with, no doubt, other urgent business.

At Seventy-second Street the chase turned east, with Lanyard two blocks behind, and for a few agonizing moments it was altogether lost to him. But at Broadway the tide of south-bound traffic hindered it momentarily, and it swung into that stream with its pursuer only a block astern. Thereafter, through a ride of another mile and a half, the distance between the two was augumented or abbreviated arbitrarily by the rules of the road.

At one time less than two cab lengths separated them; then a small car wandered vaguely out of a cross-town street and hesitated in the middle of the thoroughfare with precisely the air of a staring yokel on a first visit to the city; and Lanyard's driver slammed on the emergency brake barely in time to escape committing involuntary but justifiable flivvercide. When he was able once more to throw the gears into high, the chase was a long block ahead.

They were entering Longacre Square before he made up that loss. And at Forty-fourth Street, again, a stream of east-bound cars edged in between the two, reducing Lanyard's driver to the verge of gibbering lunacy.

A car resembling Karl's was crossing Broadway at Forty-second Street when Lanyard was still on Seventh Avenue north of the Times Building. But only a few minutes later his driver pulled up in front of a hotel, and Lanyard, peering through the forward window, saw the number 76-385 on the license plate of a taxicab drawing away, empty, from the curb beneath the hotel canopy.

He tossed the second gold piece to the driver as his feet touched the sidewalk, shouldered through a cluster of men and women at the main entrance, and entered the lobby.

That rendezvous of Broadway was fairly thronged despite the slack mid-evening hour, between the dinner and the supper crushes; but Lanyard reviewed in vain the little knots of guests and loungers; if Karl were among them he was nobody whom Lanyard had learned to know by sight on board the Assyrian. With as little success he searched unobtrusively all public rooms on the main floor.

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This little, inexpensive, home labor-saving motor will run your sewing machine without foot pumping, slow or fast, just as you please.

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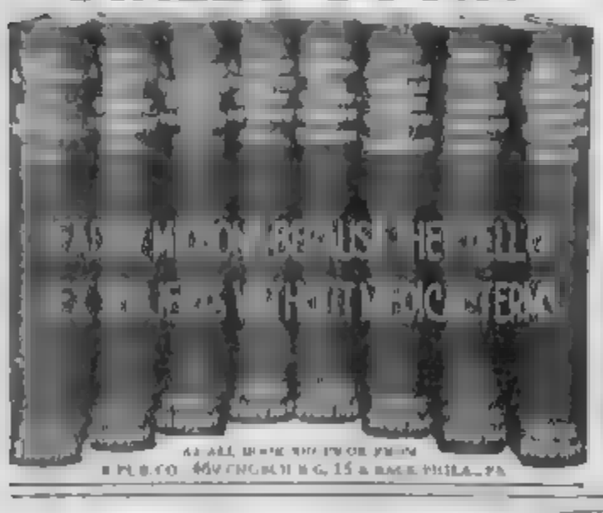

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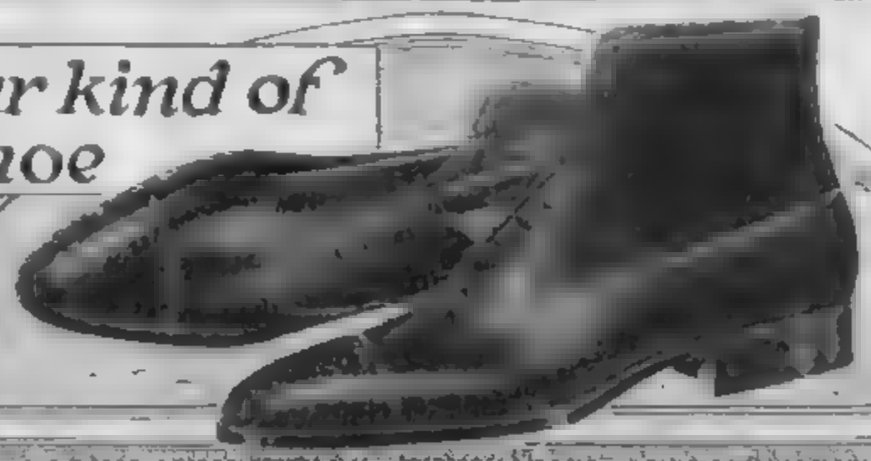

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It was, of course, both possible and probable that Karl, himself a guest of the hotel, had crossed directly to the elevators and been whisked aloft to his room. With this in mind, Lanyard paused at the desk, asked permission to examine the register and being accommodated, was somewhat consoled; if his chase had failed of its immediate objective it now proved not altogether fruitless. A majority of the Assyrian survivors seemed to have elected to stop at this hotel. One after another Lanyard, scanning the entries, found these names:

Edmund O'Reilly Detroit
Arturo Velasco—Buenos Aires
Bartlett Putnam—Philadelphia
Cecelia Brooke—London
Emil Dressler—Geneve

Half inclined to commit the imprudence of sending a name up to Miss Brooke—any name but André Duchemin, Michael Lanyard or Anthony Ember—together with a message artfully worded to fix her interest without giving comfort to the enemy should it chance to go astray, the adventurer hesitated by the desk; and of a sudden was satisfied that such a move would be not only injudicious but a waste of time; for, now that he paused to think of it, he surmised that the young woman—young and good-looking, on Walker's word—who had called on Mr. Stanistreet was none other than this same Cecelia Brooke.

What more natural than that she should make early occasion to consult the head of the British secret service in America?

A pity he had not waited there in the window! If he had, no doubt the mystery with which the girl had surrounded herself would be no more mystery to Lanyard; he would have learned the secret of that paper cylinder, as well as the part the girl had played in the intrigue for its possession, and so be the better advised as to his own future conduct. But in his insensate passion for revenge upon one who had all but murdered him he had forgotten all else but the moment's specious opportunity.

With a grunt of impatience Lanyard turned away from the desk, and came face to face with Crane. The secret-service man was coming from the direction of the bar in company with Velasco, O'Reilly and Dressler.

Of the three last named but one looked Lanyard's way, O'Reilly, and his gaze, resting transiently on the countenance of André Duchemin minus the Duchemin beard, passed on without perceptible glimmer of recognition.

Why not? Why should it enter his head that one lived and had anticipated his own arrival in New York by twenty hours whom he believed to be buried many fathoms deep off Nantucket?

As for Crane, his cool, gray, humorous eyes, half hooded with their heavy lids, favored Lanyard with casual regard and never a tremor of interest or surprise; but as he passed, the last and nearest to Lanyard, his right eye closed deliberately, and with a significance not to be ignored.

To this Lanyard responded only with a look of blankest amaze.

Chatting with an air of subdued congratulation pardonable in such as have come safe to land through many dangers of the deep, the quartet strolled round the desk and boarded one of the elevators.

Not till its gate had closed did Lanyard stir. Then he went away from there with all haste and cunning at his command. The route through the bar to Broadway offered the speediest and least conspicuous of exits. From the side door of the hotel he plunged directly into the mouth of the Subway kiosk and, chance favoring him, managed to purchase a ticket and board a south-bound local an instant before its doors ground shut.

Believing Crane would take the next elevator down, once he had seen the others safely in their rooms, Lanyard was content to let him find the lobby destitute of ghosts, to let him fume and wonder and think himself perhaps mistaken.

The last thing he desired was entanglement with the American secret service. For Crane he entertained personal respect and temperate liking; thought the man socially an amusing creature, professionally a deadly peril to one who had a feud to pursue.

Leaving the train at Grand Central the adventurer passed through the back ways of the Terminus, into the Biltmore, upstairs to its lobby, thence out by another entrance, walking through to Fifth Avenue, where he chartered a taxicab, gave the address of his lodgings, and lay back in the corner of its seat satisfied he had successfully eluded pursuit, and very, very grateful to the Subway system for the facilities it afforded fugitives like himself through its warren of underground passages.

One thing troubled him, however, without respite. The Brooke girl was on his conscience. To her he owed an accounting of his stewardship of that trust which she had reposed in him. It was intolerable in his understanding that she should be permitted to go one unnecessary hour in ignorance of the truth about that business—the truth, that is, as far as he himself knew it.

If through Crane or in some unforeseeable fashion she were to learn that André Duchemin lived, she would think him faithless. If she knew that Duchemin had been one with Michael Lanyard, the Lone Wolf, she would not be surprised. But that, too, was intolerable; even the Lone Wolf had his code of honor.

Again, if she remained in ignorance of the fact that Lanyard had escaped drowning, she would continue to believe her secret at the bottom of the sea with him; whereas, in the hands of the enemy, in the possession of Karl and his confederates, it was potentially heaven only knew how dangerous a weapon.

Abruptly it occurred to him that at least one doubt had been eliminated by that encounter at the hotel. It was barely possible that Karl had gone to the bar on entering and added himself to Crane's party, but it was hardly credible in Lanyard's consideration. He was convinced that, whether or not Velasco, O'Reilly and Dressler were parties to the Hun conspiracy, none of these was Karl.

As for the Brooke matter, he felt it incumbent upon him immediately to find some safe means of communicating with the girl. She could be trusted not to betray him to the police, however much she might at first incline to doubt him. But he would persuade her of his sincerity, never fear!

The telephone offered one solution of his difficulty, an agency noncommittal enough, provided one were at pains not to call from one's private station, to which the call might be traced back.

With this in mind he stopped and dismissed his taxicab at Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue and availed himself of a coin-box telephone booth in the corner druggist's.

The experience that followed was nothing out of the ordinary. Lanyard, connected with the hotel promptly, with the customary expenditure of patience laboriously spelled out the name—B-r-double o-k-e—and was told to hold the wire.

Several minutes later he began to agitate the receiver hook, and was eventually rewarded with the advice that the hotel operator, being informed his party was in the rest'runt, was having her paged.

Still later the central operator told him his five minutes was up and consented to continue the connection only on deposit of an additional nickel.

Eventually, in sequel to more abuse of the hook, he received this response from the hotel switchboard: "Wait a min'te, can't you? Here's your party."

Lanyard was surprised at the eagerness with which he cried "Hello!"

A click answered and a blond voice that was not the voice he had expected to hear: "Hello? That you, Jack?"

He said wearily "I am waiting to speak with Miss Cecelia Brooke."

"Oh, then there must be some mistake. This is Miss Crooke speaking."

Lanyard uttered a strangled "Sorry!" and hung up, abandoning further effort as hopeless.

That matter would have to stand over till morning. Time now pressed. It was nearly eleven; he had a rendezvous with destiny to keep at midnight, and meant to be more than punctual. Walking to his apartment house, he proceeded to establish an alibi by entering through the public hallway and registering with the telephone attendant a call for seven o'clock the next morning.

In the course of the next half hour Lanyard let himself quietly out of the private door, slipped round the block and boarded a Riverside Drive bus.

Alighting at Ninety-third Street, he walked two blocks north on the drive, turned east, and without misadventure admitted himself a second time to the Stanistreet garden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIS SEDAN IS THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL

THE Sedan idea, as expressed in this new Oakland Sensible Six, is far more than simply a body design for a year 'round use.

It is a distinct type of motor car more comfortable for general touring than any other, made thoroughly practical by the character of the chassis beneath it.

It affords the user the advantages both of the open and of the closed car, without sacrifice of the desirable qualities of either.

It combines in exceedingly effective proportion high power and perfect shelter, great range and usefulness with strict economy.

The body of the new Oakland Sensible Six Sedan is unusually roomy, very stoutly built, and easily convertible for summer or winter driving.

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OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

The cause of cracks and pinholes in window shades

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The cause of cracks and pinholes in window shades is a hidden weakness a certain basic fault in construction you cannot see when you buy. What it is—and how Brenlin eliminates it—is clearly pictured above. Learn this simple fact of window shade construction, be guided by it, and you will be repaid with two to three times the service you now get from the ordinary shade.

The secret of real shade wear

In making the ordinary shade material, a coarse muslin cloth is used for its base. To this cloth, before it is tinted, is applied a "filling" of chalk and clay, as pointed out on the shade to the left above.

You can easily imagine what happens when the shade is subjected to strain! The brittle filling loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes.

Now note the other shade in the circle above—a Brenlin Window Shade.

Note that its basic cloth is finer, stronger, more closely-woven—*and that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling!*

In Brenlin, as a result, has been perfected a shade cloth of remarkable qualities—a material that really resists the constant strains of daily usage—a material that is fortified to withstand those sudden attacks of sucking, snapping wind—a material that the hottest sun cannot fade, nor the inbeat of water spot—a material that is supple, not stiff, yet cannot sag, bag, nor wrinkle.

A material, to sum up, that gives two to three times average wear—because from it has been eliminated that filling which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town today, ask for this UNFILLED grade of Brenlin Shades—*and get it.* It is perforated with this mark—BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Made in many rich lustreless tones, and in Brenlin DUPLEX—one color on one side, a different one on the other.

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It shows an actual sample of this Brenlin UNFILLED shade material and gives many helpful suggestions for artistic window treatment. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer nearest you, or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2015 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. "The oldest window shade house in America." Factories, Cincinnati, Ohio and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches, New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owners of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin Window Shades

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE RUSSIAN STATE OF MIND

(Continued from Page 22)

for the Imperial Court—that is to say, Court Chamberlain, and at the same time the Czar's personal representative in the Cabinet—engaged an English housekeeper one year for her country house. At the end of the summer she remarked that the Englishwoman had not made a profit, after the manner of Russian housekeepers, and asked her why. The Englishwoman said she was not a thief. The baroness shrugged her shoulders. She did not renew the engagement. She could not "understand these English," she told the neighbor who repeated the story to me.

It reminded me of the attitude of the Empress Catherine, who is said to have remarked about an honest official: "The ass! I have led him to the water and he refuses to drink." Which anecdote brings me to another cause of the liberty that was prized no less by foreigners living in Russia than by Russians themselves. Beyond the freedom of moral judgment, beyond the refusal to accept any standards of conduct as fixed or binding, there is, or at all events there was, in Russia a possibility of freedom from the restrictions of law and order such as exists nowhere else among Western peoples.

Russian legislation on paper was as good as any; better than most. But the laws were not enforced. They could be broken by those who knew which officials to bribe. Bribery was part of the bureaucratic system. In order to do any business you had to keep your pockets full of money and scatter it wherever you went. Often when you had bribed one set of officials you found another set equally greedy. There was a regular tariff of fees for the police. If these fees were not paid some charge was trumped up and heavy fines were imposed; or perhaps the nonpayer would be sent to "sit," which is the slang term for going to jail.

The Russian Way of Doing Business

Everyone knew that the police must be bribed. How could they live on three and a half dollars a week? That was the wage of a policeman. It was fixed so low because the authorities counted upon the public's raising it to a reasonable amount. Officers in the navy and army expected commissions on purchases. If one firm declined to satisfy them they would go to another. Upon an automobile bought by the Ministry of Marine in 1916 seven hundred dollars commission was paid to a Jew intermediary acting on behalf of the naval officer who was the minister's adjutant.

Bribery was universal. An American who was doing very big business with the Russian Government during the war told me he had paid a million dollars in graft to get his contract through. You could not buy a railroad reservation or a seat for the opera without corrupting somebody. Upon a discreet and unstinted distribution of baksheesh depended your success in business, your convenience and comfort, your freedom to come and go as you chose. Thus for those who had money, and who had friends with influence able to use what was called *protcctsie*, there truly was more liberty in Russia than elsewhere.

And foreigners found it so easy to make money. I knew in Moscow a clever chemist who had held a university appointment in England and earned seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a year. He went to Russia and was offered a job as analyst and chemical adviser to a soap-and-candle factory at ten thousand dollars a year, which has since been increased to fifteen thousand dollars. Clerks who went out from England to keep the books of an English firm doing a big business in machinery found that their weekly envelopes contained thirty-five dollars instead of eight or nine. There are many Americans and English in Russia who have made fortunes and who have always enjoyed a pleasant, easy life. Once the business man or the manufacturer has established a foothold, he can earn twice the money he would earn at home, and with less than half the trouble.

Many men fail because they do not stroke Russian business men the right way. In order to succeed it is necessary to know how to approach them. It is useless to try to get them to do business upon Western lines. They are of the East, Eastern, and must be handled accordingly. They detest businesslike methods. They have no use for salesman or agent who keeps an appointment to the minute, comes directly to the point, intimates that he has no time to waste, and asks for an order on the spot. They distrust him for coming punctually, which appears to them a proof that he is too little occupied to be prosperous or important. They despise him for his lack of good manners, which, according to their way of thinking, demand that the object of a business visit should be concealed as long as possible. They dislike him for his attempt to hustle them, to make them do business in his way instead of theirs.

Their way is to talk a great deal on all subjects; to lunch or dine expensively at the cost of the man who wants their custom; to meet several times before they make their minds up; to establish a friendly relation before they do business. Here, as in every other province of Russian existence, the human element is the element that chiefly counts. Once you have made friends, the rest is easy.

I asked an old Jew at Berdichef, the most Jewish town in the whole of Russia, whether the Russians hated the Jews. He said: "No, barin, they don't hate us. They don't hate anybody." Then he added reflectively: "They don't always like us. That's true enough."

I said: "Why don't they like you? It's because you make too much money out of them. You rob them—eh?" The old Jew spread out his hands and smiled all over his wrinkled, venerable face. "But, barin," he said, "they ask to be robbed. They like it." There is a good deal of truth in that.

Russians do not mind what they pay for anything to which they have taken a fancy. During the war a colonel of Cossacks sent an order to the English Magazine, a fashionable store in Petrograd, for a lady's knitted silk sports coat. He wanted an expensive coat, and it was to be sent to him in the Caucasus, a thirty-six-hour journey, by special messenger. He paid the bill cheerfully and gave the messenger a twelve-dollar tip. So a woman's whim was gratified; and almost all Russians would say the colonel did right to gratify it. She wanted the coat; he wanted her favors. What did anything else matter?

Given a people thus impatient of restraint, and given a system of government utterly alien to their temperament and character which forcibly dragooned them for two hundred years, inevitably when that system is thrown off there is bound to be some throwing of caps over windmills. But the tumult in the soul of Russia just now is not solely effervescence of feeling due to the casting off, more by accident than by design, the system of government they detested but had not through long years the energy to destroy. The iron of that system entered into Russia's soul so deep as to make vast numbers of her people fear all systems.

Distrust of Government

What is the difference, they ask, between being exploited by bureaucrats and being exploited by bourgeois? Under the old régime, they say, we were dragooned by Von Plehve, and Shteglovitoff, and Stolypin, and the Grand Duke Serge; under the new régime Kerenski threatens us with blood and iron. All governments are alike. We want none of them.

It is not only the ignorant who argue thus. Many educated and cultivated Russians, many holding high positions, hold Tolstoyan opinions. One of these put the case to me in these terms.

"The Germans," he said, "are an obedient, docile race. They cannot be happy unless they are under strict discipline. They like to be told what to do. They have no confidence in themselves as individuals. That is why they have erected an abstraction called the state. This state is, in their eyes, above all morality. Its value is infinitely higher than that of the individuals who compose it. It demands unquestioning worship and sacrifice.

"Of course in practice, as we see in Germany, and as we saw here in Russia, the state means a few individuals who prey upon the rest. These few individuals use the mass of people as pawns are used on a chessboard; as food for cannon; as hewers of wood and drawers of water. These few make themselves important by exercising authority. The extension of the boundaries of the state means that they shall have more power. Increasing the influence of

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She knew that brooms, to last, should be hung up, but how to get a screw-eye or hole in that hardwood handle? She attempted driving a nail through it. Her husband tried an awl and a gimlet. Then Mr. Punch arrived. With Mr. Punch, wife made that hole herself.

Mr. Punch enabled her to put a screw-eye in her pastry-board, her mop, and her sink-brush, too, so each could hang in its most convenient spot. Her scissors suspended from her sewing-machine are now always at hand. Her cups hang from hooks in her china-closet; her aluminum ware, in the pantry. Picture-frames and curtain-poles she now "fixes" at home herself; and with Mr. Punch's assistance, and some tiny screws, she saved a precious heirloom that was falling apart.

Mr. Punch is a high-grade tool, the kind good mechanics use; a tool to be proud of. It is worth the price—$1.80. It is only one of the 1500 good tools made by the Goodell-Pratt Company. All of them are of the highest quality of material and workmanship. The bench vise is a great thing to have in connection with the hand-drill. Drilling is made easy if the object drilled is held rigidly. This vise is made in several sizes; the 2-inch, No. 161, costing $1.80, is about right for household purposes.

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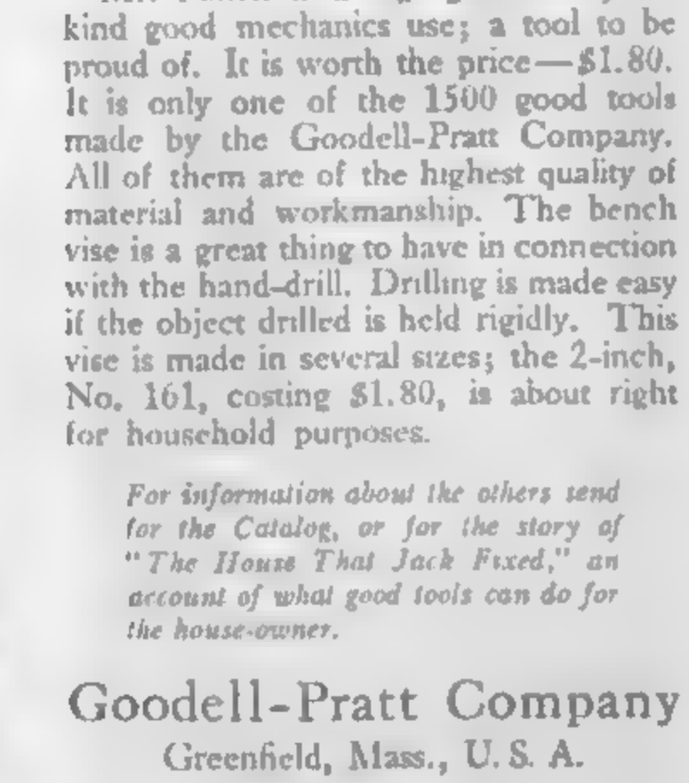

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the state means increasing their influence. Nowhere does the mass of the people gain anything by a state's advance in power. The gain is reserved for the few who wield that power, who become more important, and are enabled thereby to fasten their yoke upon the people's neck.

"The Russian nature is the opposite of the German. We value individuality. We resent authority, even when we submit to it. We have no use for the state. We do not want to see a powerful government in Russia, for we know this would mean heavy taxation and severe military service, and the mass of the people in subjection to a host of officials. As a nation we have no ambition. We are not covetous of the lands of others. Why should we impose our rule upon anyone? It is hard enough for each individual to rule himself. We want to see all the world at peace, and everyone quietly minding his own business. We oppose ourselves to the theory that the individual must be subordinated and sacrificed to the state."

"But," I said, "in that case you have a direct interest in seeing the Prussian power thrown down and in helping to overturn it. It is your chief enemy."

"Yes," he answered, not with any enthusiasm; "yes, what you say is true, but——"

It is that "but," that doubt as to whether it can be worth while to fight for anything, which is paralyzing Russia's arm to-day.

Russian National Ideals

What this educated, cultivated Russian said is what an enormous number of Russians are thinking, without being asked to put their thoughts into words. One of the peculiarities of Russia is the community of sentiment that exists between the mass of people whose perceptions are instinctive and the men and women of developed intelligence. As a rule, the class known as the *intelligentsia* is out of touch with the peasant mind. *Intelligentsia* is often used in a contemptuous vein by those who pride themselves on being the truest Russians, though by others it is a title proudly claimed. One frequently sees in the newspapers advertisements such as these: "Room to be let with an *intell.* family"—"Young lady *intell.* and educated desires situation in an office."

It is impossible to discuss public affairs with Progressives in Petrograd and not find the term *intelligentsia* continually cropping up.

On the whole, the influence of the *intelligentsia* supports the view taken by Count Mouravieff that Russia has a civilizing mission and that she must make herself strong as a state in order to fulfill the task laid upon her. They would most of them agree, I think, with the German historian Treitschke, whose teaching helped to fill the German head with the idea of world power, and so helped to cause the war. Treitschke said in one of a famous set of lectures at Berlin University: "All great nations have felt the craving to impress the seal of their nature upon barbaric lands."

The Russians, outside of the *intelligentsia* and the higher bureaucrats, do not feel this craving. Not long ago, during the war, a writer of wide popularity and influence, V. V. Rozanoff, attacked in the Novoe Vremya—a newspaper that everybody reads—a book that preached Russia's world mission and the need of earnest national endeavor in the direction of historical greatness—the Treitschke notion exactly.

Rozanoff declared that such preaching "turns heads, gives birth to sorceries and forces which become uncontrollable, creates positive insanity." Men and nations ought to be modest, he urged. It was safe not to be too active. Those who "sat at windows and drank tea would sleep soundly, with easy and sinless dreams." Inactivity he called the metaphysical principle of Russia. "It is just this inactivity which preserves us from the most noxious ills." Those who climbed to high places might fall and be smashed to pieces; he who kept his feet on the ground was in no danger of falling.

We cannot hope to understand Russia or to forecast how she is likely to act unless we take into account the ideas that are current in the country. Tolstoy was not discoursing from an original text when he decried what is usually meant by patriotism. The Russian socialist Bakunin hit upon no new idea when he said that "the social question can be satisfactorily solved only by the abolition of frontiers." Both were putting into words, as Rozanoff did in the Novoe Vremya, the vague, unspoken sentiment of the peasant mass. It does not remain a pious opinion. They act upon it. I know no people who are so international as the Russians; so free from prejudices against race or color; so ready to make friends and mix with all their fellow men.

In the trenches at the Bzura River in that first war winter when Warsaw so nearly fell and the fighting was hard and continuous, I asked a Russian soldier whether he had seen any Germans and what they were like. "They are like us, barin," he said, "only they wear gray overcoats and we wear brown. They are made to fight, just as we are." He was a simple fellow. He meant exactly what he said. He was incapable of irony, of anything but the most simple statement. That was how the Russian soldiers thought of the enemy. If you bear that in mind and think of it as a feeling shared by millions of men, you will better understand what lies behind the behavior of the Russian Army.

The wide and willing acceptance of the brotherhood of man as a fact, not as a theory, is part of the Russian character, and marks off the Russians from the other peoples of the West. Snobbery is unknown in Russia. No respect is paid to birth. Princes and princesses are so common there that a title confers no dignity. Nor is there a money standard to exalt the rich, to make them envied and admired. A cabman will ask a general to give him a light for his cigarette; and the general gives it with a friendly word. Servants address their employers by their Christian names.

The peasant mind sees no reason for regarding those who are above him in station with humility. All men are alike to him. Of some he is afraid—officials, policemen, Jews. But this does not cause him to revere; it causes him to abuse and make mock of them. He has not been brought up to fear and grovel before the squire, as the English peasantry have been. He is never entirely dependent for a livelihood upon any employer's good will. He can go back to his village at any time and claim a piece of land as his legal right.

Russian village life has sharply influenced the national character. It helps to account for the dislike and distrust of centralized government. It provides the most interesting example of decentralized government on democratic lines that the modern world has known. Yes, it does this still, though in many districts the communal life of Russian villagers has been partially abandoned and a system of peasant proprietorship set up instead.

The Village Council

As far back as we meet him in history we find the Slav addicted to communism. Throughout the centuries the Russian village has remained a self-governing unit, the villagers owning land not individually but in common; being subject to the decisions of a village council; being bound together by the tie of common interest. Often in Russia a servant will give notice, and in reply to the employer's queries "Why are you leaving?" and "What are you going to do?" will answer: "I am going to the village."

All Russians are landowners. All have a stake in the country. All can count upon a refuge and a livelihood if luck deserts them in the city. They can go back to the village, to their family—which may or may not be glad to see them—and to their share of the communal glebe.

Each village is ruled by an Elder—*starosta*—and a Council of Heads of Households. A woman can be a member of this council if her husband is dead and if she has no son old enough to be the head of a household. The council is called the *mir*, a word that also means the world. To a peasant the village is, as a rule, even yet the only world he knows.

This may not be so much longer! The war has enlarged the horizon of the peasant soldiery. They have been taught much that is new to their minds. The basis of their attitude toward life has been broken up. The Czar in whom they trusted failed them. They must find some fresh foundation of faith and loyalty, for without these men cannot live. It is hard to guess at this moment what that foundation will be.

The Village Council has wide powers. It could even, until lately, send unruly villagers to Siberia. It can recall inhabitants who have gone to the city and fine them if they do not obey the summons to return. It can compel anyone who wishes to leave the village to settle all his debts and obligations before he receives permission to depart. It takes care that those who have left send their share of the taxes the village has to pay. Responsibility for the payment of these is collective. Therefore the council looks sharply after any villager who is idle or a drunkard; who does not till his strips of land so as to produce food enough for his family; who cannot pay his scot and lot and must appeal to the other villagers for support.

Let us pay a visit to a Russian village that I know well. From the distant railroad station we drive in a rattletrap rig over uneven roads. First we see the onion domes of the church, painted green. There are five of them; on each is a Greek cross. Then the whole village comes into view.

At a distance you might take it for a collection of cowsheds. There is only one street to it—a long, straight, straggling street with brown wooden houses all about the same size. There is only one brick house. That belongs to the priest.

In the cities it is common enough to hear: "No, we are not married. We decided to live together without a ceremony. It costs too much." In the villages this bold heedlessness of orthodox ritual is rare.

Communal Life

Behind the houses, and as we enter and leave the village, we see the land that belongs to it. It is divided into strips. A man may have his strips together, or they may be some distance apart. The council settles the time when plowing shall be done, when haymaking ought to begin, which fields shall lie fallow in their turn, and so on. It also decides how many strips each "revision soul" shall cultivate. A revision soul means a taxpayer. "Soul" is the term used to indicate a member of the community; and every now and then a reviser—pronounced "reveezor"—is sent to take a census of souls and upon that basis to fix the tax the village must pay.

A woman is not reckoned as a soul. The proverb says of her: "She has lots of hair outside her head, but not much of anything inside it." Women who are heads of households are, nevertheless, obliged to take their share of land for cultivation.

The meetings are held sometimes in the open air, outside the church very likely; sometimes in the *traktir*, the inn, where innumerable glasses of tea are drunk to assist deliberation. They are inclined to be noisy, and to a Western way of thinking not at all businesslike. Yet the business gets itself done. The *starosta* is, as a rule, a genial, lenient chairman. He lets everyone talk. Not seldom they all talk at once. Then, if he be a man apt to govern, he suddenly cuts discussion short and says what must be done; and all agree.

It is not easy to induce a villager to become the *starosta*. True, the elder's medal and chain are pretty to wear round the neck; but the responsibility is heavy, judged by peasant reckoning. There is a story of a well-to-do villager who was for some offense sentenced to be deprived of the right of holding any office; with a low bow he sincerely thanked the justice of the peace for so welcome a relief!

Beyond doubt this system has filled the Russian mind with suspicion of centralized government, which means bureaucracy, the rule of paid officials. Russians have a natural genius for coöperation. This is shown also by the success of their *artels* of artisans and other workers, an *artel* being not exactly a trade union but a society of which all the members accept responsibility for each individual member. If one member steals, the society refunds; if one does work badly, the others make it good; and so on.

But the very qualities that have made the *mir* and the *artel* successful incline the Russian to disbelieve in the necessity for a vast machine of central government. He has had too much of the rule of paid officials in the cities. They have not penetrated into the villages and he does not want them there. Democracy to him means doing without centralized and bureaucratic government. That is why I doubt whether the hope of Russia's settling down into a regular republican system, with hosts of officials, is likely to be gratified.

Russia has had too much of systems. That is her feeling at present; and in the Russian mind there is room for only one thought at a time.

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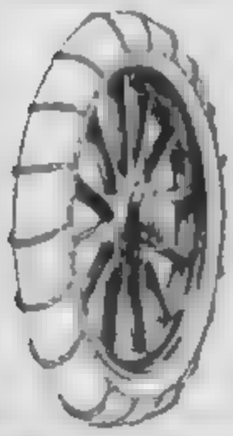

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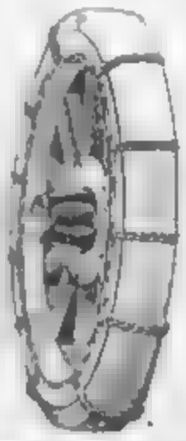


WHAT IS GERMANY'S FINANCIAL CONDITION?

(Continued from Page 9)

MR. FAIRCHILD: But, at the rate we are going, if the war keeps on, I would like to know your idea of where the money would come from.

SECRETARY MCADOO: I cannot answer that.

Among the foremost bankers in this country there is a firm conviction that, because of the wall round Germany, many of the essential facts concerning her finances are not known, and must remain unknown to us until the end of the war. A partner in one great banking house, with close connections in almost every capital of Europe, said that he had personally attempted to make an analysis of German finance, but had been baffled at every point by lack of information. There had been no real news for months, he pointed out, except what little seeped over the frontiers into neutral countries, and what the few remaining travelers and escaped prisoners could tell. Said a member of still another big firm, a man who until the war began had most intimate and important German connections:

"The German Government is keeping its real financial plans and conditions as secret as it is keeping its military plans. I don't know any more than you do. We all know what is on the surface; but I cannot say what may be concealed beneath."

From a very high financial official of the American Government came this statement:

"German financial conditions are like those of the Southern Confederacy, in that nothing can be known of them until after the war. We must consider the whole economic condition of the Central Empires together. You remember, when the Confederacy laid down its arms and outsiders went in, it was found that they had torn the carpets off the floors to make clothes. They had eaten up their own insides. And perhaps we shall find the same condition in Germany when the war is over."

Germany's Pocket Gold Mine

The great outstanding feature of German finance, and its strength thus far, has been solely due to England's naval superiority. Germany is blockaded; and, financially speaking, this is her blessing and salvation—for the present, at any rate. England and France, not being forced to depend solely upon their own resources, have purchased goods abroad; and this has cost them dear. It has constantly strained their resources to keep their credit and money good in this and other neutral countries. Except for dealings with Holland and the Scandinavian countries, relatively so small financially as to be insignificant in any great national reckoning, Germany has been absolutely free from this enormous burden.

"We did not fall into the slavery of debt to other peoples," exultingly exclaims Count von Rodern, secretary of the imperial treasury.

Of course it was no free choice of the German nation that it did not fall into debt to other peoples, but solely the pressure of the British Navy; but on the surface the result has been advantageous to Germany. Not only does Germany keep from paying out its lifeblood to other peoples but the success of its great war loans is made certain. England and France must use vast sums in keeping up their merchant marine and foreign trade. Their very life depends upon it. Except for the capital employed in the war industries themselves, chiefly steel and munitions, all the capital in Germany is free to go into war loans.

A far larger percentage of German than of English or French money can go into war bonds, for the simple reason that the blockade has made the use of many billions of German money unavailable elsewhere. A Hamburg-American ship can be put up as security for a subscription to a German war loan, because it lies idle in its dock; but a Cunarder is being worked to the limit. When the goods being manufactured in Germany for export trade were used up at home, most of the capital of the manufacturers was free to go into war loans. Then, too, not being able to have financial relations with other countries, Germany could firmly repress all forms of speculation and investment in any other than government securities and in foreign exchange, and thus turn all the resources of finance into a single channel.

If Germany had been as small as England, or if she had been without manufacturing resources, like the Southern Confederacy, her position would soon have proved fatal. Of course, even with her great manufacturing and agricultural resources, the danger that confronts Germany is the eating up of her inner structure, the complete using up of her capital. Her position is like that of the young man who was digging in his garden. He dug up a quarter, then a dime, and then another quarter.

"I've struck a gold mine!" he exclaimed; but as he straightened up something cold slid down his leg, and he found that he had a hole in his pocket.

When the Reckoning Comes

By far the ablest defender of German finance who has been in this country since the war started was Prof. Moritz Julius Bonn. Professor Bonn, who is president of the Commercial University of Munich, came over here a few days before the war started, in July, 1914, to lecture, and for some reason remained here until the United States broke off relations with his country. From the many acute, subtle and seemingly fair-minded speeches and articles the professor generously scattered over the length and breadth of this country one may gather a most favorable view of German finance. But even Professor Bonn had to make this admission more than a year ago:

"She [Germany] has to live on her own goods and pay for them only. In doing so undoubtedly a certain percentage of her material wealth is spent. The huge copper stocks are slowly used up. Cotton goods are scarce and have to be made over. The stock of cattle has decreased ten per cent."

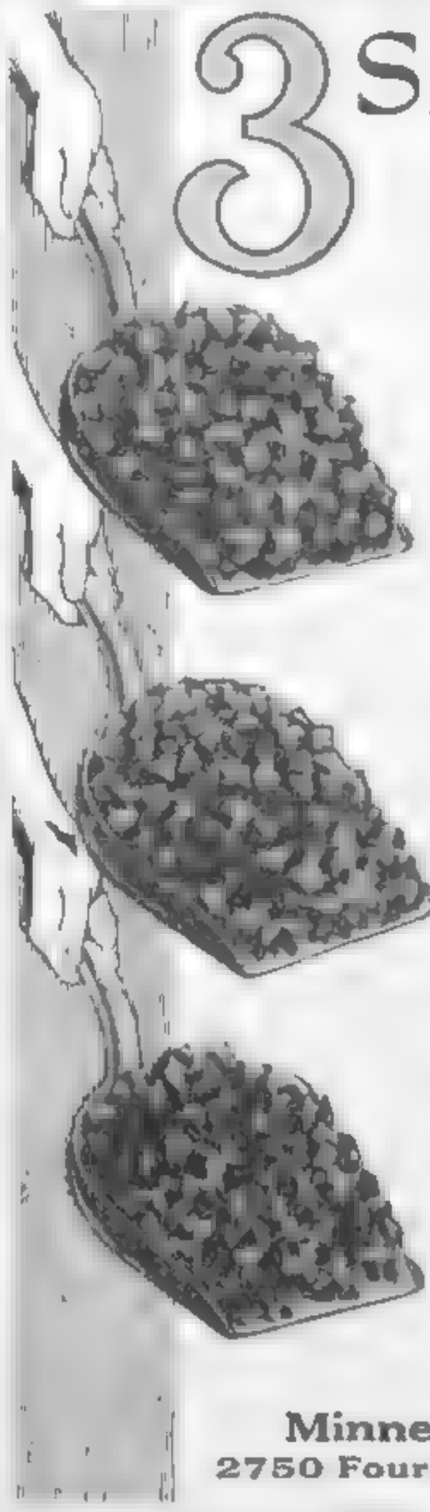
England has perforce chosen the policy of putting her impoverishment into terms of finance, of exchange rates, of money borrowed abroad and taxes paid. Her policy is enormously costly; but she replaces her materials as she goes along. England buys copper abroad at a terrible money cost; but England will still have her copper roofs when the war is over, and Germany will have melted down the roofs and the church bells, and kitchen utensils besides.

"Our money does not go abroad like England's," is the triumphant cry of the Germans. "It stays here and circulates among us endlessly." But the artificial prosperity that results tends to conceal the real impoverishment that is going on; it only postpones the day of reckoning.

"Subscriptions to the loan are a swindle," was a tactful remark made by Liebknecht, the Socialist, in one of his famous interruptions of a Reichstag debate; and nothing he ever said made the majority more angry. It is probably futile and impossible, and I believe unnecessary, to try to prove that, aside from a certain unwholesome pyramiding, Germany's great war loans have, in the main, been artificial and forced. Her loans have been marvelously uniform and regular; and the Germans have been more open and ingenuous than other people in making it almost too easy for the small investor to come in. But all this is in keeping with German character; and what is more important is probably what would be done in any other country isolated like Germany.

"Organization exists in Germany, undoubtedly," said Professor Bonn; "and it is natural that it should be called overorganization by those who dislike its results."

Englishmen and Frenchmen who do not subscribe to their war loans may not get the same crude, abusive treatment that is meted out to the same kind of Germans; but there is pressure all the same. For example, the English owners of American securities have been forced to convert them into war bonds, or else pay a special tax. Moreover, German war bonds are better placed than those of the English or French, because they are all owned in the country itself. If the German people agree among themselves to reduce the rate of interest on their war debt after the war, they can do so; but not the English or French or Russians, because much of their debt is owed in other countries, whose investors may not sympathize with such an idea.



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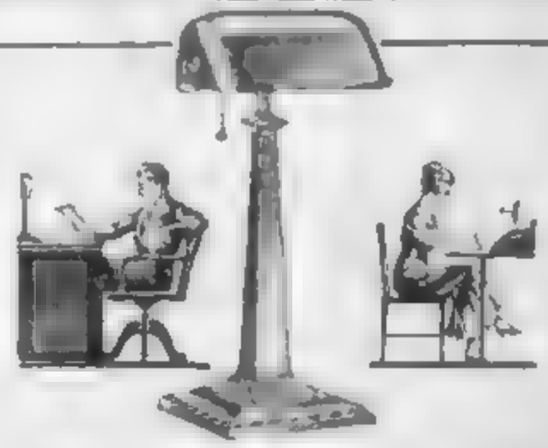

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Nor, as things stand now, is there anything so very unsound in the German war credit banks themselves, which have been so roundly denounced by enemy critics. They have added enormously to the supply of paper money and to the condition of inflation. But much of this new money is necessary, because of the occupation of immense areas of conquered territory. Besides, it is very difficult to say exactly how much inflation there is in any European country. Money has everywhere depreciated and statistics are most unreliable. Anyway, it will be impossible to tell what Germany's degree of inflation is until she resumes international relations.

The essential, vital weakness of German finance is the failure to provide for defeat. Practically every measure has been based on the assumption of victory. An enlarged paper currency might not do great harm if all the occupied territories could be retained; but if they have to be given up there will be the deuce to pay in deflating it.

Is Germany Bankrupt?

German finance has been systematically based on confidence in being able to get away with the spoils. The numerous and heavy fines imposed on Belgian municipalities; the loans forced upon Belgian banks; the sure and prearranged seizure of the rich coal and iron deposits of Belgium and France and the food and oil producing regions of Rumania and Russia; the forced labor of prisoners and Belgians; the pillaging of private industrial resources; the removal of tools and machinery from France and Belgium to Germany; the substitution of depreciated German currency for other and sounder forms of money in occupied territories—all these measures show how extensively German finance and industry are bolstered up by the spoils of war.

That Germany has made a gigantic financial gamble finds its crowning proof in the defense she gives of trying to pay for the war almost exclusively by means of bond issues rather than taxes. As the whole world knows, Germany deliberately planned to finance her war by means of bond issues rather than taxes, because she expected to win in a short war and pay off the bonds from an indemnity. Early in the war the highest government officials openly and formally admitted the expectation of an indemnity, and people were urged to buy war bonds because they would be paid off in English gold. And even in late September of the present year leading newspapers and political leaders declared that a peace without indemnity would mean defeat and ruin for the Fatherland.

Of course there were other more theoretical and sophistically meaningless reasons why Germany chose the bond method. Professor Bonn, who seldom slipped, uttered this fallacy:

"During this world war the generation that has to bear the brunt of the fighting ought not to be saddled with any burdens it can be saved from."

"Since Bismarck's time," was the recent grandiose defense of Count von Rodern, "the principle followed by Germany has been that war should be covered first, not by taxes, but by loans."

But the main reason for this principle was the belief that the Allies were unprepared, and that Germany, with her well-equipped army and great stores of supplies already paid for, could win so quickly and cheaply that she would not need to resort to taxes. Subscribers to the sixth war loan were told it would be the last; and time and again German financiers have been quoted as setting a limit to the war debt beyond which the country could not go without collapsing. Perhaps they were misquoted; but a reliable newspaper correspondent interviewed President Havenstein, of the Imperial Bank, early this year and elicited the opinion that a total debt of one hundred billion marks would bring Germany to the point of collapse. That amount will be reached by the time this article is published!

"But," the great financier was quoted as saying, "Germany will never reach that point. We shall win success long before our debt goes to that figure."

Only a few of the defenders of Germany's towering structure of debt really admire its menacing proportions. The defense that most of them fall back upon is to throw stones at other people's glass houses. They try to show that the Allies are as badly or worse off than they are. Russia, they point out, is in a deplorable financial condition, with a colossal debt and a far more depreciated currency than Germany. French finances are dependent upon those of Russia; and as England is banker for all the Allies her own prosperity is heavily involved.

"After all, the Central Powers hold the real security on which England has lent the money" is the sinister and striking way in which one German professor of finance puts it—"Courland, Poland, Livonia, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Albania and Northern France. England holds nothing but their unsecured promissory notes."

But even this cynical argument of superfinancial frightfulness is easily answered. Germany is in just as bad with Austria and Turkey, whose rotten finances she must bolster up. Austria alone, of the greater Powers, has not dared to publish a statement of her Imperial Bank since July, 1914; and even the most plausible German professor has never attempted to answer the charge repeatedly made in Entente countries that all the gold in the Austrian Bank was turned over to the Imperial German Bank at the beginning of the war. Even Russia has regularly published her bank reports.

Germans are proud of the regularity and uniformity of their finance; of the fact that only one class of loans, with a never-varying rate of interest, has been employed right through. The English, French and Americans have adopted various expedients, different kinds of bonds, with different rates of interest, appealing to different classes of investors. German finance is described by its defenders as permanent, and British and French as of the stop-gap variety. Especially violent is the attack upon the French system, which provides for something like half of the revenue from bonds running only a few years—mostly five years. "These merely hang over the market," say the Germans; "while ours are permanently placed."

"The economic and financial difficulties of France are fast increasing," declared the German chancellor to the Reichstag late in September.

Of course England and France have been unable to finance as permanently as Germany, because they had to employ far more of their liquid capital elsewhere. But they will have something to show besides government bonds when the war is over, and that is about all Germany will have. If the war ends within a year or two France will be fortunate in having so many short-dated bonds; and, at least, she can boast that no such extreme methods of hypothecation and rehypothecation have been resorted to as in Germany.

The Question of Taxes

Frankly speaking, the increasing difficulty of all the countries is to make their breeches meet their shirts; or, in more elegant language, the Reichstag and other legislative bodies regularly vote credits to their respective governments far beyond the ability of those governments to translate immediately into either taxes or bond issues. The minister of finance goes to the legislative body and asks for a vote of credit for, say, five billion or ten billion dollars to get him over the next few months. Then he must actually raise the money; and, as it takes many months to do so, he is always behind the game and obliged to incur immense open floating debts.

A year ago the Germans were pointing with scorn to the wide discrepancy between the sums raised by loans and taxes and the votes of credit of France and England; in other words, to the huge floating debts of those countries. But the shoe is fast shifting to the other foot as the cost of war rises for Germany, now that she has used up all the supplies gathered before the war. Even if the seventh German loan yields the huge sum of three billion dollars, which was equaled by only one of the six preceding loans, there will still be a discrepancy of perhaps five billions between her shirt of war credits and the breeches of revenue raised.

Finally there is the all-important question of taxes. Everyone knows that, unless a nation at war raises a large part of its revenue from taxes, there will be the devil to pay after the war. The Germans try to prove that they are substantially no worse off than their enemies; that all are in the same doomed situation. Senator Smoot, of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, says that this country will raise about one-third of its revenue this year from taxes; England, twenty-six per cent; Germany, fourteen and seven-eighths; and France, fourteen and a half. But these figures are misleading, because they include revenues for peace purposes. If only war purposes are considered, we are raising somewhere round twenty per cent; England, seventeen; France, nine to ten; and Germany, seven to eight.

"But what is the difference between seven per cent and seventeen per cent?" asked one of the leading admirers of German finance in this country. "If England were raising seventy per cent from taxes there would be something to shout about. No; we are all in the same boat."

He is fundamentally and hopelessly wrong. The difference is not so much mathematically; but the two policies are worlds apart in that England has made some provision for things going wrong and Germany has made none. England and this country have at least provided for the interest on the bonds, and a sinking fund with which to pay them off. Germany must either repudiate her debts to her own people, or soak them with enormous taxes at the very time when the war has ended disastrously, when there is severe industrial reaction, poverty and general despondency. England, on the other hand, put on the relatively huge taxes when the people were in the midst of a war boom, highly prosperous, fighting to save their empire, and patriotically enthusiastic.

The Dead Hand on the Living

France has only begun to resort to an income tax, whereas citizens of Germany have had to submit in many cases to three different income taxes for years past. Germany had so nearly exhausted the possibilities of taxation, even before the war began, on account of her huge military preparations, that she finds it most difficult now to increase her taxes.

A very significant and seldom-mentioned reason why the war has seemed so much more costly to the Allies than to Germany is that all manner of local expenditures for war relief, rent allowances, widows' allowances, and so on, are met by one uniform national budget in England, whereas in Germany they are paid by the states and municipalities.

These federated German states have, it is true, increased their taxes enormously since the war started; but almost solely for relief purposes. They jealously guard their privilege of income taxation, and none of their revenue goes to meet the ever-mounting bill for interest on war bonds of the empire itself.

A Dutch banker and economist, whose admiration for German efficiency cannot be concealed, told me that Germany could, in his opinion, adjust her finances after the war more easily than her enemies. He pointed to the German-owned securities and bills of exchange that were seized in London at the outbreak of the war; to the dividends that had not been paid on German-owned securities in enemy lands during the war; to the concentrated gold holdings in the Imperial Bank; and to the fact that, as soon as her soldiers return to work, Germany can mine and export huge quantities of coal.

There is some force in these arguments, except that Germany's gold holdings are dangerously small, both in comparison with other countries' and in relation to her own depreciated currency and the insistent demands for help from Turkey and Austria. England has less than half as much; but England gets several hundred million dollars a year from her mines in new gold, and Germany cannot get any more so long as the war lasts. France has more gold in her bank than Germany. "Our national wealth," said an enthusiastic Frenchman not long ago, "rests on our foundation of gold as on a solid rock." And as for the United States, we have six times as much gold as Germany.

Germany will desperately need every resource in the struggle to regain her lost foreign trade; for it will come at the very time when practically all her wealth is represented by almost valueless currency and huge masses of permanent bonds. The very marrow of her being will consist of these government loans when she most needs gold and liquid funds.

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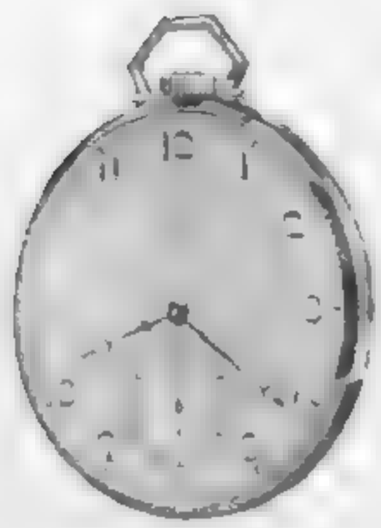

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LEMPKE

(Continued from Page 19)

I began to picture her big white form out of the vagueness.

"She's right. I'll always go back to her," Lempke added slowly. "I started all this to ask you what you thought I'd better do, but I know now—thanks. I was kind of playing with dreams here. Not that I thought Mary Anstey would want me, but that I wanted her above the world, above the road, even above how you felt about it——"

"I feel that it's emphatically up to Mary Anstey," I said.

"Yes, I know," Lempke replied with nervous haste. "I didn't miss that. It's the right point of view, of course. I see it all now, sure as you're born! And it's simple. It's all ordained. I'll die in the arms of Clara Sembrich——"

I went over to him, felt for his shoulder—not knowing what to say but wanting him to have my hand somehow. All night I lay as still as I could without sleep. I dared not ask questions. To me there were fresh bloom and delicacy in the nature of the little man. It appeared that he had not spoken to Mary Anstey. Perhaps he had meant to; had tried to and failed—but of these things I could not be sure.

I could not have asked so much as this. I had even accepted the fact that all was serenely arranged between Lempke and Mary Anstey. Yet now, with this lifted, I was not seized in the swift strength of joy. Lempke—for hours with her—had not dared to speak. Who was I to ask for her heart? Of course it might be ordained, as he said, that he was always to go home to the sumptuous arms of Clara Sembrich; but it all summed up at last that even without the complication of a friend my way was yet far from a winning.

We were alone at breakfast—Mary Anstey and I. She made it possible. Her hand touched mine as she placed a fruit dish before me. Then I reached for an orange just as she started to arrange the foliage in the dish. At the far end of the breakfast room was a stairway landing—a gilded window there, opening to the mountains. There seemed a faint cloud of gold round Mary Anstey, her face turned from me to that high window.

"—— Even ages hence," I heard myself saying. "Don't let me go on—if there isn't hope! I don't care how long, or what you ask—but what can I do to be with you always?"

Her face was like a child's.

"Do you mean that you want us to be together too?"

That will ring for all time—that question. I heard the birds singing. I looked at Mary Anstey. There is no word that will begin to say what I felt. The one word rapture is nearest to a suggestion. It had come so swiftly. It was so much more than I dreamed. She was lovelier than ever that moment—all that I had seen at first, but a love woman besides.

We heard the step on the stairs. She bent and touched her lips to my cheek. If you know what the Hindus see in the opening of the lotus flowers on the still lagoons you know what I felt in my heart just then.

Mansteve came in. He seemed to know all that had happened. He glanced at his daughter in a queer, quick way, but her face forbade him to speak. I smile at the memory of the instant. Mansteve had a delicate, princely nose. The dilated nostril that moment was like a low white light against his face. Mary Anstey said that it was not I who angered him, but anyone who would dare to take her heart. She said she would not fail to make him happy too.

The next day Brundage sent for me. The main expedition was about ready to move, he said. He was going to send a small party ahead, toward the Tantalus fields. Lempke and I were among the chosen. He said little more, but I felt that Mansteve might have done something to hurry me away. The desolation came quickly, but on that day of departure my heart was filled. There seemed a great ocean of time ahead, and love the sure boat of a man's soul.

The story of the failure of the big Gobi expedition is a matter of public prints and so-called permanent records. Mansteve, even, who knew more about what we were up against than any other white man, underestimated our obstacles. The help from Tokio and Peking didn't furnish the [illegible] to save the expedition. The strangest thing of it all was that money didn't help. The Gobi was minded to reveal her story in her own way—at least the Tantalus lava beds are.

Lempke was closer to me than ever before. We spoke little, but like old mates required only a look or gesture for ordinary exchanges. I thought I knew all that passed in his mind. I had the big desert within the heart. Day by day the longing to meet Mary Anstey again grew in my life. Sometimes in the evening, when the sun would go down upon the wasted lands, my chest felt like a death chamber, an old man passing out alone in there. Lempke would touch my hand quickly—not rough, not tender—neither swiftly nor lingeringly. But he would call me to supper or bring an extra cup of coffee. He understood.

They called it four months, but I called it a hundred and twenty days, before we were driven by the Dugpas into the ruins of an ancient city, supposed to be Lemurian. We thought they were leading us to a settlement and suddenly found ourselves prisoners—a party of seventy-five men, including all servants, porters and camel men. The desert horsemen outnumbered us three times. They were so sure of what they were doing that they were not even amused over their coup or over our amazement.

The Dugpas are a dusty, dry race. Most of the present force were past middle age—bearded fanatics that appear to be the outposts and guardians of the hidden heart of the desert we were aiming at.

Days passed. We were on half rations of food and water—our captors supplying nothing. Days of tension, revolt and strangeness—much to laugh at, much to admire. Blondin was quite as occupied with ruins and *shamo-pow* as if he had found what he came for. Other learned savants and heroic servants of knowledge were filling their notebooks or writing their memoirs. I had always been ready to drift before, but this delay was particularly designed to break my nerve. To me there seemed a mocking laugh in the glitter of the moon-mad nights—in the fierce dry golden light of day.

"Does it seem to laugh to you?" I asked Lempke one night.

He glanced up quickly. "I hadn't thought it laughed," he answered, "but it seems to say: 'Die, damn you, if you don't like it!'"

"Yes, but you'd have to die clean, or it would follow you across and hold fast to you there——"

I heard myself talking. It didn't seem so loco then as it looks in print. Lempke walked me back and forth among the ancient waterways of the ruined city. The night was chill. Though the days are burning the Gobi air seems too dead to hold the heat after the sun goes down. But Lempke walked me until we were both drenched with sweat.

"There's two ways out, Lang," he said at last. "Every big man has this chance to choose. The time comes for each man when all goes to the bad—when everything turns rotten at once. Some men go down. Some men go up. Now the trick is to transcend the set of difficulties. It can be done, and the man who does it can whip the world afterward."

Lempke let me walk alone out into the mocking glitter. I don't know how long afterward it was, but one of the little Dugpa men beckoned me back into the hollow where the water had coursed in of ancient days. I was talking to the old moon herself, trying to get on higher ground apparently; in fact, I was shaking my fist at her, urging her to do her worst, my conviction of the moment being that she couldn't hurt me any more.

I was better after that. A point had turned somewhere in that fog of the mind. It was as if the walls of life drew back, and a strange peace flooded in—the hell of tension leaving my chest. I wasn't different in any exterior way afterward—except that I knew this one thing with a positive assurance and inexplicable calm: I couldn't die until I saw Mary Anstey again.

You'll say my mind was touched. I would too. But the assurance was different from that of a hunch—different from any imaginative figment. It was there in my consciousness, arrived and unchangeable—real as an infant discovered on a

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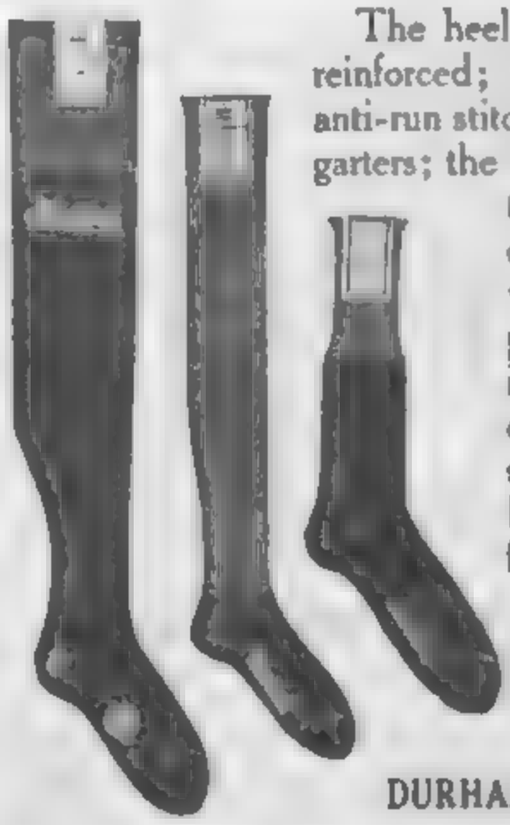

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doorstep. I determined not to tell Lempke even, but I gave myself to the strength of the big assurance. I dropped to the blankets beside him. He said sleepily at last:

"What hit you, Lang? You smell of lilacs."

Lempke was always new. I remembered that question.

"I'm either crazy or a new man," I explained briefly. "The fact is, I can't whimper any more."

"You haven't whimpered, Lang," he said slowly.

I hardly heard his words.

Ten days—ten weeks—ten years—but I would see Mary Anstey again! I have said that I wasn't changed outside, after that night, but within something had happened. A man isn't the same inside if he has breathed ever so little, and just once, out of the crippling narrowness of time and space.

Brundage woke us in the dawn. This is what passed: "Say!" from the chief.

"Yep!" said Lempke.

I cocked my ears to take part.

"A man's got to like another pretty well when he dares to kill him off ——"

"Uh-huh," said Lempke.

"Well, fellows, you two are going to have a chance to take all the joy there is out of my friendship. I choose you two because I like you best of all the party. To-night we'll have two of our best camels and a third loaded secretly with as much food and water as is wise. It's a famine trail at best. You are to make a rush passage to Mansteve's with word how we're hung up here by these fanatics ——"

The fiercest gust of joy I ever knew afield shot through me at that moment.

"I don't know what he can do," Brundage added, "but I recall his saying that if we were hung up any way like this—that we were to get him word and he would turn Mother China out after us—the government, I mean."

That night we slipped out of the Dugpa coil. The last words of Brundage were:

"You fellows, if you make this getaway, have about one chance in fifteen of reaching Chionin—but I wish I were going with you."

Brundage's business always was to sit tight.

Daybreak, forty miles from the ruins—Lempke and I looked at each other and shook our own hands in congratulation. Then we looked over our camels.

"Mother and two daughters," the little man said, indicating the led beast as the parent. She was a bit low and saggy under the heavy waterskins.

I saw the whole thing then. We were to use up these Bactrians. They were slow now from deep drinking. The water was mainly for ourselves. Unless we struck a village, or one of the deep wells of the desert, we would leave the beasts lying out, one by one, keeping the third and last on her feet just as long as the careful life-and-death calculation of a campaigner judged that the covering of distance was more important than the saving of water.

As I say, I got a sort of glimpse of the whole business that morning—no prophecy at all. These pictures come from assimilated experience. Still I didn't see it all. We had our directions as perfectly as a master of inland travel, which Brundage was, could work them out. We had good compasses. The main party had reached the ruins by roundabout travel through the Galbyn sections of the Gobi. We were to drive straight back to Chionin.

Three gray, low, long-haired Bactrians—good girls. They raced for us. They were related. Lempke had hit it. I think there was just one soul or understanding for the three. It would take three good camels to work up one decent comprehension; but as for instincts, each beast has a full and variegated set. There isn't much ennui about handling camels. Native drivers get to hate them more and more each year, until it becomes a mania or obsession at last, a hell-haunt in sleep. You get so you can follow and anticipate the movements of herds of horses and sheep and cattle, but camels never do the same thing twice. I spoke of this point, and Lempke corrected:

"Except to sit with their heads the same way at night."

"But never in the same direction twice," I insisted.

Yet they raced for us, and we felt like beasts when they fell to licking their hoofs at night. We gave the old mammy a pitying bullet at the end of the eighth day—then we dealt the sorority a gallon of water apiece. They cried real tears for that. I think they suffered more, but they "carried on" next day, and the next.

I used to call this sort of animal handling the essential sacrifice of the lower to the higher. A lot of scientific people do yet. I stopped after that journey. Fourteen days out—the gaunt sisters were haunting us to hysteria.

They wouldn't sleep. They wouldn't die. They were begging for drink. I shut my eyes, but still I could see them, holding out hands in mittens—sometimes holding out empty trays—always tears in their eyes, and different noises each day. I've never been accused of having imagination, but that journey back from the ruins started something. Often I found Lempke peering into my face at night as we lay out. Once he asked roughly:

"What you smiling at?"

I didn't tell him that I was contemplating the hour when I should see Mary Anstey again. We had not mentioned her name on the return journey. I felt his pain. Often I wondered how it could be arranged that I might see Mary Anstey for the first time alone, so as not to blacken Lempke's arrival at Mansteve's. But always these matters were eased by the thought of the changeless and ample heart of the waiting Clara at Jena.

The third camel would not die. I'm going to tell this part quickly. It was she or us, as we entered the third week of travel. We used her mainly for pack now—traveling slow, having met no water since the big prison camp at the ruins.

In the mornings she would start to break away as if scenting water, but as the sun rose the helpless wilting began. The rest was a dragging along. Each morning we found it harder to get the poor beast on her feet. Once we started off alone, but she scrambled up and followed—lips writhing dryly, face all dissolved. Each morning we expected to see the Khingan Hills, but saw only the desert stretches to the south. I doubt whether we had made twenty miles a day for the past week.

One night Lempke sat down before camp was struck. He looked at me in a wondering way. His face was gray, deep-lined and wasted. His lips were like yellow rawhide, his eyes held upon me with effort.

"Lang," he said, "I've been round some, but I never thought I'd come to this. I've seen 'em go down one by one on the march—and stood by with a grin. I've always been on my feet when the rescue came. I've always been one of those to get home. But I'm whipped. The long guy from Palo Alto has me whipped."

I knew it wasn't a fair test. I had orders to stay alive. Mary Anstey wasn't waiting for poor Lempke at Mansteve's in Chionin. I couldn't tell him, but I knew well, between him and me, where the clear grit for the trails was. Of course there was the waiting Clara at Jena.

The she-camel had a new harp that night. Always in her highest note she would hang it upon the willows and finish with a blood cough that the hyenas answered. She smelled like all the death abroad; her face was faded pale—and how she cried!

The next day Lempke trudged in silence. It was his Shekinah—not to be a burden to a comrade. I only heard him use that word "comrade" once. Men afield haven't used it a great deal lately, but it's coming in again. I learned from Lempke what the revolutionists mean by it. All day he trudged in silence, and at night sort of went over backward before I could grab him. He lay on his back with his chin up and tongue out. The tongue looked sanded with emery dust; it moved thickly as he said something about green fields.

The sun, big as a fire bell, lay for a moment on the edge of the desert—then spilled itself like a cup of flaming oil. I made strong tea, and the camel died many deaths. I held the tea to Lempke at last. He looked at it, then at me, and pushed it away. He appeared to be thinking about something—or listening for something. He rose slowly, helping himself up with clenched hands. He looked round the desert and then at the sprawled Jezebel—the camel that had drunk the blood in her own veins, yet could not die. She raised a lolling tongue to Lempke as he approached. Reverently, as though performing a sacrament, he placed his six-shooter sideways upon her tongue and murdered her.

(Continued on Page 109)

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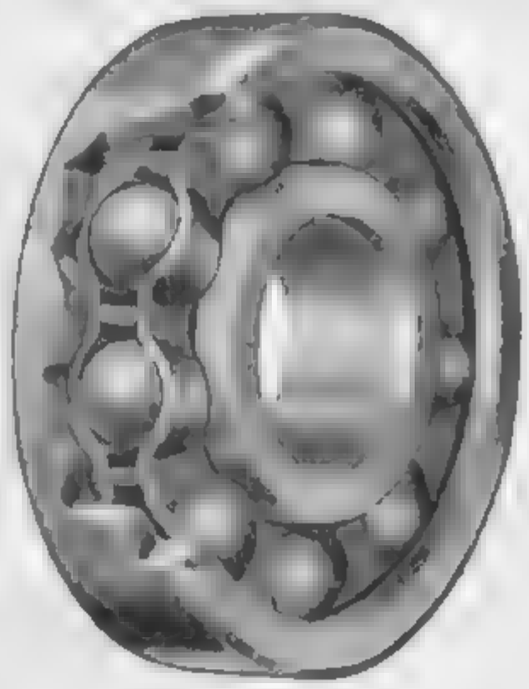

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(Continued from Page 106)

I didn't raise my hand. Lempke said he heard her all that night.

I would tell you something about suffering! You can make your will work to keep it from blinding you. It can be done. It can even be done with mental suffering, but my experience is that one must have a lot of dealings with pain, body and mind, to learn how to manage it. Then you must have a hope for the will to anchor to. You've got to want something more than life, such as a cause, or to meet your Master face to face, or your woman. Pain didn't floor me. I was quiet. I would carry food and water and see Lempke through. I managed to think it all out quietly. I would get to Chionin all right. First we would see the Khingan Mountains, and then we would find a village. Perhaps I might leave Lempke in the village and get a fresh camel for Mansteve's in Chionin.

I repeated that last because, as I spoke, I seemed to see Mary Anstey running forth to meet me. It seemed across the mountains that she came. I said it again. Then I heard Lempke talking. He had taken his tea and was lying with his chin up again.

"But who am I—for God's good sake, who am I? A tramp, a world tramp, a scientific tramp, not for science, but for tramp. But why did I see her? Why did I have a friend?"

I drew closer.

"Why did I see her, if I wasn't to ask? Why did I have a religion about a man friend? And why was she everything to make a madman out of me?"

I sat down in the dark beside him. He did not seem to notice. He was far out from the familiar mind. I grasped the fact at last that his real heart, or something, was talking for whom it might concern. There was a kind of rhythm about his words. I took his hand. This did not change his slow tale. He told about seeing her the first time after the bird songs. He told how I had helped him to her heart—that my words about him, spoken to her, were the first big summons of hope.

I left him after a while. I knew he was talking deep—that it wasn't mere delirium. He had done the one big thing a man can do for another. Not that Mary Anstey would positively have taken him; but as I began to understand it he hadn't asked her because of his friend. He told me that he had a religion about sticking to the trail until the last man fell. Evidently Lempke had another religion—to stick to a friend against the subtle and terrific pressures of the heart.

Then I thought of the calm waiting of his Clara of Jena. Perhaps, after all, that was his great romance. I was beginning to know the power of calm. In her case it couldn't be the calm that is mere stupidity and low vibration, for Lempke wouldn't have seen her twice. Perhaps she was the real balance for his tempestuous and far-ranging temperament. Perhaps Lempke knew all was well, deep in his heart. The thought of his Clara helped me; nevertheless, I was rather worshiping the little man when I stumbled in the dark over the spongy leg of the dead she-camel. She put me down that last time. For a second I thought she had come back to life; then the unspeakable fetor reached my nostrils.

If you can believe it I was glad to set out with the burdens the next morning—a mad, passionate freedom to leave the last of the three carcasses behind. And Lempke was on his feet again. Think of it a minute. He didn't have the spirit of all that was blessed in the world, calling for him to come to Chionin. He had burned and shivered alternately all night. He was a tight-drawn and sun-dried sack of bone and immortal spirit. I think he knew moments of strange calm that day—the look you sometimes see on the face of a child nursing. At night I had to feed him and stand by. We were carrying the last gallon of water now and the last bag of food, but late the next afternoon, when the dazzle got out of the sky, I made out either mirage or mountains.

The day after, Lempke forgot himself and leaned a little. Food and water were as nothing to carry that day, but I seemed to hear the song birds, when my mind fell into a merciful reverie. That night the last sun rays played upon cones and pyramids, and sent up a rose-gold fountain of afterglow from the Khingan Range.

Several hours after that, in the heart of the night, I saw a light. As I talked to a Chinese villager at last, Lempke lay down quietly at my feet. I left him two days afterward. I could stay no longer. I didn't expect him to live. I didn't think he wanted to. I knelt beside him, when no one was looking. I had the Chinese house at his service—doctor, apothecary and Buddhist priest; but I had to hurry with the message to Chionin.

I had not traveled alone before. When I woke in the morning I was calm as if I had just come from Mary Anstey, but the moments of wakefulness brought me agony, physical and mental. My body was a havoc. At noon of the second day I pulled up, and my hands touched fearsomely a kind of beard. I had not kept up with myself since leaving the ruins.

The camel knelt for me by a mountain spring. I say it reverently to you men of the cities: May you never know the wonder and joy of a mountain stream of spring water—if you must learn it by the sufferings that Lempke and I went through. The camel knelt at midday—a fresh and silent beast. I heard the water from above. I had not been thirsty since the Chinese town, but the novelty and beauty of water—with the thoughts that were running in my mind just then—almost broke my heart.

I sank my arms shoulder deep. Do you know there is a sweetness like a tea rose in the heart of pure water—and the song of it over the rocks? Then lather and strop and blade. What was left was a white man where the beard had been. The last haversack carried from the ruins a clean shirt for the end of the road—for the coming to Mansteve's house.

I think the memory of Mary Anstey had become a kind of idolatry, and that fills a man with fear. We mavericks who move alone a long time round the world—we are hit hard by the one woman. I couldn't be sure that she was alive—far from sure that she remembered me.

I saw her in the distance while Mansteve's great hill was still in the half-risen mists of the third morning. I was talking to the good beast—the camel who could only run steps at a time. The last moment—the climbing up the slope to her arms—those know who have fed their madness upon great dreams apart. Then we were alone among the mountains—alone in the great hall.

Her father, hearing my word about the expedition's detention at the ruins, headed a little party at once for Koupangste to obtain assistance at the provincial capital. I can end that part right here. The big expedition, as the world has fully been informed, met Mansteve's rescue party halfway between the Khingan Mountains and the ruins of Lemuria. Our men had agreed to return without further Gobi investigation,

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and the Dugpas set them free. It is common knowledge that Brundage was the last to agree to this step.

Two days of rest, and then I told Mary Anstey the hard thing still to do.

"He has every care," I said. "I arranged all that; but I'm afraid I must hurry to get there—if I'm to find him alive."

"But why leave me?" she whispered. "We can take a servant or two. Plenty of camels remain here. We can make the journey to your friend together."

And so the paradise was strung along the mountain trails, back to the little village where I had left Lempke. We stood together at the mountain spring, our faces moist with spray, our little household party standing back. Somehow, I felt that I had prepared this place for her.

When we were very close to the Chinese village I said to Mary Anstey:

"You knew he was greatly drawn to you, didn't you?"

"Not until the last day, before you spoke."

"Not until that afternoon you were out together so long?" I asked.

"Not till then," she repeated. "I was most interested in him from the first morning, because he was your friend, and because you spoke so wonderfully of his courage and what he had done for you."

"Mary Anstey ——"

"Yes."

"Did Lempke tell you that he loved you that afternoon?"

"No. He did not speak. I thought he was going to. He seemed in great trouble. He spoke of you. I was not sure. Hours passed. We walked and walked. I turned back at last, and then he seemed to know what to do. And we were silent. I was glad not to have to hurt him—if it would have hurt him."

Our pace quickened. I rubbed my eyes at last. Lempke was standing at the door of the hut in the Chinese village. That little man will die standing. The instant I saw him look at Mary Anstey I got the first breath of the real truth. It's strange, very strange, that it had not come before. I heard his heart beating, like an engine running down. His head bowed to my shoulder as if he had stumbled. Mary Anstey turned away.

"Lang—you smell like lilacs," he whispered.

It all came out in a queer way. No one could have foreseen it. The talk that brought it was this:

"You two are wonderful together," he said. "I suppose I've seen hundreds, hundreds of young folks together, but never any pair that looked like you two."

"We should like to be near when you get back to Jena," Mary Anstey said. "You see, I have heard of the woman who waits there."

"The great Clara—yes," Lempke said, picking at his temple.

"What is her other name, Mr. Lempke?"

"Yes—oh yes—Clara. I think she will be waiting. The other name? Sorburg. Clara Sorburg. I thought I told you."

"You did," said I—the last thing I said for hours.

I tried to believe that I had heard wrong—that I had made a mistake somewhere; but it was no use. I remembered clearly that the little man had told me her name was Sembrich. I knew now that she wasn't there at all, but was an invention to save me from pain.

It was long afterward, when his heart got right again, that I let Lempke know. He smiled.

"Yes, it hurt, but it was right—right as wheat. I got something from that journey. You'll see. And then, that sort of thing isn't for me. Why, right now, I'm for the roads again. The roads—I marry 'em all! The long straight roads—but not too straight. Stay and keep her bright, Lang, and a chair for me. Lempke will come home before long and sit by the fire. And then, who knows but we'll try again for the old Gobi herself?"

FREDERICK BRITTEN AUSTIN

(Concluded from Page 27)

1917. During that time he went through all the fighting in Flanders, Neuve Chapelle and Loos, was six months in the Ypres salient, and passed unscathed through the battles of the Somme and the Ancre. In the dismal swamps of the Ancre he spent two months in a dugout which was so continuously under shell fire that his nerves suffered and he was invalided home. It is in his spare time that he writes those remarkable narratives founded on fact, the reading of which conveys to the reader so true and clear an idea of how a great war is conducted.

CORINNE LOWE

(Concluded from Page 27)

I started work eleven years ago on the local staff of a Philadelphia evening paper. I got ten dollars a week and didn't earn that. So slowly did each syllable come from the depths of my sullen typewriter that the customary greeting from the men in my city room was always: "Well, Miss Lowe, writing one of your biennial stories?" Even now I am not what you call a spry writer. But my speed and salary did manage to come up a little during two years in the city room. At the end of that time I succumbed to the danger to which every newspaper woman is constantly exposed: I became editor of the Woman's Page; and here ended my gallant and adventurous career of trying to get in places where I was not wanted, of being stranded without lunch in some rainy Jersey town, and of asking the forger's wife just how she felt about it. In revenge I got a deep, lustrous telephone voice and added a five-cent piece of apple pie to my former ten-cent lunch.

Just seven years ago I came to New York as member of the advertising staff of a big department store, and it was here I got the material for my first article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Since then I have published a book, a few stories and fewer poems. In spite of this there are still people who, on meeting me, murmur politely "Oh, you write? Under what name?" I hate them even worse than the people who say vaguely "Let me see—seems to me I started something of yours once."

LOWELL OTUS REED

(Concluded from Page 27)

My education was acquired in the little village schoolhouse. I got through fractions and then I stuck. Arithmetic was invented by an utter jackass. Grammar I never learned at all. I don't even understand it to this day.

One day the plow hit a rock and kicked me violently. I decided that this was the overt act. I came to California. Here I did many things, most all of which would pass the censor if he were a fairly good scout. I worked seven years as special writer on a newspaper. I was a band teacher before that. Two years ago I got married. That is the one brilliant thing that I have done.

By and large the years have treated me well. The daily flapjack sometimes showed astonishing speed—but I always got him. I've no grouch at life, for, oh folks, I've had a whale of a good time!

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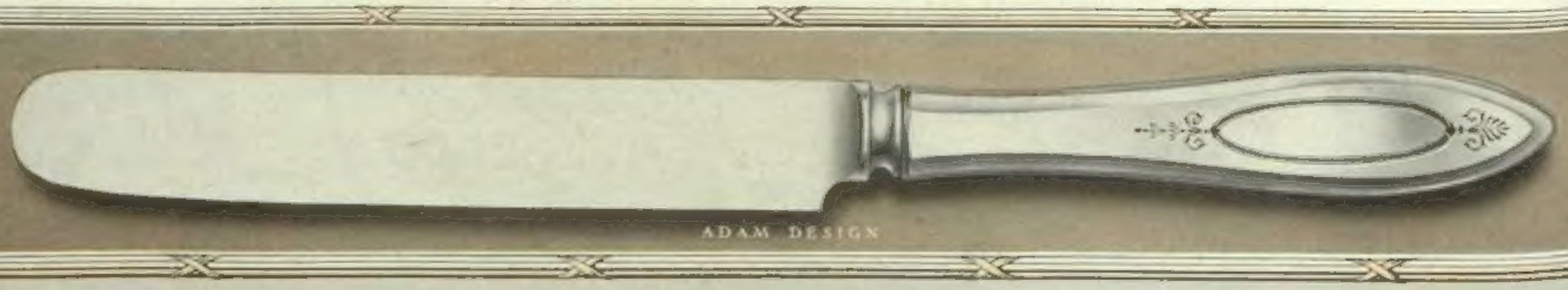

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